POST

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MARCH 16 • 1963 20c

CASTRO'S IMPACT

By Stewart Alsop

First color photographs

New Paris Fashions

FORD FOUNDATION *How it spends millions*

/ Pearl S. Buck *A new short story*

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MODEL WA-1050X.

General Electric's big 12-lb. washer has Mini-Basket for things you now do by hand

12-pound-capacity washer by General Electric now has a small, extra wash-basket: MINI-BASKET*. It washes frilly frocks, woolen socks, unmentionables. All the things you now labor over at the sink.

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So you see the new General Electric is really two washers in one—giant-size 12-pounder, exclusive little MINI-BASKET. Now at your dealer's.

Only 28 inches wide. Low-priced two-door refrigerator-freezer will please all who have small kitchens. 61 inches high—11.2 cu.-ft. capacity—zero-degree freezer holds up to 81 lbs. frozen food. Fresh-food section never needs defrosting; slide-out shelves. White, Mix-or-Match colors.

SHOWN: MODEL TB-312X.

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Luxurious Longines Creations d'Art *Left to right:* DJ 2777, 20 matched round and baguette diamonds set in solid 14K gold • DC 1616, bracelet cover watch in solid 14K gold, with 20 matched diamonds • TW 37, 10 matched diamonds, total weight 1 carat, set in solid 14K gold case • DC 3725, solid 14K gold in florentine finish with 6 matched diamonds • DC 3827, diamond studded bow-knot in solid 14K gold with 27 matched diamonds • DC 1612, solid 14K mesh bracelet watch with 4 matched diamonds • DJ 2786, worthy of a Caesar, in solid 14K gold, with 36 matched diamonds. Illustrated, Longines Creations d'Art, $175 to $625.

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Racial Violence brought death and disgrace to Oxford, Mississippi, when James Meredith enrolled at Ole Miss. When that color bar fell in Mississippi, South Carolina became the final bastion of segregation: South Carolina, alone among the states, had never admitted a Negro to a white school. For Negro student Harvey Gantt, slated to make history in a state historically noted for its resistance to change, the prospects seemed dire. No one knew what might happen when he showed up in Clemson to register. No one, that is, except a group of determined citizens who made certain that *nothing* would happen. This week free-lancer **George McMillan** tells for the first time how his state avoided the shame that enshrouds Mississippi. His other writing on race relations—which won him a fellowship at Brandeis University—includes *Racial Violence and Law Enforcement*, a treatise which has become required reading for police officers from Los Angeles to Paris. Before the peaceful integration of the Atlanta schools in 1961, that city's police chief had 800 policemen read and then turn in written reports on McMillan's book.

Other Bylines. **Eugenia Sheppard,** women's editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*, visited all the top designers' salons—20 collections in a marathon six days—to get her story of what's new in Paris fashions. . . . **Dave Anderson,** sports editor of the Holy Cross paper when Bob Cousy broke into basketball headlines, is the writer who first dubbed Bob "The Cooz." . . . After interviewing the moviemakers and actors who created the surprise success *David and Lisa*, associate editor **Bill Trombley** says, "This seems to be one of the few times in show-business history when nice things happened to nice people." . . . The off-camera portrait of television newsman Walter Cronkite is the work of contributing editor **Lewis H. Lapham.** . . . Former *Post* editor **Ben Hibbs** reports on the philanthropies of the multibillion-dollar Ford Foundation. . . . *Post* Washington editor **Stewart Alsop** traveled 10,000 miles through Central and South America to prepare his article about Castroism's impact on our Latin-American neighbors.

The Cover photograph was made by **Burt Glinn** on a balcony above the Champs Elysées and is part of our exclusive color coverage of the new Paris fashions. Donna Stewart, an American who works in Paris, wears a linen coat by Dior.

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Brand new Goodyear tire with Tufsyn

Goodyear tires with Tufsyn can take it.

And what is Tufsyn? Tufsyn is the name for Goodyear's *tough new synthetic rubber*—as developed and specially processed for use in new Goodyear tires.

Tufsyn is different from conventional rubbers—either natural rubber or previous synthetics. It looks the same. It feels the same. It's in the same family. But it's tougher. More durable.

Look at these unretouched photos, one of a new tire, and one c 21,501 test miles. Traveling at 60-65. Along hot, rough Texas and C roads. To translate this into the mileage that the average driver cc expect from this Goodyear Custom Super-Cushion tire with Tufsyn, ur normal driving conditions, add thousands of miles more.

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Same tire—21,501 miles later

member that all Goodyear passenger car tires—even the lowest
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Tufsyn's in the tread and Tufsyn is in the body of Goodyears to give
ɹ up to 25% greater durability. To give
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What makes everything perfect is that you pay no more for Tufsyn. You can buy Goodyears with Tufsyn for the same price as those fast-wearing "bargains." At Goodyear Dealers or Goodyear Service Stores.

GOODYEAR

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

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LETTERS

Homeless Babies

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your informative and provocative report on adoptions [BABIES WITHOUT HOMES, by William Trombley, Feb. 16]. *The Post* has shown increasing professional ability in putting before the public leading social problems. This could easily have been handled sensationally, but instead it is educational and professional in flavor.

BARBARA S. CRAWFORD
Erie, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

I have spent nearly 40 years of my life as a professional child-welfare worker, attempting to secure the maximum of individual care, attention, and service for every woman, every child, and every family receiving a child through a noncommercial agency. If there is one thing that the boards of social-service agencies know, it is that adoption cannot be a self-supporting program if it is genuine social service.

MRS. VIRGINIA LEE BENNETT, ACSW
Executive Secretary
The Children's Service Society of Utah
Salt Lake City, Utah

Dear Sirs:

With the need for adoptive parents ever increasing, the New Jersey legislature has in committee at this time a bill to prevent private placements in the state and another which will prevent a mother placing her child out of state without agency sanction.

We would hope legislators reading your article will realize the black market is dead and that there is a definite place for private as well as agency placements.

MRS. BARBARA RIPLEY, *President*
Adoptive Parents Committee
Ridgewood, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

If there is an oversupply of babies as you indicate, why not give some publicity to the great need for more trained social workers who will be equipped to handle this highly delicate operation of determining the future happiness of helpless human beings?

MRS. LOIS CROWNOVER
Poplar Bluff, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

If our welfare workers are looking for the perfect parents, then I'm afraid our children will grow old looking for someone to adopt them. Doesn't love, affection and wanting them count at all?

MRS. LARRY DAVIDSON
Henderson, Ky.

Underwater Understanding

Dear Sirs:

Our very great gratitude to Dr. Milner B. Schaefer of Scripps Institution of Oceanography, and to *The Post* for publication of his article, OCEANS OF IGNORANCE (Feb. 16). Dr. Schaefer's documentation of our appalling failure to provide and support a nationally sponsored program of oceanographic research and development is a serious warning and a challenge to both legislative and scientific decision makers.

Within a single lifetime, at the present rate of human multiplication, the population of the earth will have increased eight-fold to a total of 24 billion human beings. Mankind rapidly will be pushed into the sea—literally compelled to live *on* as well as *from* its abundance. Yet today we are utilizing less than one percent of that abundance in food, mineral and chemical resources.

S. S. FIELD, *Secretary*
The Oceanographic Society
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

So now we are losing the Wet War! This article must join a long list of current propaganda, calculated to keep that carrot in front of the donkey's nose: The good old American taxpayer.

R. J. ROBERTS
Portland, Oreg.

Mona Lisa Madness

Dear Sirs:

I had, because of my impression of the Mona Lisa fiasco, decided that I was becoming a sore-head. My thanks to Mr. John Skow for his article (MONA LISA, Feb. 16) which has allowed me to ease up on my self-depreciation.

SPERRY MARSH
Webb City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

So you think the ballyhoo on the Mona Lisa was silly, eh?

Not me. I've enjoyed every bit of the entire affair—and consider the whole picture far healthier than all the gup on Zsa Zsa, Liz, and MM. You have to hand it to her. With all the lines written about Mona, she's still been able to remain mysterious, which is more than you can say about the other girls.

Any lady so adept at retaining this aura of privacy *deserves* her own stateroom.

ZORA RESHOVSKY
Los Angeles, Calif.

The Secret Retreat

Dear Sirs:

HUSH-HUSH RESORT as it appeared in *The Post* of February 16 was fascinating. Mexico's unspoiled Puerto Vallarta is one of many such places in the world made known by the writer, William Weber Johnson.

Let's have more of these stories to grace the pages of *The Post*. I liked it and I know many more readers also enjoyed reading such an enchanting story.

ELMO S. MENETRE
Truth or Consequences, N. Mex.

Dear Sirs:

For Mr. Johnson to betray the confidence of a friend in a manner such as this is unforgivable to the countless admirers of Puerto Vallarta, who have "confided" in their close friends, only to discover an enemy in their midst.

MRS. JAMES SEEWALD
Denver, Colo.

Love

Dear Sirs:

I've just finished reading Garson Kanin's wonderful story, AN ECHO OF LOVE (Feb. 16). It is by far the best story I have read in a long while. I read quite a lot, and while reading this story I had the feeling I didn't want it to end.

Thank you so much for providing such good, entertaining stories in your magazine.

MRS. GERI GAMPLE
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulate Garson Kanin for his excellent fiction. I feel, however, that it was a mistake to print, "Had it come too late? Was she too beautiful . . . and too young?" with the title. Instead of creating a tense feeling and an immediate curiosity to read the story, it lessens the quality of the story from the start.

ROBERT NAYLOR
Washington, Conn.

Jewish Dishes

Dear Sirs:

Sylvia Schur's article on JEWISH COOKING in the February 16 issue of *The Post* was truly mouth-watering. Her nostalgic account of Jewish gastronomical delights was as colorful as the beautiful photograph which accompanied it.

It was a wonderful piece, and while Betty Crocker hasn't yet been able to "put those smells up in box mixes," you almost did it in this issue of *The Post*.

May I bring to your attention, however, that if the photographer's intent was to illustrate a Sabbath table, he mistakenly used a "Chanukah Menorah" (eight-branched candelabra) instead of the Sabbath Menorah.

JOSEPH M. MOSESON
Lynn, Mass.

● *The Chanukah menorah was included in the picture as a symbol rather than for reasons of religious timeliness.—ED.*

Changing Georgia

Dear Sirs:

Thank you, thank you, thank you for the article, PROGRESS GOES MARCHING THROUGH GEORGIA (by Ben Hibbs, Feb. 16)! It is the fairest, most accurate piece of writing about our state that I have ever read.

Only a lifelong resident who has through the years alternately wept then seethed with anger as she saw her home pictured as a backward place filled with barefoot, illiterate, race-hating incompetents can fully appreciate what it means to find a writer who was diligent enough to look for and print the truth about us.

Yes, Georgia has "turned the corner" and the view is wonderful!

MRS. H. L. HARBIN
Decatur, Ga.

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Hibbs appears to have deliberately omitted any reference to Republican progress in the state. This was most unfair to the G.O.P. Its membership is growing very fast in Georgia from new residents and conversion.

Atlanta's Berlin wall is mentioned, yet there is no reference to the fact that the Republican city aldermen (two) led the fight against its erection. There is also no note that the Republicans now have several members in the state legislature.

H. H. PHELPS
Atlanta, Ga.

COMING...in next week's Post

In color:

"I'm hit! I'm hit!"

A poignant story of Americans at war in South Vietnam

A new story by

JOHN O'HARA

Jane Fonda

A troubled star

TRAGEDY OF ERRORS IN CIVIL DEFENSE

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*

10–Chicago White Sox. • 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21–Jim Mahan. • 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 29, 30, 33–Burt Glinn. • 34, 35–Bill Bridges. • 37–From Littauer and Wilkinson; Reginald Davis (Pix). • 39–David Passalacqua. • 46, 47–Don Silverstein. 56–Don Cravens. • 59–Vytas Valaitis. • 65, 66–Jim Drake. • 68–Wide World; Larry Fried. • 69–Frank Ross. 75–Sergio Larrain (Magnum). • 76–Bob Henriques (Magnum). • 77–U.P.I. • 78–U.P.I.; 3 by Wide World; U.P.I. 79–Andrew St. George (Magnum).

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Now! Color only the gray

without changing your natural hair color!

Gray hair, even when it's premature, says you're older than you are! So if you hate that gray, wash it away with Loving Care Hair Color Lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does new Loving Care wash in young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. No big decisions about shades. Loving Care comes in ten colors—from deepest black-brown to pale shining blonde. Just choose the tone most like your own. About once a month, to keep gray away, just wash your hair with Loving Care. Loving Care won't rub off, won't brush off. Leaves your hair vital, shiny, in better condition than ever. Not a tint...better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

Makes your husband feel younger, too . . . just to look at you!

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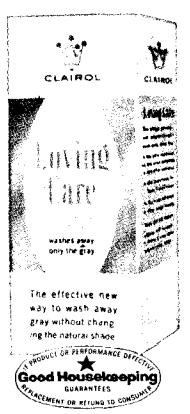

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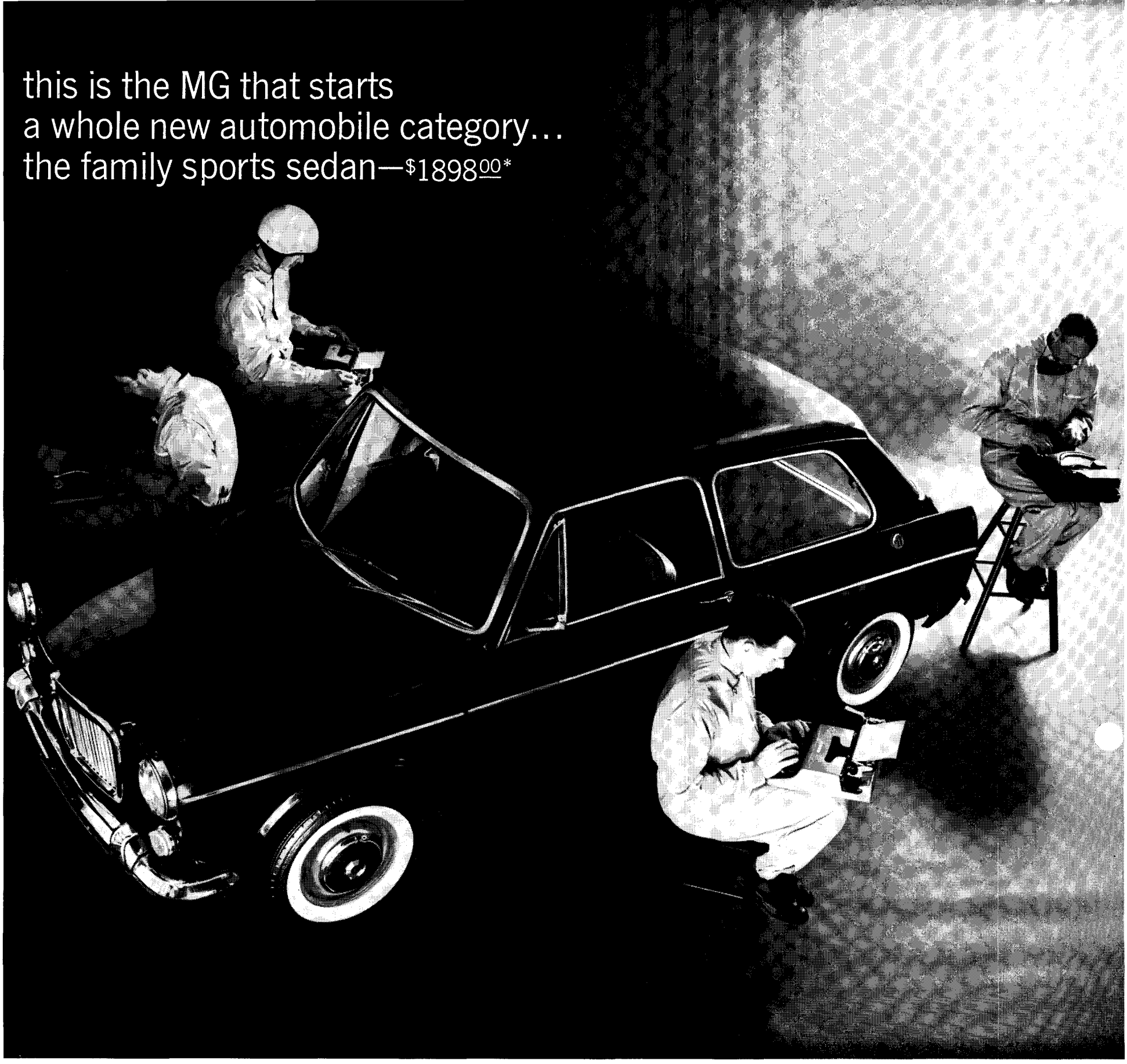

we didn't write one word of what you are about to read... they did.

"HERE is one of the most clever, astute, interesting and practical new cars ever announced . . . one of the most interesting family car solutions we've ever seen . . . offers handling such as is seldom had at any price and in any type of automobile... the synchromesh transmission is absolutely crunchproof . . . the braking system is everything that one could ask . . . virtually the only small sedan actively entertaining to drive... it produces entertainment out of proportion to its size and appearance . . . it performs better than its contemporaries." **—ROAD & TRACK MAGAZINE**

"A peppy scat starter . . . the car literally floats over rough roads . . . the driver was even more impressed by the MG's roadholding ability. Each of the four wheels clung to the road as if glued, and the body barely leaned at all on violent bends." **—NEWARK NEWS**

"A tour de force of modern auto design—the ride "feel" is incredibly smooth . . . probably the most important new car to be announced this season . . ." **— CAR AND DRIVER**

"It is economical on fuel, has good performance and offers room and comfort unmatched in its class. It is a car which makes a lot of sense for America, whether it would be used as a first or a second car. Hydrolastic suspension combines one of the highest possible degrees of comfort, if not the highest, a fantastic degree of road handling and safety unequalled by any car I have yet driven . . . practically speaking, the most advanced car in the world today." **—SPORTS CAR GRAPHIC**

"I've seldom experienced such road holding . . . it neither bounced nor pitched as many small cars are apt to do over rough roads." **—THIS WEEK MAGAZINE**

"Once in a great while a truly amazing car hits the scene . . . less than 10% of all-out sports cars possess the handling characteristics of this new machine and probably only 1% can take the beating it can absorb. All agree this is truly one of the great autos." **—FRESNO CALIFORNIA GUIDE**

BUT—WE WILL ADD THIS: The spectacular new MG Sports Sedan . . . not just a new model, but a totally new concept . . . an economical family sedan of sporting character . . . world's number one competitive engine gives speeds in excess of 80 mph... few cars in the world require so little maintenance . . . safety factors, plus visibility advantages, are unequalled in any small car . . . enormous rear window and curved side windows for maximum shoulder room...80% of car's length devoted to 5 passengers and luggage . . . liquid cooled engine warms up fast and provides controllable heat for maximum passenger comfort . . . 4-speed stick-on-the-floor shifting... racily designed in true British sports car tradition . . . built by one of the world's oldest, well-established automobile names, MG... sports car rack and pinion steering . . . bucket seats . . . dual carburetors... the little giant... the sporting spirit . . . the elegant rascal . . . the new size of luxury . . . the new look of performance... price? Ah, yes...$1898.00*

MG

*Suggested retail price, East Coast P. O. E. includes: turn signal; windscreen washer; spare wheel; tool kit; ash tray light. (heater and white-walls optional)

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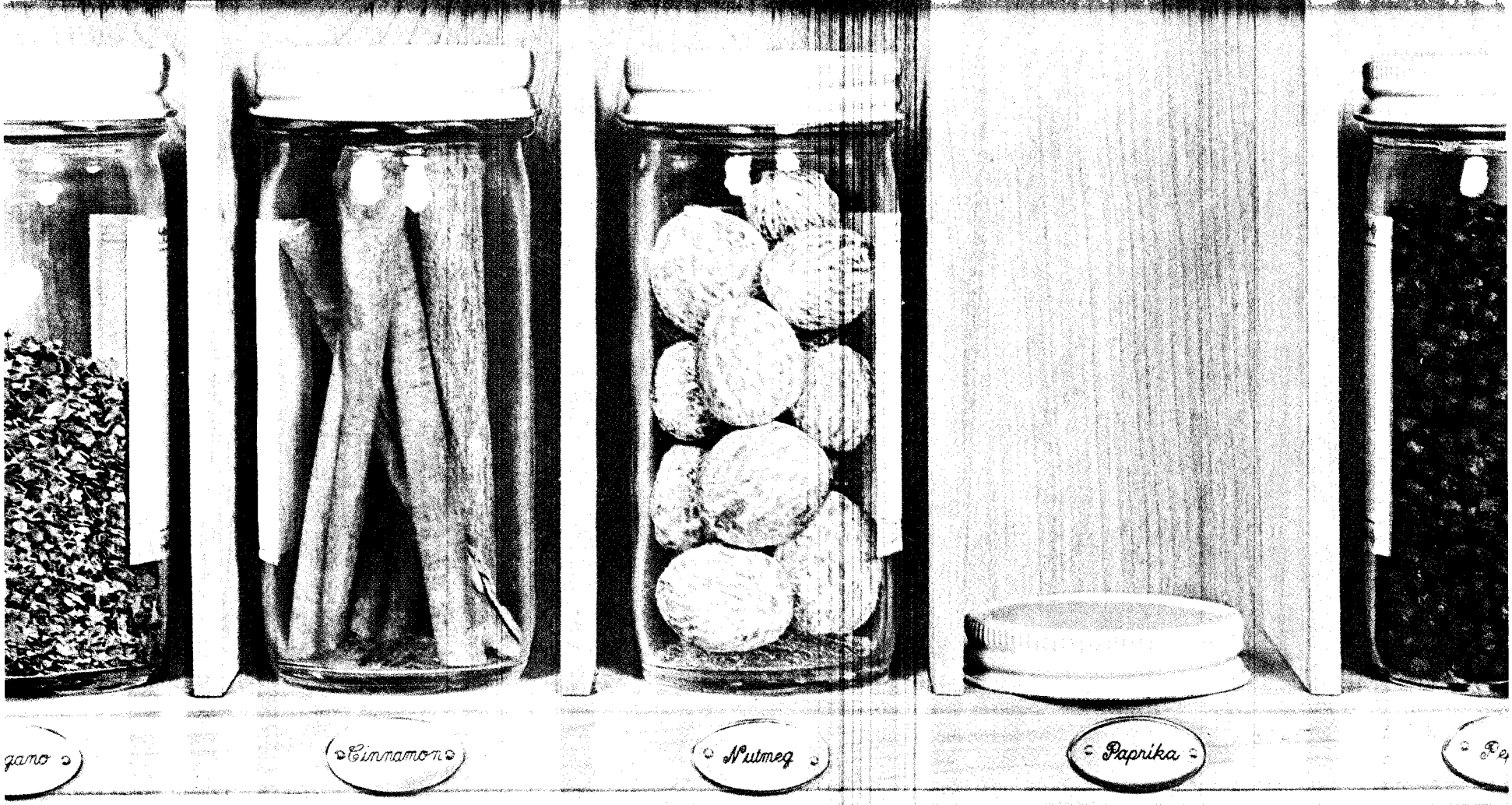

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Fresh-packed taste, fresh-packed fragrance, time after time. That's the beauty of seasonings in glass. And resealing's so easy, they stay lively. Next time you buy seasonings—get them in glass!

Glass Container Manufacturers Institute, 99 Park Avenue, New York 16

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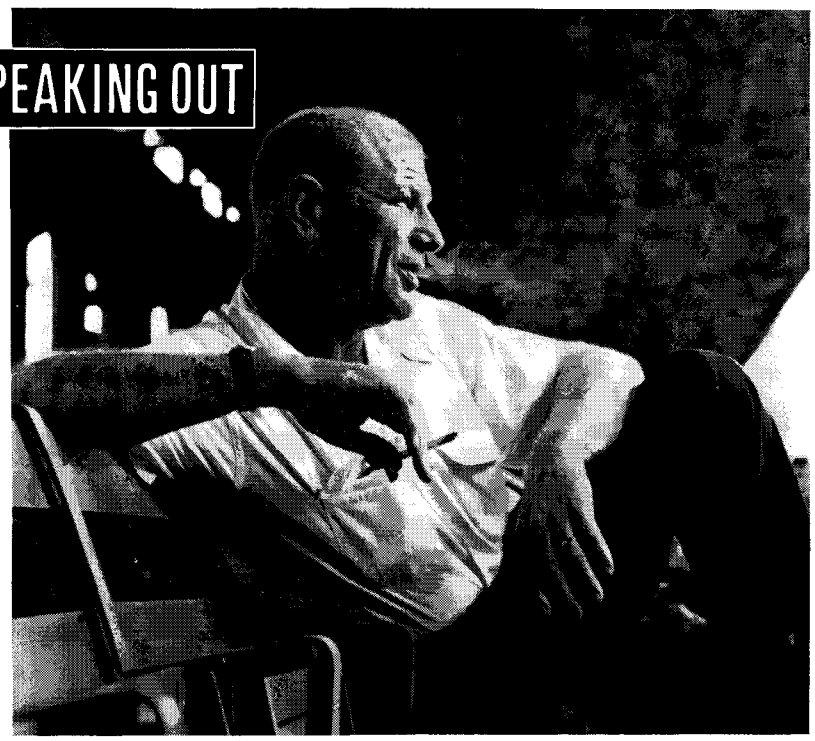
SPEAKING OUT



Bill Veeck, who makes this plea for justice, earned fame in baseball, a field where southpaws are prized for their idiosyncrasy. Veeck retired in 1961 after owning at various times the St. Louis Browns, Cleveland Indians and Chicago White Sox. He published his autobiography, Veeck—as in Wreck, in 1962.

What's left for the left-hander?

By Bill Veeck

A noted member of a minority group takes a stand against the powerful rights.

I am a man aroused. I am tired of helping everybody else fight their good fight, while I smile patiently over the slights being visited upon my own persecuted minority group. I have at last become convinced that patience does not pay off. I no longer believe that "it's just a question of education." I don't even think that "time is on our side." From here on in I am taking the militant road. What I want to know is what has the Rev. Martin Luther King ever done for us left-handers?

All other minority groups have massive organizations battling for their inalienable and/or Constitutional rights. Even dogs have passionate and articulate spokesmen, enjoining scientists to stay their needles and scalpels.

The very language we speak is arrayed against us. The most withering insult that can be hurled at a man today is "leftist"—a term almost synonymous with "Communist." We cringe as the sensitive ears developed by all minority members pick up such expressions as "left-handed compliment" and "left-handed thinking." We see nothing to laugh about in jokes about left-handed monkey wrenches.

To get through the day is a problem. I ask all men of good will to picture a telephone booth and then imagine the contortions we lefties have to go through to get the receiver off the hook. It is impossible for us to use a simple pencil-sharpener without popping a few vertebrae. Even flush toilets, friends, are designed for right-handed flushing.

If it's really a laugh you're after, though, just watch us try to wind a wristwatch without taking it off our wrist. There was once a watch company which, as a humanitarian gesture, did manufacture special wristwatches for us left-handers. They were very quickly driven out of business, undoubtedly by the right-handers' cartel.

The camera industry has spent fortunes to develop cameras that, through some black magic, focus themselves, adjust to the changing light and develop their own pictures in 60 seconds—in color yet. But they still haven't bothered to make a camera that can be clicked from the left-hand side. Once I have aimed this miracle of the 20th century at my subject, I have to reach around, gingerly and awkwardly, and hope for some 18th-century luck. As a result, I can show you a remarkable collection of beautifully lighted, prefocused color snapshots of my children's feet. At that, they are so badly joggled that they seem to be tap dancing.

Segregated southpaws

You want to talk about segregation? Left-handers are real social outcasts. Eating utensils are designed for right-handed spearing. For example examine a salad or cake fork. When held by a right-hander, the cutting tine is on the bottom facing into the plate, perfectly functional. A left-hander either finds the cutting tine at the top of the fork, where it is useless, or else he must turn the fork until it faces out. Table settings are naturally laid out for right-handed eating. So your hostess always places you at the far end of the dinner table, out of everybody's way and, incidentally, out of the mainstream of conversation.

The pleasures of musicianship are denied us too, since all instruments—string and wind alike—are designed for the right hand. The piano, you say? Hardly. Any piano player can tell you that all piano compositions are so written that the heavy work is done with the right hand. For the left hand—mere embroidery.

Nor will we ever have a champion golfer. Oh, they don't have the courage to come right out and bar us from the country club, but you will notice that all golf courses are laid out, by gentleman's agreement, for right-handed golfers.

Las Vegas, which misses few other bets, has yet to provide a slot machine by which we can lose our money with our left hand as nature intended. Even voting machines are made by right-handers for right-handers, a sly way of trying to disenfranchise us. No matter where we look, all hands—right hands, that is—are turned against us.

The language itself, as I have indicated, is a hotbed of antilefty propaganda. Open Webster's dictionary [*Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition*], turn to the word *left-handed* and you will find as the fourth definition: "clumsy; awkward; also unlucky; insincere; sinister; malicious." Note, if you will, the sly progression from mere clumsy to downright malicious, and you will see that the bigot who wormed his way onto Webster's staff has done his work exceeding well. But he is only the most recent of a long line of cunning lexicographers. The

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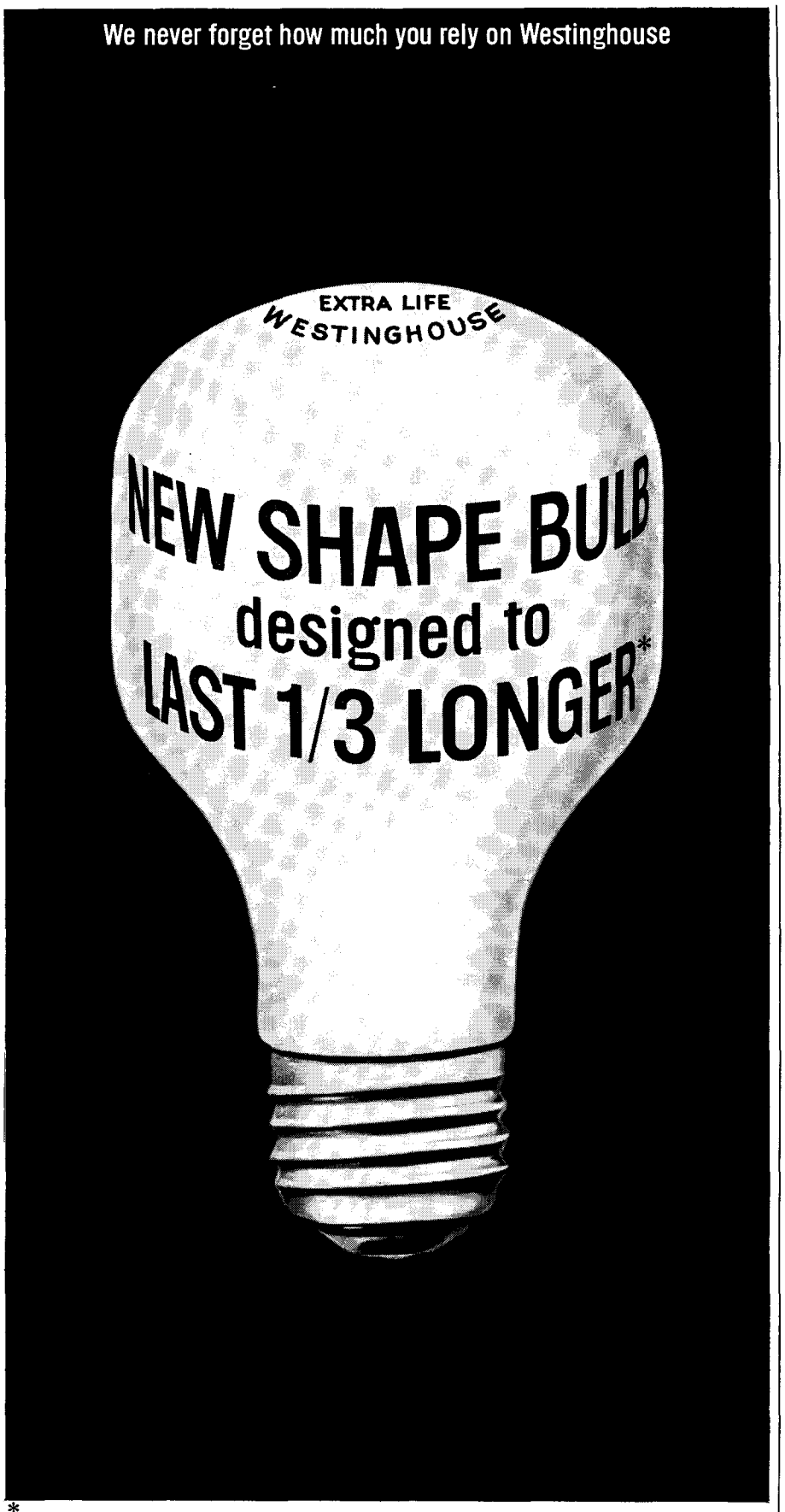

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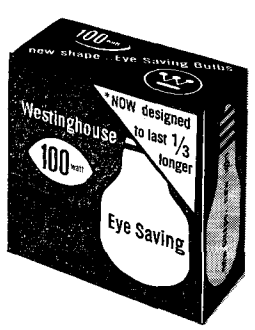

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SPEAKING OUT

word *sinister* itself is the Latin word for "left-handed."

Why am I so exercised at this late date? Well, three of my nine children are left-handed and, like all members of a persecuted minority, I am out to build a better world for them. The left-handed child, seeing the horror on the faces of his parents and teachers as they desperately try to change him over into a conforming right-hander, is made aware at once that he is not the same as other children, that for some reason, over which he has no control, he is an outsider, alone and despised. "Daddy," he says piteously, "why am I so different from the other children? Why don't the toy manufacturers make toys for me like they do for the other little boys?"

School is made difficult for them from the moment they take their first trembling steps up the stairs, since, as in most buildings, the doors have been constructed to be opened with the right hand. They are seated at desk-chairs equipped with right-handed arms. Modern engineering techniques have arranged the lighting of schoolrooms with meticulous care—for right-handed students. Is it any wonder that they emerge, at last, with their little ids all aquiver and their little psyches badly bruised?

And what about writing itself? The English language has been designed, with *sinister* malice by *sinister* right-handers (who, as you may have noted, have projected their own motives upon us in classic Freudian style) to be written with the right hand—i.e., from left to right. It comforts us very little to know that in more enlightened civilizations—Hebraic, Chinese, Arabic—the language was designed, with scrupulous logic, to be written from right to left. Or that other proud and ancient languages are written in alternate lines, with one line going from left to right and the following line from right to left, and so on. Now, there is democracy in action.

The Government, with scarcely veiled discrimination, deprives us of equal treatment under the law at the very moment we are defending it. Rifles are designed to be placed against the right shoulder, triggered by the finger of the right hand and, more important still, loaded from the right-hand side. The Marines, the only service with which I have any intimate acquaintance, do not even recognize that we exist. The Marine Manual decrees that all troops must fire their right-handed rifles righthanded. Oh, they would deny they consider us expendable, but let us not flinch from the facts, no matter how ugly. The New Frontier talks a good fight on civil rights, but how about a little integration for us left-handed Marines, Mr. McNamara?

But no, it would be foolish to expect any help from Robert S. McNamara, a product of the automotive industry. Let us look for a moment at the American automobile, the foundation of our entire economy and, maybe, even of our entire civilization. To begin with, they place the driver on the left-hand side, which means that if he gets side-swiped, he stands to lose his left arm, something of little value, apparently, as far as Detroit is concerned. The British, a decent lot of chaps, do it the other way around.

The automobile is diabolically constructed to leave us with an inferiority complex, for do not majorities always crush their victims by making them feel guilty, unworthy, out of step? There is only one implement deliberately placed so as to be used by the left hand, and that is the emergency brake—a clear announcement that Detroit expects us clumsy lefties to be in constant trouble. The radio, on the other hand, is to the right on the panel—far enough to be unreachable for a lefthander, a subtle way of telling us to concentrate on our driving and leave the distractions of news and music to more intelligent folk.

And when it gets down to changing a tire, who do you think shred their knuckles struggling to loosen all those bolts, with all those right-handed threads?

Our trouble, of course, is that we have been silent and forbearing for so long that the right-handed world no longer sees us. We have become invisible men. I don't want to make any threats, but this may be their undoing. As every student of folk habits knows, the custom of handshaking began, back in medieval days, when two knights, upon meeting, grasped each other's right hand to make certain neither was able to draw a weapon. Even then, they didn't consider us left-handers worth worrying about.

Well, there is a small cloud on the horizon, no bigger than a man's left hand. The Chicago gang wars of the '30's began when Dion O'Bannion, a Chicago florist with more profitable sidelines, shook hands with one of our boys, Johnny Torrio. Torrio smiled pleasantly and, with the slyness and agility all we minority members must develop, pulled out a gun with his left hand and shot poor Dion dead. At that moment Torrio—known in our Underground as Good Old John—joined such other of our tribal heroes as Alexander the Great, Charlemagne, Leonardo da Vinci, Michelangelo and Babe Ruth. Harry Truman, a left-handed politician from Big Tom Pendergast's fief in Kansas City, didn't come along until a couple of seasons later. Good Old Harry, as you may remember, was a killer too. For further details, consult Tom Dewey.

Space age for lefties?

Our day is coming. We're on the march. Maybe the space age does belong to us after all. Under the existing conditions, it is necessary for astronauts to be ambidextrous in order to manipulate all the keys and buttons and switches on their instrument panel from their strapped and cramped position. Since we left-handers have been forced by our hostile environment to develop some degree of dexterity with our right hand, the nation has begun to woo us. (Dexterity, a word of praise, comes, of course, from the Latin *dextra*, which means "the right hand.") We will, needless to say, respond in the way of all minority groups by forgetting past slights and insults and putting our left shoulders to the wheel. But let me make it clear right now that we will rise in lefteous—not righteous—anger at any attempt to return us to our despised and servile condition once our talents have been exploited.

Left-handers of the world, let us arise! We have nothing to lose but our worthless rights. THE END

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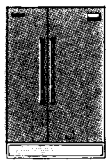
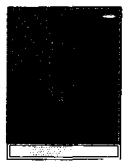
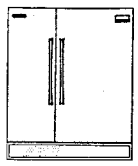
3 convenient sizes! 5 beautiful colors! No defrosting ever!



18.9 cu. ft.* capacity
7.7 cu. ft. freezer
holds 269 lbs.,
11.2 cu. ft. refrigerator.
41" wide.

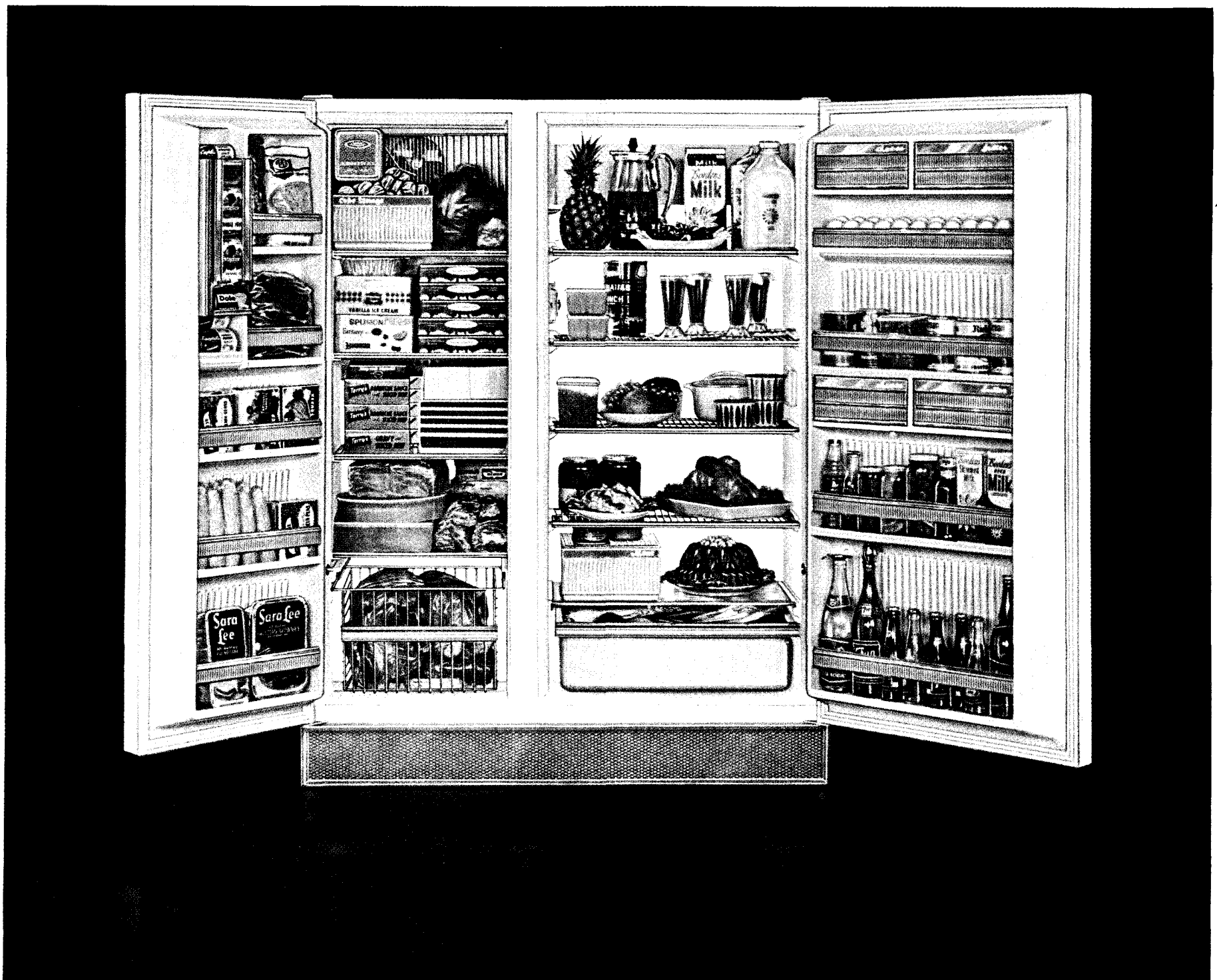


23.5 cu. ft.* capacity
9.5 cu. ft. freezer
holds 334 lbs.,
14.0 cu. ft. refrigerator.
48" wide.



25.5 cu. ft.* capacity
9.5 cu. ft. freezer
holds 334 lbs.,
16.0 cu. ft. refrigerator.
52" wide.

Best of all, foods stay at peak freshness with Admiral's famous "Moist Cold" refrigeration system. Save money, too! The Duplex costs less to buy and operate than two separate units. Even cuts your shopping trips! Your whole family will enjoy the convenience of an Admiral Duplex. Three different Duplex sizes to fit any kitchen. Five fashion tone colors to make it more beautiful — Copper Bronze, Turquoise, Shell Pink, Citron Yellow, and Polar White. See the new Duplex now!



Admiral sold in 110 countries. Admiral, Chicago—Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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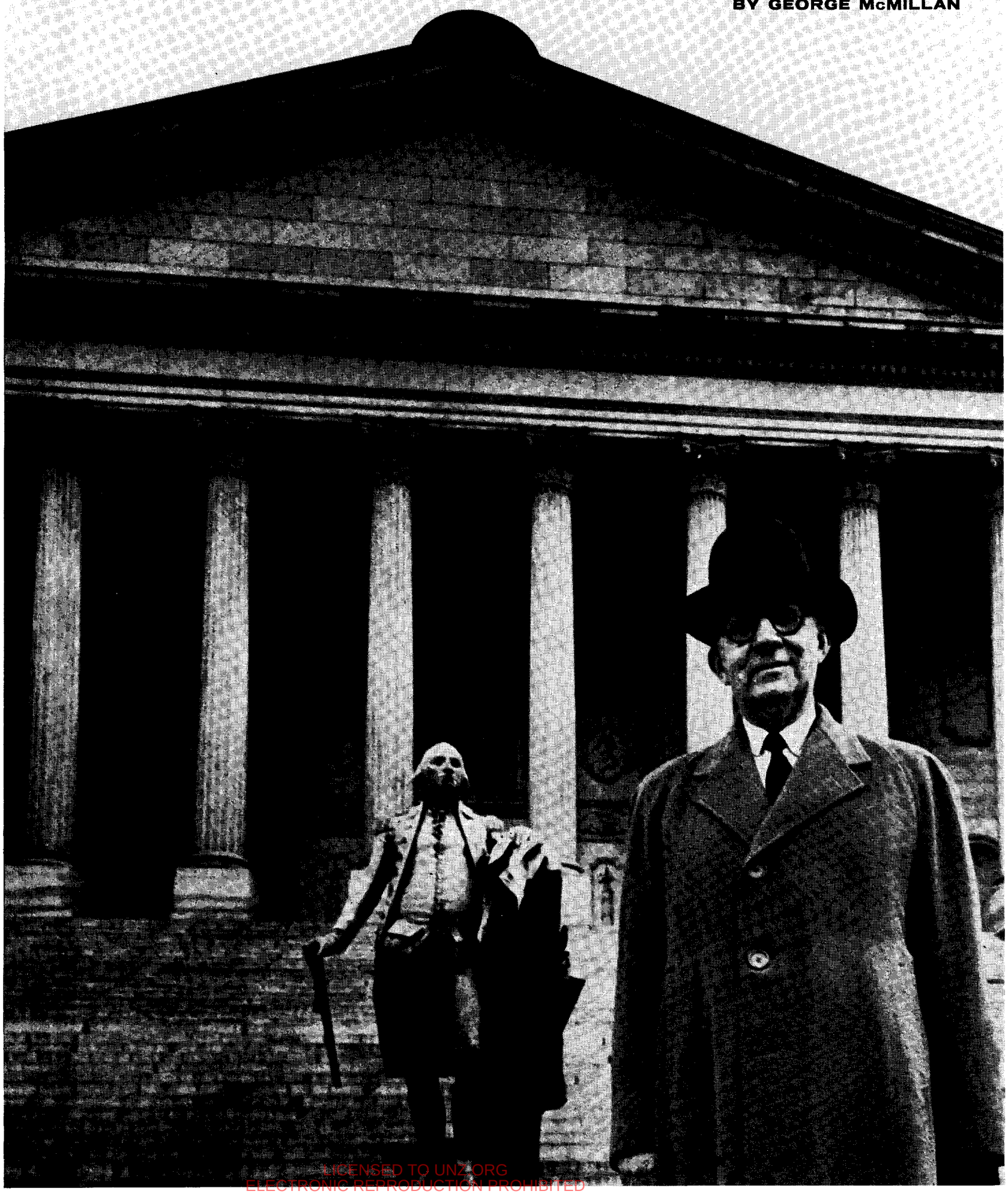
INTEGRATION WITH DIGNITY

The inside story of how South Carolina kept the peace.

BY GEORGE McMILLAN



State Senator Edgar Brown stood foursquare for law and order.

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A small group of responsible citizens plotted to avert violence.

At 1:30 P.M. on January 28, 1963, a bright but cold day at Clemson College in the Piedmont hills of South Carolina, some 160 TV, radio, magazine and newspaper reporters waited quietly for the first Negro student to enroll in a white school in South Carolina.

The Negro's name was and is Harvey Gantt, and many people expected his imminent arrival to bring on one of the nation's worst racial explosions. In fact, of course, it did nothing of the kind—as everyone who has followed the case is aware. But behind that amazing fact lies a complex and fascinating story that has never been told until now.

For the peace with which Harvey Gantt entered Clemson was no mere lucky happenstance. Violence did seem clearly in the cards. South Carolinians are notoriously passionate when it comes to defending the South or southern "customs." The logic of South Carolina's history and the force of her traditions argued that Clemson would be another Oxford, Mississippi.

South Carolina was the spiritual, cultural and financial center of the South when Mississippi was still Indian territory. The fact is that South Carolinians created the South as a politically self-conscious region, led it out of the Union, and then fired the first shot of the Civil War.

Elaborate security precautions had been made to protect Gantt at Clemson, and his routine for the day had been scheduled with the precision of an astronaut shot. He was to arrive at Tillman Hall, the old brick administration building, any minute now. He was to go inside and register, come out another door, walk 35 yards to his dormitory, visit his room briefly, and then walk another 750 yards to the architectural-school building to be interviewed by the dean. The press—more than waited for James Meredith at the University of Mississippi—was ready.

At 1:33 P.M., only three minutes behind schedule, a black 1959 Buick sedan came slowly up the drive, parked in front of Tillman, and Gantt stepped out.

There was a frantic jostle. Tripods clanged as they were hastily dragged into position. Cameras whirred and clicked. Voices began to be heard talking sententiously into microphones.

But that was the action, all of it. It was one of those moments when the paraphernalia of coverage overwhelms the event. It was excitement without substance.

The only sign of an "angry mob," aside from the press, was an assemblage of about 200 students, standing with their jacket collars turned up against the wind, laughing at the antics of the reporters. There were still 100 or so of them around when Gantt came out of Tillman. But by the time Gantt emerged from his dormitory, only a handful were there to watch him start his walk to the architectural building. The reporters who had been following Gantt fell back, leaving him to the TV and radio men, who kept sticking microphones in front of the young Negro's mouth, insisting, "Come on, Harvey, say something!" But he was silent, and the campus was now deserted.

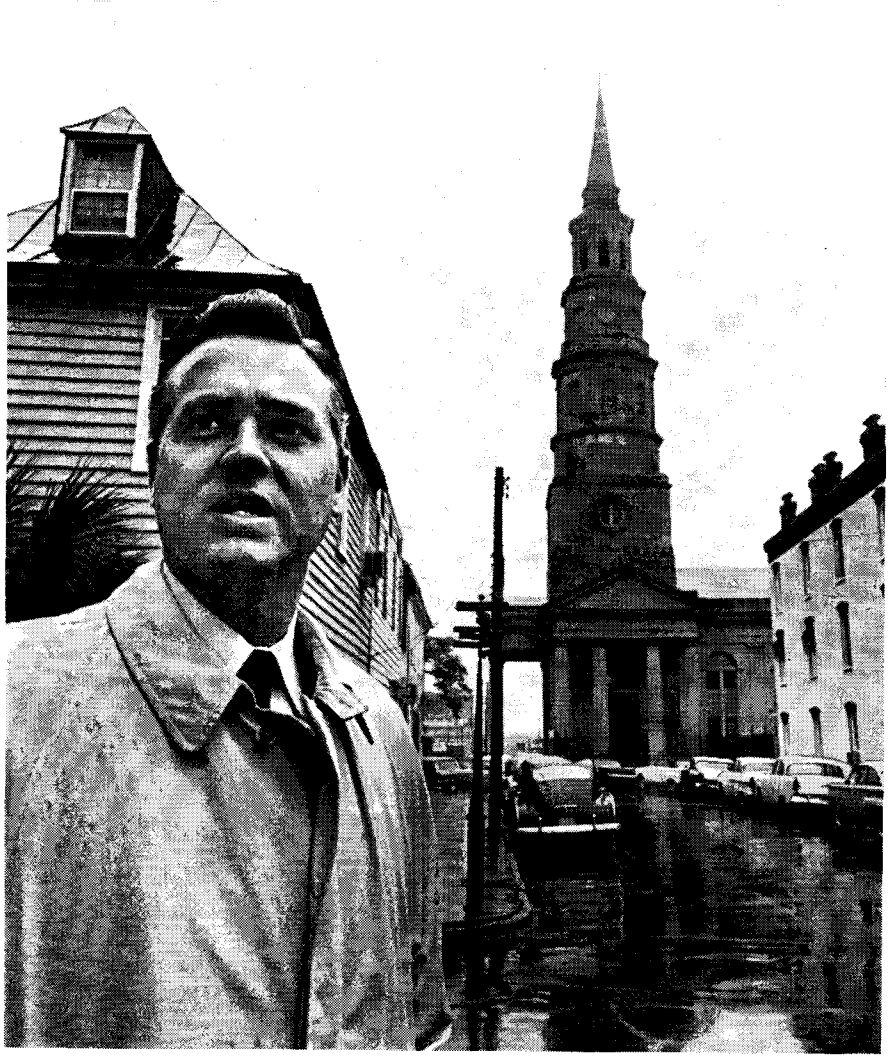
For the press, the day was over. And nothing had happened. Not one thing. South Carolina, emotionally the deepest Deep South state of them all, had met and peaceably passed its most serious racial crisis since the Civil War.

Why hadn't something happened? What was the explanation for this astonishing turn of events? Had South Carolina learned a lesson from Oxford? Or was it something else? The question was important; if South Carolina could keep the peace, so could any southern state.

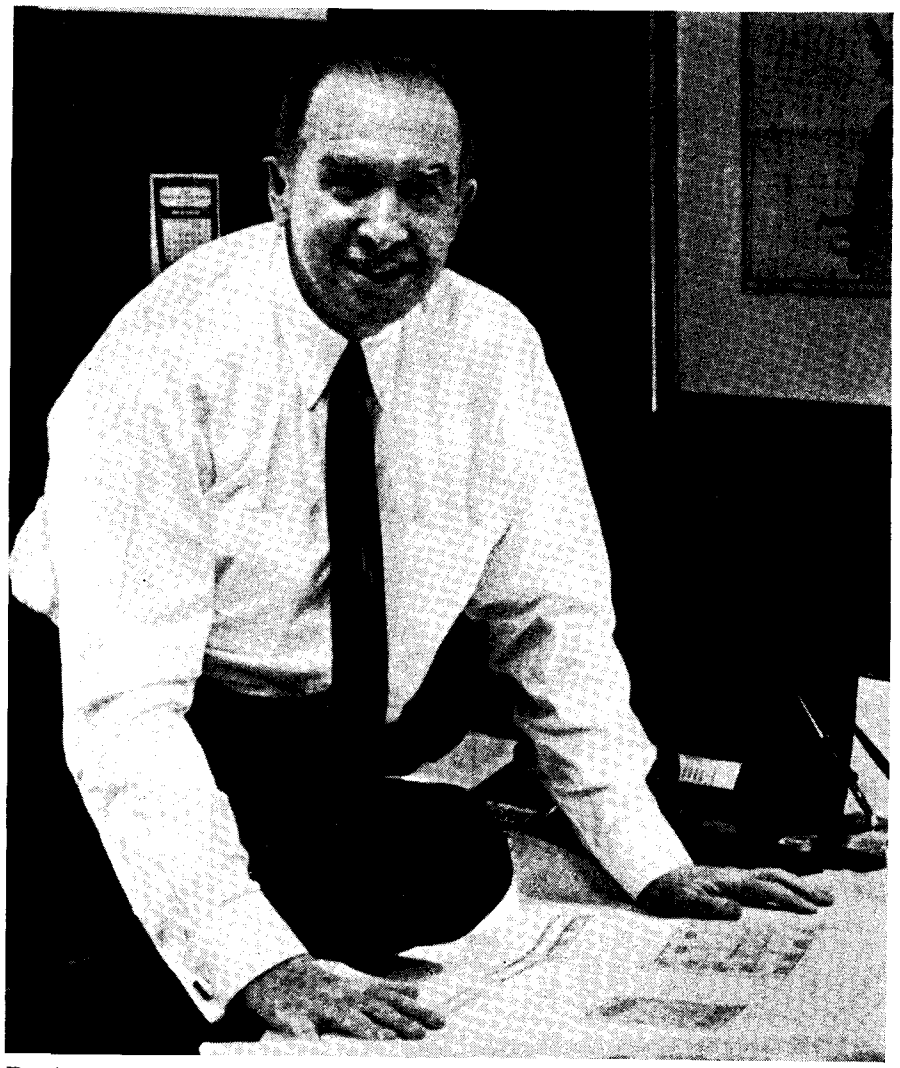
The answer is this: When South Carolina's turn came to face the inevitable fact of racial change, its responsible people, its leadership group, its "power structure" took the initiative and handled the crisis with dignity, dignity for the Negro as well as for the white man. This is why the South Carolina story is one of the most significant—and reassuring—stories in the recent history of race relations in this country.

The story begins on July 1, 1961, a day so hot that the Spanish moss seemed to be sweating. At the annual Watermelon Festival in the small Black Belt county seat of Hampton, the biggest businessman in South Carolina stood up and delivered himself of these somewhat astonishing sentiments:

"The desegregation issue cannot continue to be hidden behind the door. This situation cannot satisfactorily be settled at the lunch counter and



Ex-Gov. Hollings asked Attorney General not to send marshals.



Businessman Charles Daniel played the first card in the conspiracy for peace.

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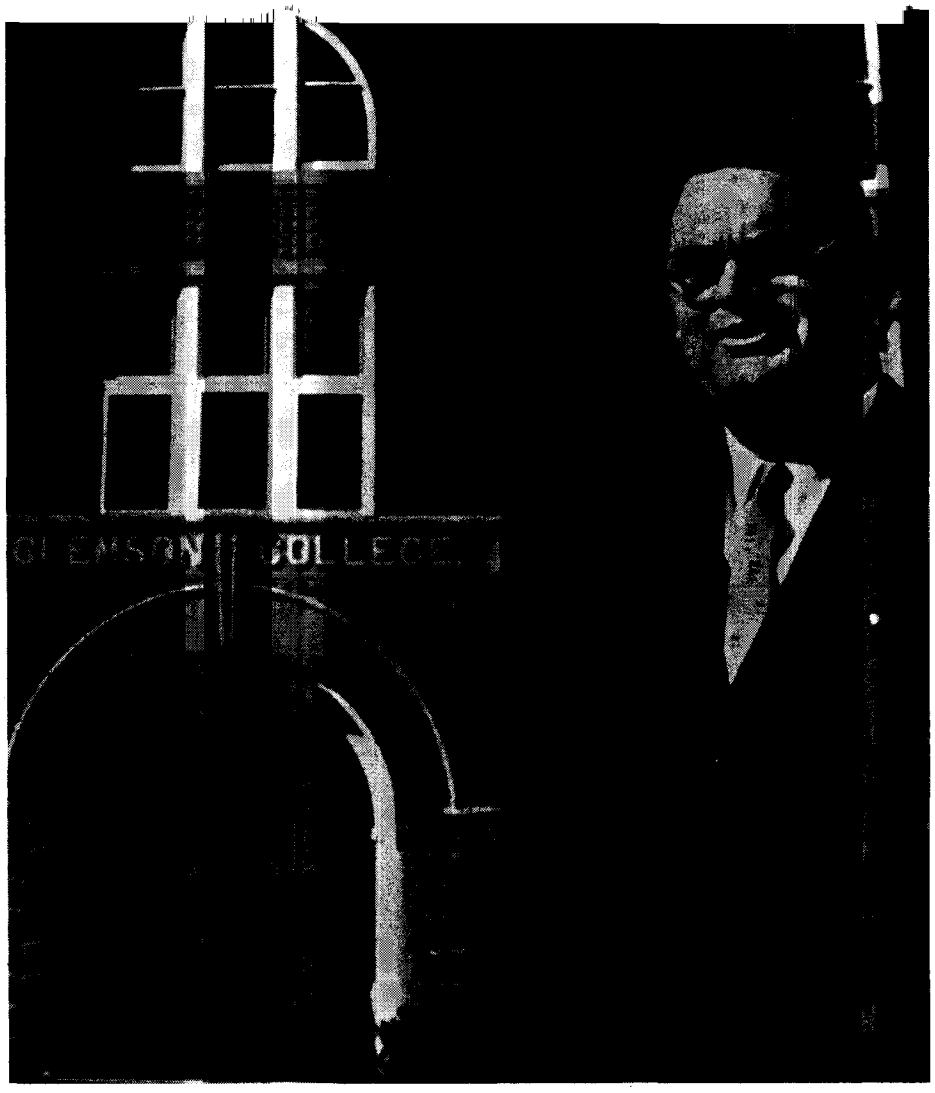
Textile executive John Cauthen rounded up advance support from the state's businessmen for Clemson's decision to accept integration without violence.



Robert Edwards, president of Clemson, worked out a security plan designed to prevent friction between Gantt and the other students.

bus station. We have a definite obligation to increase the productivity of our Negro citizens, to provide them with good jobs at good wages and to continue to assure them of fair treatment. . . . By raising their education and economic status, we would raise the whole economy of the state."

Charles Daniel, the speaker, knew what he was doing even if his audience of stunned cotton planters and restless beauty queens did not. Tough, hard-boiled, self-made and ultraconservative, Daniel had hewn together in three decades the largest construction company in the Southeast. Now he had struck the opening blow in a carefully planned effort to save Clemson College. He had joined the ranks of a handful of shrewd, influential and determined men who, in that summer of 1961, pledged themselves to see to it that Clemson stayed open and unharmed, even if it had to integrate.

The little group included besides Daniel: Robert Edwards, Clemson's president, a hard-driving textile executive who had been brought to Clemson originally as vice president in charge of development; Edgar Brown, chairman of Clemson's board of trustees, state senator from Barnwell County, president pro tempore of the state senate and the Daddy Rabbit of South Carolina politics; John K. Cauthen, executive vice president of the South Carolina Textile Manufacturers Association and the most skillful lobbyist in the state; Ernest F. Hollings, the handsome young governor of the state, who was making new industry the focus of his administration's effort; Wayne Freeman, editor of the Greenville *News* and one of the five nonlegislative members of the Gressette Committee, the state's clearinghouse for racial problems, named for State Senator Marion Gressette.

It was a loose, informal coalition; the five men never met as a group. If there was an understanding between them, it was that each would do what he could in whatever way he thought best to fulfill their common intention.

The seed of this understanding was planted in the spring of 1961 when Edwards called Cauthen about something else. Before hanging up, Edwards asked Cauthen if he thought the state's businessmen would be willing to share some of the responsibility for the problems that would arise if Harvey Gantt, who had applied for admission to Clemson in January, 1961, was finally admitted to the school on court order.

A "monster" to be stopped

Cauthen was sympathetic, and he went to work. South Carolina is a small, unusually cohesive state, and the lines of communication between its seats of political and economic power cross and recross at dozens of points. Cauthen sent feelers and messages along these interior lines, found support not only from businessmen but also from men like Hollings and Freeman and Brown, who are not.

By the end of the year Cauthen, Daniel, Edwards and the others had, in "talking around," let it be known that there was an important body of opinion in the state that firmly believed in law and order at all costs.

This was a solid achievement. But it was still an "inside" one. When Governor Hollings toured the state in the fall of 1961 he was shocked at the kind of talk he heard. He told me, "People thought I ought to have some magic to stop the monster that was about to gobble us up, or else they expected me to go to jail. It looked to me like it was high time we started sobering people up before it turned out to be too late."

Having been turned down on his first application, Gantt reapplied for admission to Clemson in January, 1962.

It was Hollings's custom to hold an off-the-record press briefing the week before the General Assembly convened, and he seized that moment to strike a blow.

"Before 1962 has passed," he told newsmen that January 9, "South Carolina's legal defenses will fall like a house of cards. You might as well start preparing your readers for the inevitable. We are not going to secede."

Not long after this the authoritative Columbia *State* began to give extensive, detailed coverage to Gantt, forcing by its example other newspapers in the state to treat the story as fully and as fairly. They did.

But there wasn't much news about Gantt and Clemson during the spring and summer of 1962. It was election time in South Carolina. Hollings ran for the U. S. Senate, trying to unseat the wily old veteran, Olin D. Johnston, in the Democratic primary, and got clobbered. Donald Russell, a wealthy Spartanburg lawyer who had served in Washington as an assistant to James F. Byrnes when the latter was Secretary of State, was elected governor to succeed Hollings, to take over in January, 1963.

Gantt's second application had never been formally acted upon, and the young Negro, represented by N.A.A.C.P. attorneys, filed suit in Federal court on July 7, 1962. What this meant did not hit hard in South Carolina until September 30, when rioting broke out at Oxford, Mississippi.

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Before a joint session of the legislature, Gov. Russell praised Clemson's handling of the crisis.

INTEGRATION WITH DIGNITY

Mississippi indirectly called for help, and there were South Carolinians—plenty of them—who felt that Governor Hollings should go at once to Governor Barnett's side. A member of the state house of representatives, A. W. Red Bethea, insisted that Hollings lead a motorcade of South Carolinians to Oxford. Hollings refused—and was rewarded with a batch of insulting telegrams.

Other South Carolinians began to back up Barnett. Russell praised Barnett's "courage and resolution," and said he was "hopeful that Barnett's conduct may be invaluable to us in demonstrating the strength of Southern conviction." State Senator Marion Gressette, Mister Segregation in South Carolina, the man who is chairman of the state committee set up to "discourage" integration, called on the South "to rally to the support of the great state of Mississippi."

Hollings's silence stood out and annoyed some South Carolinians. Farley Smith, longtime executive secretary of the Citizens Councils of South Carolina, remarked, "It is inconceivable to me that South Carolina, of all southern states, has not, through its governor, made its position crystal clear."

A few days later, in the first week of October, a reporter cornered Hollings. Would Hollings, or would Hollings not, be willing to go to jail to prevent integration of a South Carolina school? "If it works out like Mississippi," Hollings replied, "jail would certainly be the safest place."

He was due to attend the Southern Governors Conference at Hollywood, Florida, the next week. "Faubus and Patterson [Governors Orville Faubus of Arkansas and John M. Patterson of Alabama] were waiting for me to head up a movement to wire and welcome Ross Barnett to the conference," Hollings said. He refused.

If Hollings did nothing to "help" Mississippi, he did something to help South Carolina meet *its* forthcoming crisis. He sent Pete Strom, head of S.L.E.D. (South Carolina Law Enforcement Division), to Oxford. He told him to study that situation and to come back home and work out with Harry Walker, his legal counsel, a security plan for Clemson.

He laid down three guidelines for Walker: (1) The plan must be foolproof; there should be no question of the need for U.S. marshals; (2) it should be designed to prevent even the possibility of allowing a crowd to gather, and (3) a carefully thought-out schedule must be arranged for controlling the movement of the press.

Through the late summer and fall Gantt's attorneys and South Carolina engaged in a series of legal maneuvers, but by November it was clear that Clemson sooner or later would have to admit Gantt. It was just a matter of time, and there was not much of that.

Meanwhile Cauthen had not been idle. He was "talking around" in those key places he knew so well. One day in the fall, for example, he and Clemson President Edwards went to Hartsville to see A. L. M. Wiggins, the elder statesman of South Carolina's business community. A former railroad president and Under Secretary of the Treasury, Wiggins was head of the Governor's Committee on Higher Education. "Mr. Wiggins was very strong on our side," Cauthen says.

Up to now, none of the little group had taken a public stand on the case of Harvey Gantt, but the hour was obviously near when somebody must speak out clearly. The occasion arose at the end of December, when a Charleston newspaperman called Clemson board chairman Brown and put to him one of those have-you-stopped-beating-your-wife questions: "Now that it is pretty certain that the Clemson board is going to admit Harvey Gantt, what explanation would you give to the people who elected you, in the event of such a decision?"

Nobody had said that Clemson was going to admit Gantt, but Brown took down the reporter's question in shorthand and promised to give him an answer later.

He called Cauthen in Columbia, Edwards at Clemson. Both agreed to meet Brown in Barnwell the next morning. They talked it over, then Cauthen drafted a statement. Brown released it that day to the Charleston newspaperman but at the same time sent it to the press associations.

"Your premise is false," Brown's statement noted. "If the ultimate decision of the Federal courts directs that Harvey Gantt should be admitted, my position is that the board of trustees and the administration at Clemson College will not tolerate violence on the Clemson campus."

Photographs by Jim Mahan

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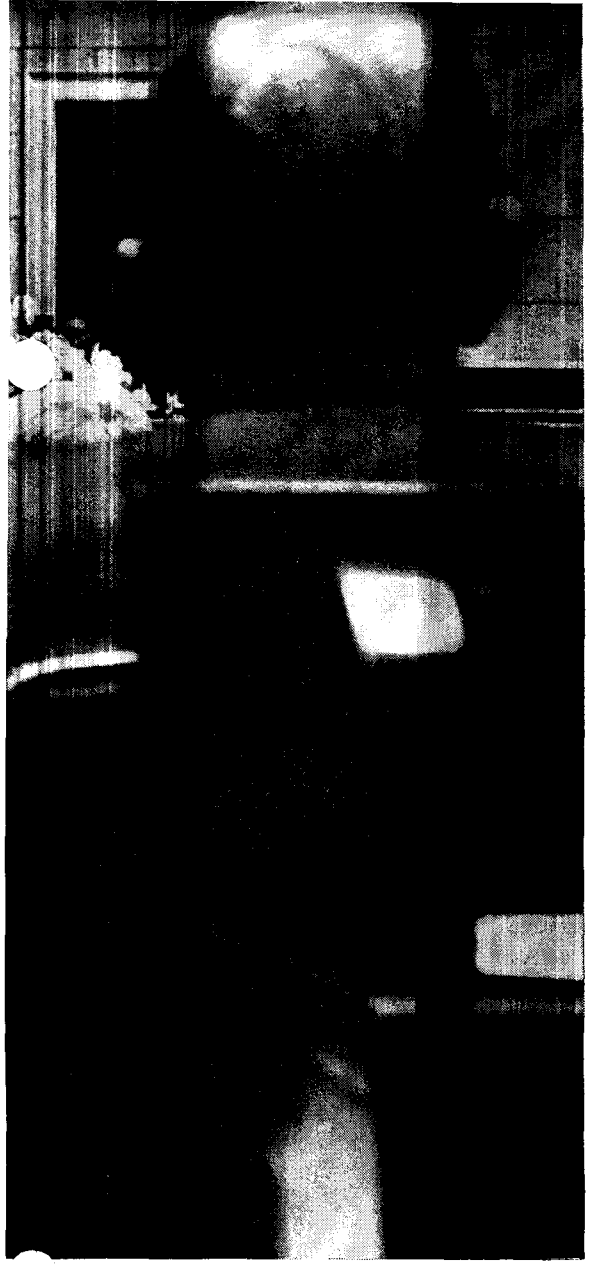

Brown had set the strategy with Cauthen months ago, when he told Cauthen not to hold an open meeting of businessmen, but rather to assemble his forces quietly. Now the strategy was about to pay off. Now the power structure of the state was agreed upon, if not yet openly committed to, a policy of admitting Gantt to Clemson and preserving law and order on the campus at the same time.

The newspapers of the state quickly joined behind Brown, and the opposition was caught flat-footed. The kind of people who might favor making a "protest" had taken it for granted that everyone in South Carolina would agree with them when the time came. They were not organized, not prepared. The Citizens Councils had been, as executive secretary Smith explained to me recently, "mainly a stand-by organization in South Carolina." Present membership is probably "less than 10,000" by Smith's estimate, and these "are not very active." This is not to say that the Citizens Councils favored violence; Smith insists they did not. But in this sense nobody in the South *plans* violence. What some groups do is stalemate and neutralize local and state law-enforcement agencies so that the relative handful of racists who will be violent can come in from the country, often from across state lines, and create chaos.

Half, maybe more, of the battle had been won without a word's being fired in anger. It was not over, not by any means. But men as savvy in the ways of Palmetto politics as Brown and Cauthen knew where their opposition lay.

The riots

at Oxford, Mississippi, showed

South Carolina

the trouble it could expect

at Clemson.

Harvey Gantt's reception committee at Clemson consisted almost entirely of milling reporters.

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State Senator Marion Gressette finally bowed to integration.

Byrnes: "Gantt has succeeded in forcing

The trouble might come from any one or all three of these powerful men:

1. James F. Byrnes. Still, in his 80's, the same dapper little man with gray felt hat whose picture was once frequently taken on the White House steps, Byrnes is today "a bitter man," according to those who are close to him. When Byrnes returned to South Carolina in the 1950's and became governor, he convinced the legislature that it ought to levy a sales tax, and he undertook an extensive program of school-building designed to create separate and equal school systems in South Carolina. "He thought the Supreme Court would recognize this," I was told. "He had convinced himself the Court would rule five to four in favor of South Carolina in the Clarendon Case [concerning public-school segregation in Clarendon County]. When it voted nine to nothing against, he turned bitter." As a member of Clemson's board of trustees, Byrnes "wouldn't say yes, and he wouldn't say no," about Gantt. His attitude in board meetings was such that some of the others on the board felt that Byrnes might, if Gantt were admitted, make an independent statement that would, considering his prestige, do serious damage to law and order.

2. State Senator Marion Gressette. Gressette was No. 2 in seniority in the senate, a man whose sincerity and integrity have never been questioned in the legislature. Every bill that might affect or be affected by a change in the status quo in segregation went to the Gressette Committee. From Calhoun, a Black Belt county in the Low Country, Gressette announced to the press that he was praying every night over the Clemson situation, and it is significant that not even the worst cynic doubted his statement.

It was almost solely their confidence in Gressette that caused groups like the Citizens Councils to stay dormant. For Gressette to go along with a plan that called for admitting a Negro to Clemson without some kind of protest would be a severe wrench for Gressette personally and for all the people who had had complete confidence in him as an anti-integration warrior. If Gressette came out publicly against admitting Gantt, all the hitherto latent forces of disorder in the state would come alive.

3. A. W. Red Bethea. Bethea is the most forthright racist in South Carolina. If Bethea went to Clemson to lead a "protest," as, in fact, he threatened to do, it would be hard to turn him away. He was both a member of the legislature and a Clemson alumnus.

Cauthen moved quickly to get business support on the line for a public announcement. Eighteen of the state's top textile executives met for lunch at the new, luxurious Palmetto Club in Columbia on January 3, 1963. When they had finished their business, Cauthen passed out three-by-five file cards, read them a statement he had drawn up. It read in part: "The major business and industrial interests of the state strongly approve the announced [Note: it had *not* been announced then] determination of the board of trustees and the administration of Clemson College to maintain law and order at all times." Cauthen asked the executives to vote Yes or No on the cards, and to hand them in without signing their names. He got 18 Yeses.

The next day the Chamber of Commerce followed suit. Polled by telephone, 70 South Carolina businessmen—52 were members of the Chamber's board of directors, 12 were former presidents and six were officers—unanimously approved the statement. The state bankers' association and the broadcasters' association followed in quick order.

Nowhere in the South in the recent history of racial change had the business community taken such a strong stand *in advance*. Clemson President Edwards on January 3 had a "very serious" meeting with Gressette and some members of his committee. Without acrimony Edwards made it plain that if he was not supported in admitting Gantt and handling the whole situation with dignity, he would resign. He got down to brass tacks with Gressette about the effect of violence. One of the nation's largest manufacturers had made overtures about building a multimillion-dollar plant in Gressette's county.

The state makes its choice

"Senator, if there's a ruckus at Clemson those people won't even plant scrub oak in Calhoun County," Edwards said passionately.

On January 9, Governor Hollings spoke out, in a farewell address to the state legislature.

"As we meet," he said, "South Carolina is running out of courts. This General Assembly must make clear South Carolina's choice, a government of laws rather than a government of men. We must move on with dignity. It must be done with law and order. The state's institutions and all law-enforcement agencies have been charged with their responsibilities."

When Hollings was halfway through, Bethea rose in his seat, took a step as if to leave, but then changed his mind and sat down. The rest of the joint session gave Hollings an ovation. "They were *impressed*," a legislative correspondent told me later.

The next night Hollings called Attorney General Robert Kennedy and outlined the security plan which by now had been worked out. He told Kennedy that U.S. marshals would not be needed. Kennedy promised not to send them.

On January 12 Hollings held a meeting in his office for a final review of the security plan. Donald Russell Jr., son of and assistant to his father, the incoming governor, was present and took a copy for his father to see.

The plan is probably the most complete and carefully thought-out one ever drawn up in the United States to meet the threat of racial violence. None of its details have ever before been made public.

It warned all officers of the law: "The state of South Carolina has assumed responsibility of maintaining law and order as a state function, and the state is capable of carrying it out." It told them to "tolerate verbal abuse or similar harassment . . . but, when faced with violation of the law, to perform duties with efficiency and dispatch.... If trouble occurs," the instructions said, "remove troublemakers quickly to detention areas set aside for large numbers of persons."

A S.L.E.D. aircraft was to patrol from the sky, police photographers were to be on the campus to take movies and photographs, the sheriffs of adjoining counties were briefed; magistrates were put on duty so that they could issue warrants; fire-fighting and medical equipment was made ready; and a central command post was set up to coordinate all the activity.

An elaborate program of briefing was set up for the Clemson student body and faculty. The student body was to be policed by its own student government. Supervisors were given the right to send students to their individual dormitory rooms.

Students were warned that "gatherings which indicate unnecessary curiosity . . . will be avoided. Counseling, advising and frank discussion should solve most problems. Situations requiring more forthright action will be dealt with firmly and effectively."

The courts began to move quickly. On January 22 District Judge C. C. Wyche complied with the Appellate Court ruling and signed the order admitting Gantt to Clemson. That same day State Senator John D. Long of Union County rose in the upper chamber of the legislature on a point of personal order. It was "cowardly" of Clemson to admit Gantt without a fight, he said.

"I would prefer that my children be raised in ignorance—not knowing 'B' from Bullsfoot—than to see them cringing and bowing before tyranny," he cried out.

Word of the debate reached the house, and Bethea and many of his colleagues came over to the senate, packed the galleries. Senator H. H. Jessen of Dorchester County joined in on Long's side. "South Carolina should not lie down and let itself be walked over," he said.

The time had come for Gressette to take his stand. He rose and began to speak slowly, sadly. "A lot of things happen in life," he said. "We have disappointments. Sometimes I feel like making a speech like my two friends made. We have lost this battle but we are engaged in a war. But this war cannot be won by violence or by inflammatory speeches. I have preached peace and good order too long to change my thinking."

If the legislature now felt that he had failed in his task, Gressette said, he would resign.

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...nself into Clemson."

When he had finished, the legislature rose and gave him an ovation. And Senator Long took the floor again, this time to propose that the members remain on their feet for a standing vote of confidence for Gressette.

Before the day was over Byrnes issued a statement. "Gantt has succeeded in forcing himself into Clemson," Byrnes said, but he would not be welcomed at the college "by independent men and women of the student body.... Thank goodness," said the former Supreme Court Justice, "not even the Supreme Court has ordered that be done—as yet!"

The Clemson board of trustees met with Governor Russell and the Gressette Committee during the morning to set the strategy for making the formal announcement. At noon word went out to reporters that press conferences would be held separately by Russell, by Gressette and by President Edwards—in quick successive order, at two P.M., at two-thirty and at three.

Promptly at two Russell came through a door into a paint-fresh new executive conference room, handed out a few copies of his statement and read quickly: "We shall meet and solve this problem peaceably, without violence."

The reporters scampered across the street to the capitol and heard Gressette read: "Peace and good order must be maintained both on and off the college campus."

Bethea was there, hunched deep down in an upholstered chair, an incongruous figure in the light bark-cloth-papered room. Reporters did not have time to stop and ask him for a comment.

It was a short walk from the capitol to the studios of WIS-TV where Edwards was to read his statement before the cameras. A few seconds after the press corps arrived, Edwards emerged, took his position before a microphone and began to talk: The Trustees approved "complete and good-faith" compliance with the court order, and Gantt was to be admitted "exactly as any other transfer student."

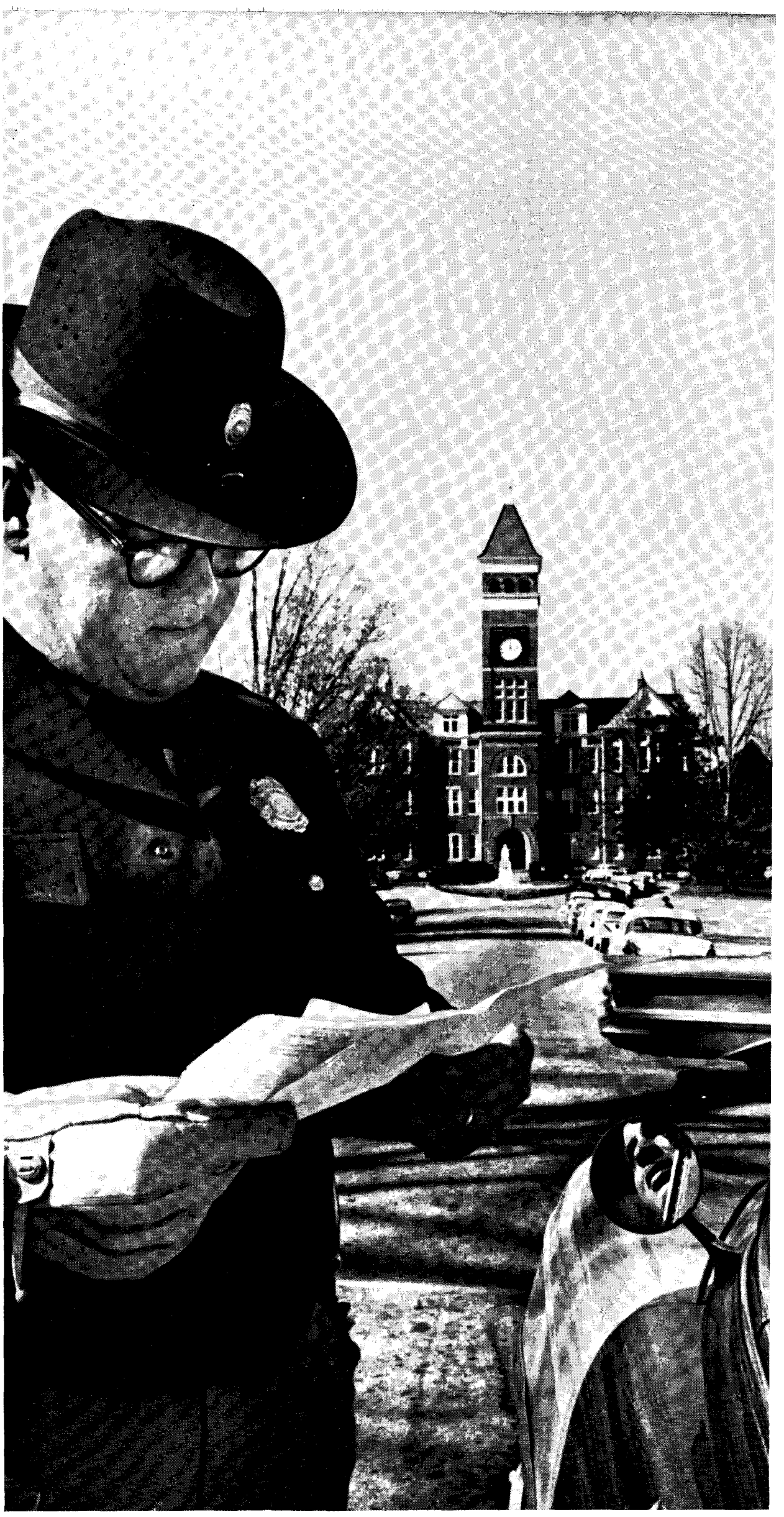
When Edwards finished, someone passed out copies of Cauthen's statement—the endorsement of law and order by the manufacturers, bankers, businessmen and broadcasters. It almost got passed by in the rush.

I had made the rounds with the rest of the newsmen, and, as I started to leave, I saw Brown and Cauthen sitting against a far wall. I went over and Senator Brown offered me a ride back to my hotel. The three of us walked out into the street again.

"Well, John," said Brown, pulling himself erect, cocking his head on one side and then giving Cauthen a smile, "it's been a long day, hasn't it?"

"Yes, it has, senator," said Cauthen, returning the smile, "but I think everything's going to be all right now."

And it was all right. THE END



State troopers checked all students' passes and identity cards at the approaches to the college.

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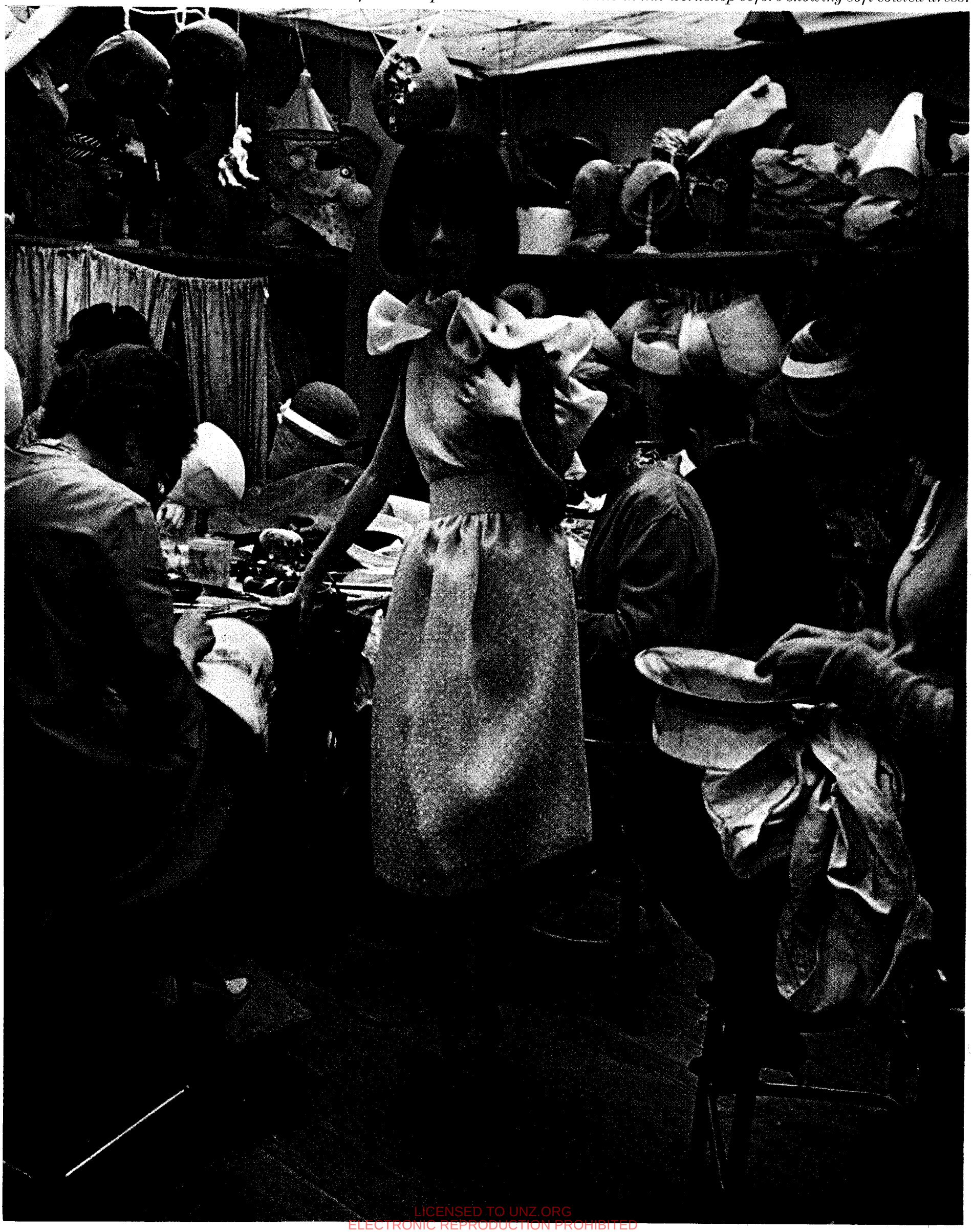
Cardin's famous Japanese model Hiroko waits in hat workshop before showing soft cowled dress.



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Once again ladies can be ladies as Paris shrugs off old masculine influences and brings back softly shaped, more feminine fashions.

PARIS CLOTHES GO PRETTY

EVEN MEN WILL LIKE THEM

Photographs by BURT GLINN

St. Laurent puts final touches on fitted sweater suit with fishermen's sleeves. White accents include organdy scarf.

Spring means baseball and open spaces to a man, but to a woman it means the new Paris fashions, a closely guarded secret until photographs are released in March. Last month a Post writer-photographer team went behind the scenes at Paris couture houses for these exclusive color photographs—the first published in the United States—and the story on what the look for spring will be this year. Even men might find that the news is good. The soft, pretty look is in vogue, flattering the figure from the waist up. Sleeves are back, hats are big, necklines are low, the waist is high, the heels are low and the hair is short. Top American fashion editor Eugenia Sheppard, who has covered every Paris collection for the past 11 years, reports on the new styles, the reactions of the press and the American buyers, and gives her own views on what the well-dressed women will be wearing for the next six months. Her complete Paris story begins on page 30.

Marc Bohan of Dior checks seams of a double-breasted lime coat which goes wide above the waist, stays slim below.

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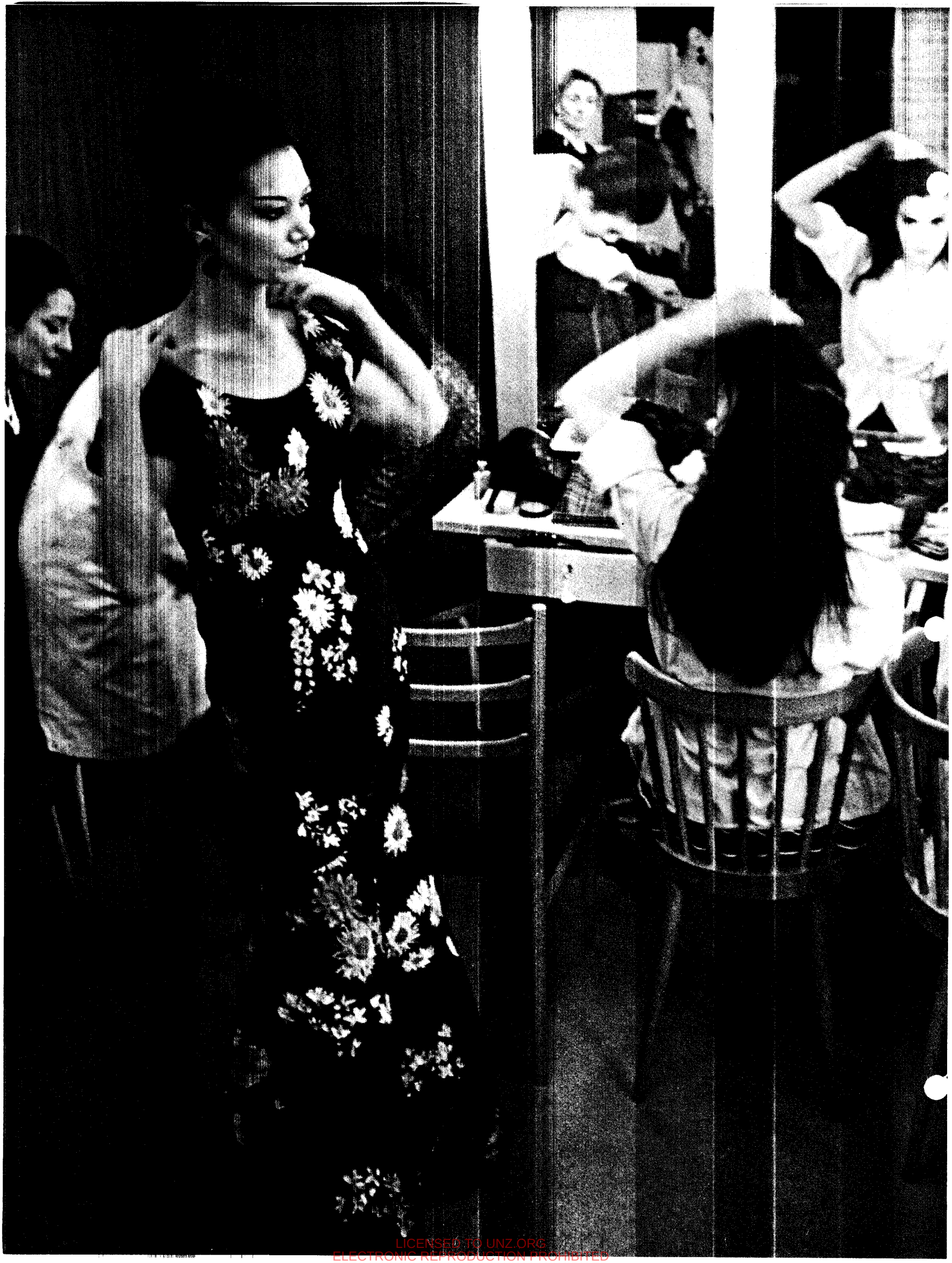

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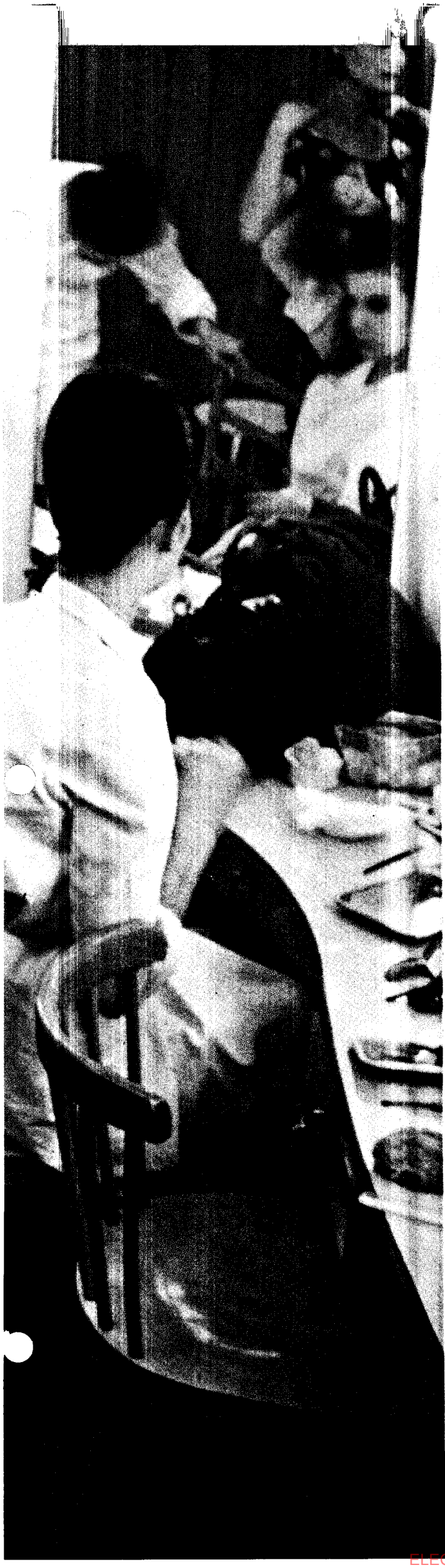
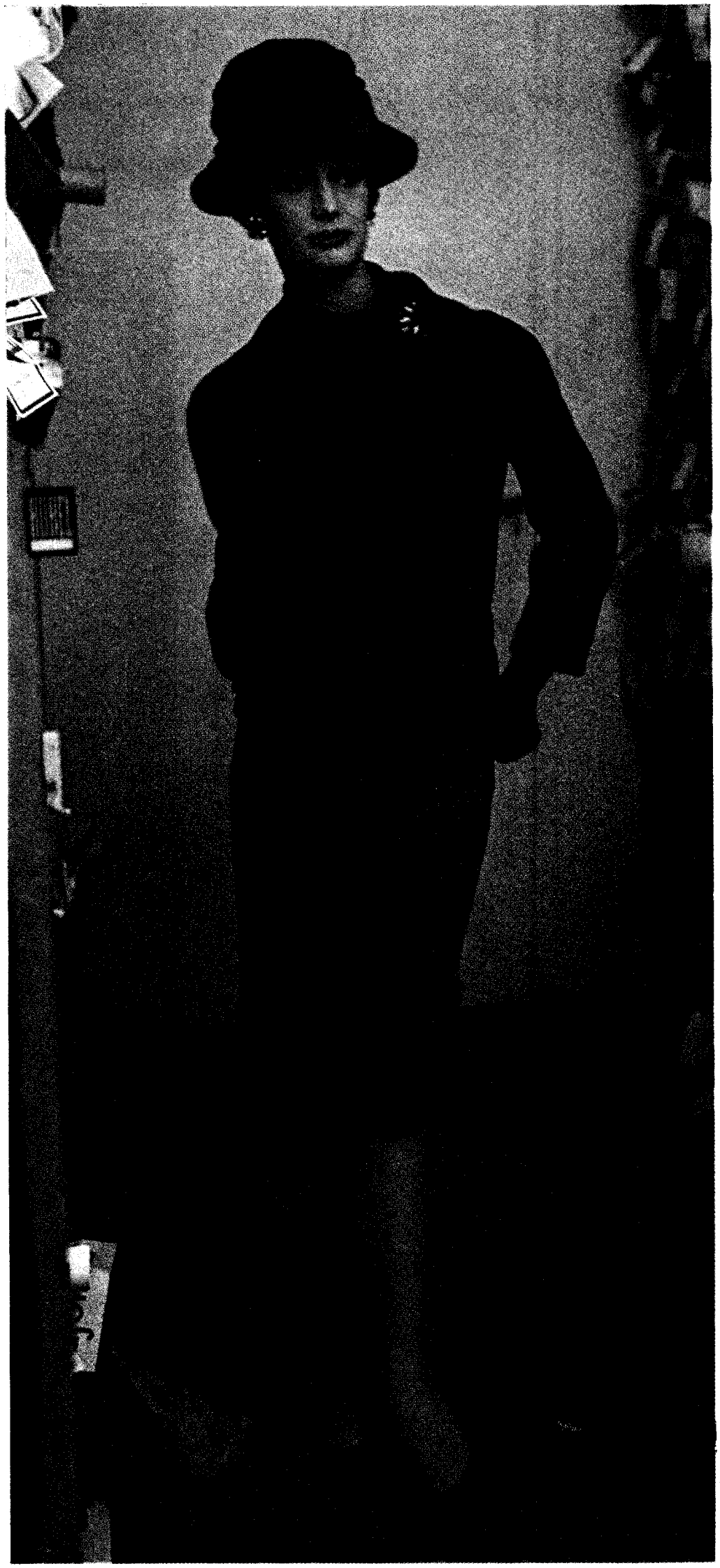


St. Laurent model checks daisy gown in dressing-room mirror.



Dior's horseshoe-neck suit with wide lapels won raves from buyers.

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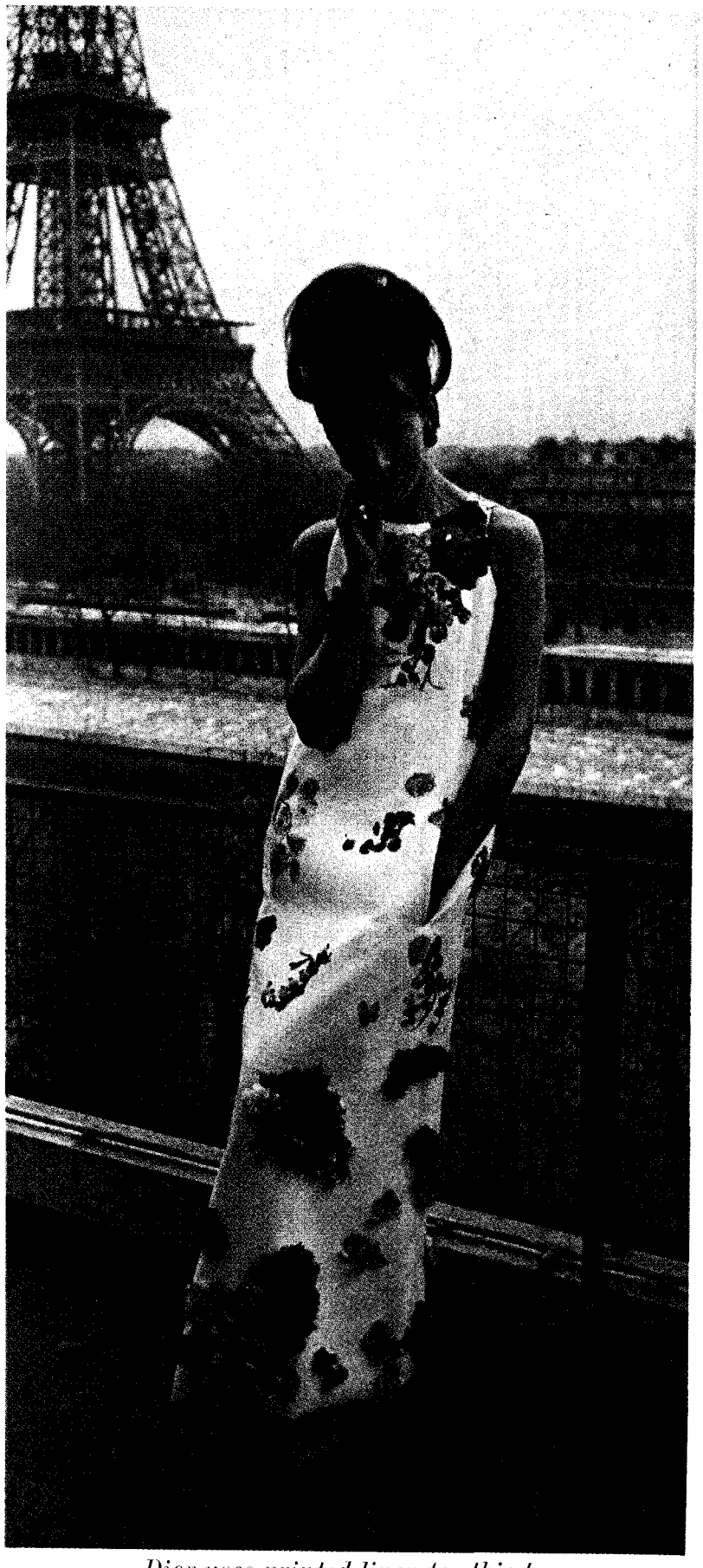
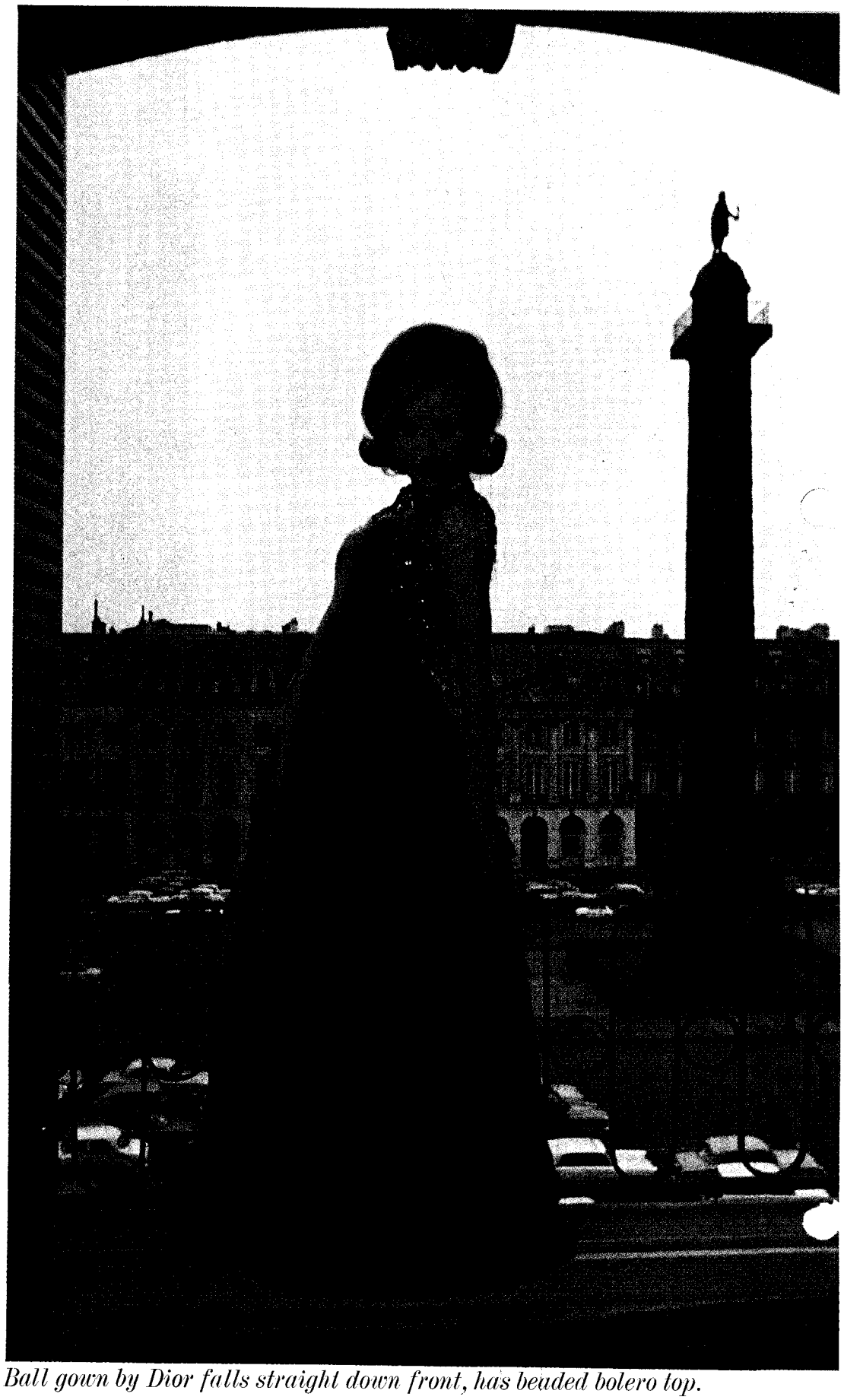
Ricci's giant Paisley chiffon is slit to the knee.

Floor-length evening dresses come in brighter, gayer fabrics. Dior prefers flower-printed linen, beaded boleros, while St. Laurent and Ricci like chiffons in giant flower or Paisley designs.



Dior uses printed linen for this terrace gown.



Ball gown by Dior falls straight down front, has beaded bolero top.

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Yves St. Laurent cuts the neckline in a deep V for sexy cocktail dress.

Faced with producing a new shape in clothes for 1963, designers in Paris go high, wide and soft.

VOILA! LES GIRLS RETURN

By Eugenia Sheppard

Twice a year Paris has the awesome responsibility of designing a new woman from hat, hairdo and face through clothes, handbags, gloves and shoes. If not completely new, she must be at least new enough to inspire women all over the world to make themselves over in her image, in the course of which they keep alive the giant fashion and cosmetic industries.

This spring thousands of women will spend millions of dollars for a fresher, more romantic look. They will want big, shadowy eyes with long lashes, simple hairdos and guileless, pastel makeup with rosy lips. They will want to wear sharp, fresh colors like sky blue and garden-vegetable green. They will want sleeves in their dresses again and low necklines. All this will happen because Paris has just decided that an extremely feminine, almost unsophisticated woman is the new height of sophistication and chic.

Seated uncomfortably on rows of gilt ballroom chairs in the elegant salons of the Paris *couturiers*, hundreds of retail-store executives, ready-to-wear manufacturers, reporters and wealthy private customers recently spent a solid week absorbing the world's most concentrated fashion message. Though for most women the actual fashion changes proposed by Paris won't filter into ready-to-wear clothes until next fall, and then in diluted form, some of the magic rubs off right away.

A woman might make a few quick investments to give herself the new Paris look in a hurry this spring. She should buy false eyelashes, a hat like a Mexican sombrero, a navy blue outfit with white organdy touches, a coatdress of flowered linen, a short summer dance dress of flowered silk organdy with a flowing scarf, an ankle-length dress for playing hostess on the patio, at least one extra hairpiece or a fantastic ornament made of hair. And, for everywhere but a trip to the supermarket, she should get frailer shoes with cutout sides, tiny straps or even sling-backs instead of classic pumps. Her new clothes should have a high-bosomed look and her skirts should stay short—right below the knees.

Starting head first, the Paris look calls for a new hairdo. It's no longer smart to wear a balloon, a beehive or a haystack. Paris has deflated hairdos. To show daytime clothes, the Paris fashion mannequins wore hair drawn back simply into French twists that left their ears bare. There was less back-combing and teasing and less dyeing and streaking. Most hair looked just plain brown.

For daytime, hair was invariably covered with hats. Most hats tilted forward (Simonetta's almost touched the eyebrows); only Dior's hats perched on the backs of heads. His huge bretons with turned-back brims looked as if they were about to take off any minute in a strong wind.

Hats are from the boys

The new Paris clothes may be ultrafeminine, but the new Paris hats are borrowed from the boys. The Mexican sombrero is a big favorite, and runners-up are a bowler and a cap with the visor pointed toward the back of the neck. Most Paris hats are straw. Dior has revived wicker in textures that look like everything from a market basket to the seat of a chair.

In the evening, the new Paris look calls for yards of hair. Theatergoers, though, will be happy to learn that it slants backward from the crown. Hair is decorated luxuriantly with more hair that Alexandre, the world's most famous stylist, has turned into triple-decker buns, hard rolls, clusters of grapes to pin above each ear, flat bows, ruffled rosettes, bejeweled pigtails and ponytails and, most exotic of all, sprays of tropical hair orchids.

Gone with the haystack hairdo are both the pale-face, beatnik makeup and last year's Cleopatra look that outlined eyes with a heavy black pencil line. Mannequins are wearing rouge again—brown rouge that gives a healthy glow. Eyes are still the most important feature in the new Paris face, but they are made up to look soft and romantic, without harsh outlines or corners drawn to slant upward like an Oriental girl's. The new technique is to drop eyeliner and work with smoky gray or brown eyeshadow.

Fake eyelashes are the most essential bit of makeup equipment for the new look. The mannequins all wear them; more women are becoming addicts every day. Many who began putting on false eyelashes for special occasions now say they feel as undressed without them as they used to feel without rouge or lipstick. Among devotees, talk about eyelashes is endless. "Are yours mink or sable, German-, French- or American-made? Is each lash put on singly or do you glue the whole strip? Do you put them on each morning or sleep in them all night to save time?"

Faced with the problem of producing a new shape in clothes for the Spring 1963 Woman, Paris designers had only two choices. They could tamper with shoulders or with hems. Though many a designer dreams of becoming another Christian Dior, whose long skirts made women throw away all their wartime clothes in 1947 and mob stores to buy the New Look, none of them dared to take the chance this season. Paris designers settled for shoulders instead.

The new Paris clothes are all broader at the top than they were last year. Shoulders are never padded. The width comes from the cut and the comeback of sleeves. The high waist isn't belted right under the bosom, either, as the Empress Josephine used to wear it; it is managed with seams, darts or some such dressmaking magic. The fashion excitement is mostly above the waist, with the rest of a new Paris outfit usually falling straight and slim.

No matter what they're designing, Paris *couturiers* have gone all out for all kinds of

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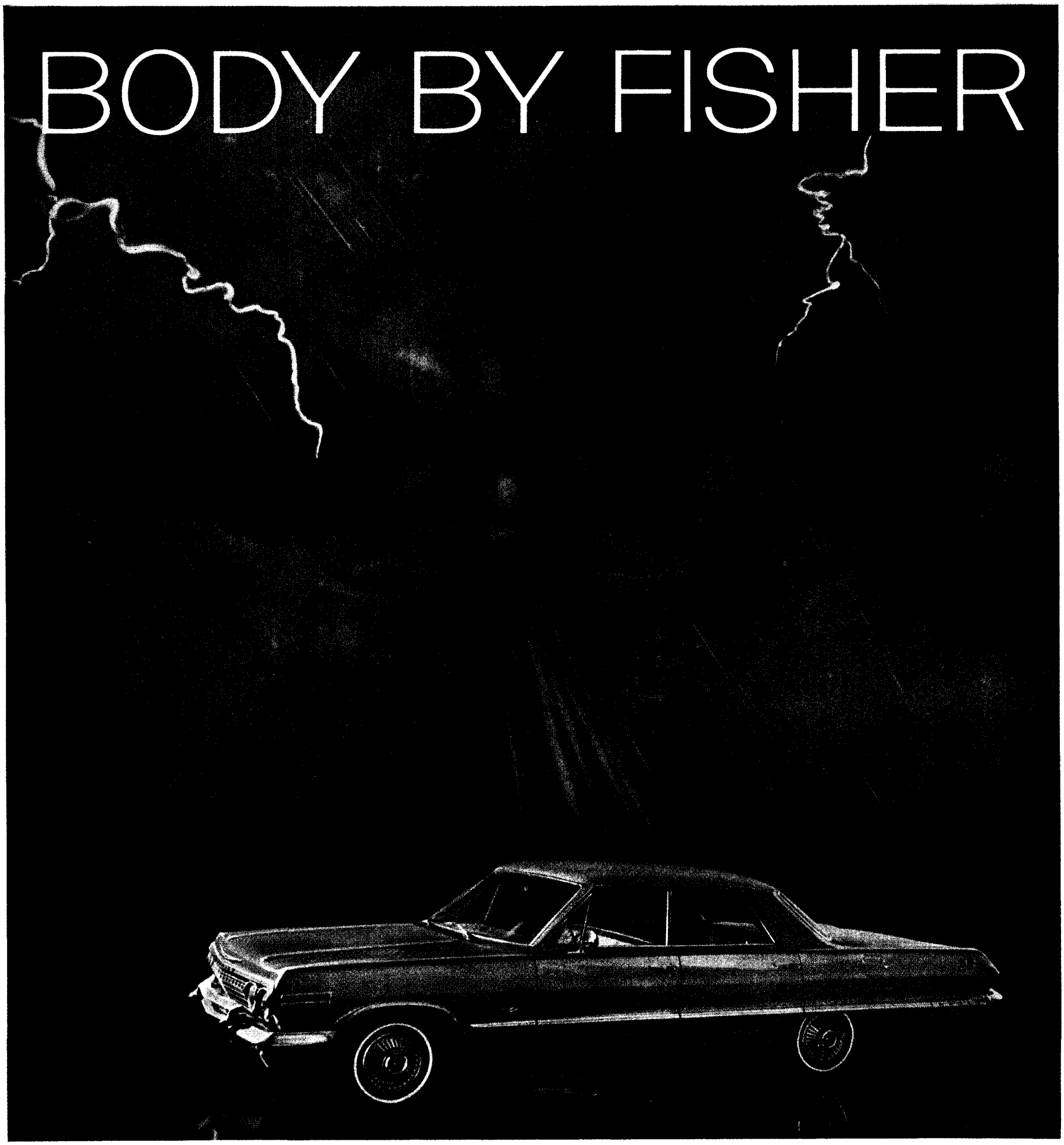

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Organdy is a key St. Laurent accent.

Paris designers are reaching out restlessly to make more money out of fashion, as American designers do. French clothes become more like U. S. clothes.

LES GIRLS RETURN

sleeves. Among the most applauded are Marc Bohan's sleeves for the Christian Dior collection. They are set high on the shoulders and are slightly full, but never puffed. Just the opposite with Yves St. Laurent, whose wide shoulders slide off onto the arms, where soft full sleeves begin. St. Laurent's sleeves are cut like men's shirt sleeves and end in buttoned cuffs. Sure to become a fashion best seller when it's reproduced in this country is his pinafore look, with soft, dotted foulard sleeves peeping out from under the wide shoulders of a brown wool pinafore, or pale pink sequin sleeves with a plain pink crepe pinafore.

These past few years the world's most popular dress has been a little nothing pulled as taut as a bed sheet to the collarbones, leaving the arms bare. This year the Paris shift is to a dress with soft sleeves and a scooped-out neckline. Yves St. Laurent has designed some beauties with deep, oval necklines and his trademark shirt sleeves. The new Paris dress may still be a little nothing, but buyers and manufacturers believe it is a new-enough-looking little nothing to make millions of women want it.

Coats follow the prevailing silhouette and are high-bosomed and important around the top. Big news is a double-faced gabardine fabric that requires no coat lining. The soft, smooth-surfaced fabric is available not only in white, the most popular Paris coat color this season, but in pastels. Many coats, such as Dior's, have little round collars. Suit jackets are not only cut lower but have both collars and lapels again.

Suits were almost wiped out by the dress-with-jacket invasion these last few seasons, but they take a new lease on life in the current collections. Sure to have a big future in this country is Dior's bright red suit with a boiled-shirt front. St. Laurent belts hip-length jackets and adds a second, narrower belt of the same leather at the top of his skinny skirts. He peps up suits with big, stiff scarves of double white organdy and little coal-scuttle straw hats.

Fabrics that make all the new Paris clothes are soft—the silk foulards, the silk jerseys, chiffons and organdies. Most of the wool tweeds, especially Chanel's, look so porous and spongy that you feel you could poke your fingers right through. It's a big season for silk prints, but not the traditional kind. The new prints are like abstract paintings. A design is printed only once on a dress. Even the flower prints are the new random type with no pattern repeating itself.

Most exciting fabrics are the new linens—flowered, dotted and plain. Designers used them for everything from summer coats to ball gowns. The house of Dior turned flowered linens into tailored coatdresses, a wonderful fashion hybrid.

A dress that turned up in every collection was a short blue flowered silk organdy with a flowing panel from one shoulder blade. It wasn't a spy that carried the news from one salon to another. Paris designers, collectively, couldn't resist the brilliant Bristol-blue color, and then the airy fabric suggested the style. Short cocktail dresses were all made of flowered silk organdy or chiffon. Simonetta and Fabiani showed tailored chiffon suits. Short chiffons by Capucci looked whimsical with starched white collars and cuffs.

Designers all bowed to the worldwide feminine enthusiasm for floor-length evening skirts, and many more ball gowns than usual appeared in Paris collections. There were chiffon and organdy prints, like the cocktail dresses in mood but cut on a grander scale.

Slashed at neck and knee

Slinky siren sheaths were slashed down the front into deep V necks and then slashed up the front to the knees—or above, as in Jules-François Crahay's collection for Nina Ricci. The tops of Madame Gres's silk jersey ball gowns took two months each to pleat into Scotch-plaid and rose-basket designs. But the most popular ball gowns in Paris were Yves St. Laurent's, made of soft polka-dotted silk foulard, with long, cuffed sleeves and little sleeveless glitter jackets. Glitter was still rampant in evening clothes—Chanel's dinner suits were made of fabric with the sequins woven in—but it was toned down.

Franco-American fashion relations are increasingly becoming a two-way street. In the recent collections, quite a few old favorite American fashions were played back to French music. To name just a few: the new hostess dresses, low-heeled shoes and wearing color at any cost. If black is really the Frenchwoman's uniform, she's out of luck in the new collections. Paris designers like the bright, light greens and the blues right down the line from sky to navy. In coats it's white, blond, gray and navy. Black-and-white, maybe, but never black.

At-home clothes are long-playing American favorites too, though Paris designers give them some elegant new twists. Dior calls his group "terrace dresses"—ankle-length pastel crepes and printed linens. The hostess outfit to end all is Balenciaga's full-length leopard robe tossed on casually over gray flannel slacks.

Though the new Paris low heels are higher than the American, though they are softened and feminized by straps and cutouts, they are still the stoutest-looking shoes to tread a Paris runway in all fashion history. At the openings, French women took a dim view of the sturdier look, calling the lower heels much too American.

Almost no new costume jewelry appeared. Mannequins in many salons walked completely unjeweled, with bare necks and inconspicuous earrings. They had a diamonds-or-else air. It was either no jewelry or else smashing, big fake pieces like St. Laurent's medallions and brooches that often fastened floating scarves or white organdy stoles to shoulders. Buyers raved over Givenchy's three-strand crystal necklaces with two clasps.

The human-interest story behind the Paris fashion collections this time was the open rivalry between two young designers, Marc Bohan at Christian Dior, and Yves St. Laurent, still under 30, who opened his own house three seasons ago. St. Laurent originally inherited the big job at Dior after Christian Dior died. When he was drafted for military service, the Dior salon hired slightly older Marc Bohan, and kept him on when he made a hit. This season both young designers turned out great fashion collections. The public took sides, but in the end it was like the kind of football game which ends with everybody relieved at a tie score.

Paris was lucky that Bohan and St. Laurent crashed through. Balenciaga and Givenchy, the two Paris designers who have most influenced world fashion over the past 10 years, turned conservative this season. Though American buyers, as always, hailed their collections as "divine, beautiful and the greatest ever," first sketches fail to show any new directives for the course of fashion. (Balenciaga and Givenchy bar reporters until a month after buyers have seen their shows.)

Bound to woo the fashion world with a new woman every six months, Paris is in a tough spot. Its designers are reaching out restlessly to make more money out of fashion, as American designers and manufacturers do. Many of them have made commercial tie-ups with retail stores or design special moneymaking ready-to-wear collections on the side. Their admiration for the American ready-to-wear industry and their fascination with the country itself may eventually prove their artistic undoing. French clothes, which used to be individual and different, with every season become more like American clothes. The fashion world expects Paris to stay on top because it still has the atmosphere in which fashion lovers breathe best, whether it be because the wine is drier, the spirit seems freer or the girls are gayer. French designers are still less money-mad and more steeped in pure creativity than are American designers. But to stay at the head of the rag race, Parisian *couture* is going to need every scrap of new talent it can find. THE END

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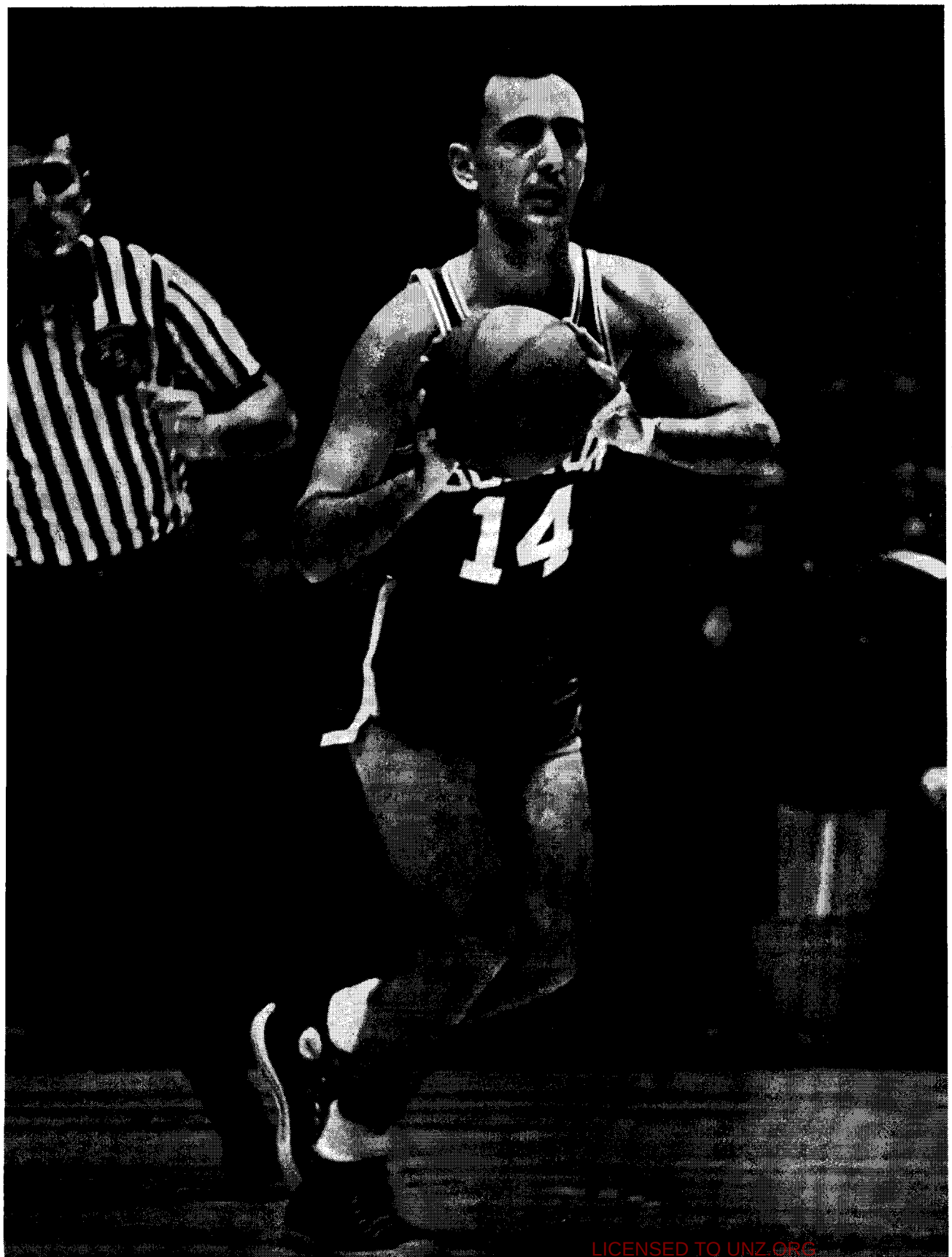
Final whistle

The Celtics' Bob Cousy, modern basketball's most exciting player, closes out a 16-year career which has made him "The Greatest."

BY DAVE ANDERSON

Directing attack, Cousy looks, feints before making one of lightning passes for which he is famous.



The first time I saw Robert Joseph Cousy playing basketball, he was dribbling in a small gray barn. The year was 1947. Cousy was a sophomore at Holy Cross, lean and graceful and swift. I was a freshman, bespectacled. In those days, the only basketball facilities on the Worcester, Mass., campus were in this renovated barn, and I remember someone saying, "There he is. That's Cousy." Even then, Bob made the barn seem big-league.

Now, 16 years later, Cousy is 34 and in a few weeks he'll be retiring. In any gym, anywhere, no one has to point him out these days. Everybody who watches basketball knows. His number 14, in white on the emerald-green uniform of the Boston Celtics, has become a minor landmark. The behind-the-back dribbles, the passes that seem to ride a wire to their target, the shots thrown off one ear, are all identified as Cousy's own. As this basketball season closes, a great athlete is retiring. All sports will be the poorer, and all of us will feel a little older.

What has Bob Cousy meant? Listen to some of the great names in basketball talk about a man they call "The Greatest."

To Walter Brown, who owns the Boston Celtics, Cousy personifies success. "He made professional basketball in Boston," Brown says flatly. "Until he came along we were struggling."

To Maurice Podoloff, president of the National Basketball Association, Cousy has established basketball in the minds of millions. "Most spectators are average-sized people," points out Podoloff, a round man who stands five feet four. "Cousy is six feet one, but playing against giants, he seems average-sized. So people identify themselves with him and watch his stuff and tell themselves, 'If I'd practiced more myself, I could be that fancy.' They couldn't, of course, but they tell themselves they could."

To Slater Martin, an old pro who made a small reputation for himself with several teams as the man who could most nearly guard Cousy, Bob represents insomnia. "I used to stay awake all night thinking about him before I had to play him," Martin says. "I'd close my eyes, but there he was, coming down the court with the ball, and I'd be asking myself what he was going to do next. I just tried to make him get rid of the ball, because when he has it, there just ain't no way to stop him."

To Bill Sharman, a slick guard who long teamed with Cousy, Bob initially meant a headache. "The first game we played together (with the Boston Celtics) he bounced a pass off my head," Sharman says. "You know he looks one way, feints a second and passes a third. He bounced quite a few off my head before I adjusted. It was a continual adjustment—and a continual amazement—that he could hit me with a perfect pass when I didn't think any pass was possible."

To children everywhere, Cousy is a symbol of the best in basketball style. Have you ever gone past a playground and seen a boy trying to dribble behind his back? When, invariably, he lost the ball, have you ever heard what he was told: "Who do you think you are—Cousy?"

Imitation flatters most, but it turns Cousy apologetic. "There must be high-school coaches all over the country who want to slit my throat," he says. "The kids see me doing things one way and their coach tells them—and rightly—to do it just the opposite. Kids of high-school age just aren't equipped to copy at that level."

By build, temperament and vision, Bob Cousy has been magnificently equipped to dazzle. Although he is short for a basketball player, his arms are disproportionately long, which helps him pass behind his back. His hands are big and powerful, helping him control the ball. He is so

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calm during games that he once said he liked to see fights on the court. "Not that I want to do the fighting," he explained. "It's just that a fight gets me keyed up and makes me play my best." His split vision is such that he can select targets for passes as if by radar. "The things I do," he summarizes, somewhat wryly, "are easy for a freak like me."

What is easy to forget is that it wasn't always easy. Cousy comes from a French-American family of moderate means and spent his early years in Yorkville, a New York City neighborhood crowded with German-Americans. As a boy he had a slight speech impediment. "I didn't mind when the other kids called me 'Frenchy,'" he says, "but 'Flenchy' was a little rough."

After the family moved to Queens and he played high-school ball at Andrew Jackson, he enrolled at Holy Cross. When I first saw him, he was not regarded as the star of the team. Other players scored more and got more headlines. Bob was only the star of the small gray barn where we used to gather to watch him play informal games.

Three-man teams, selected on a choose-up basis, played at each end; and whenever a team won, it kept possession of the court. Ten baskets meant victory and possession. Once, I remember, it was 8–2 against Cousy's team. He scored on his next eight shots in a row. No matter who his teammates were, Cousy often kept a court for an entire afternoon.

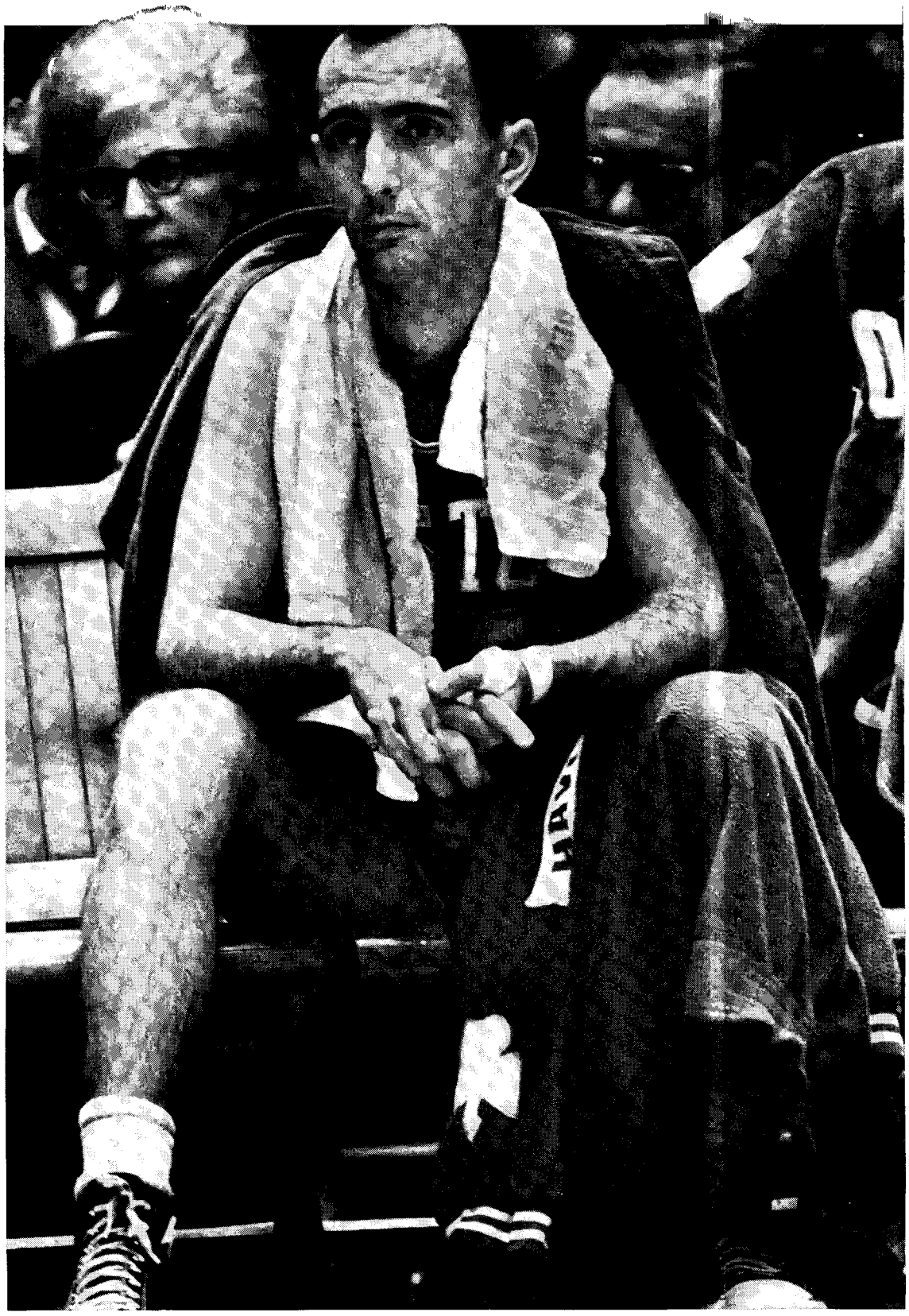
Dribble behind the back

In my later years at Holy Cross, as sports editor of the school paper, I got to know him better. When he was a junior, Holy Cross was playing Loyola of Chicago and, in the final seconds, the score was tied. Cousy had the ball near midcourt. He tried to dribble to his right, but was tightly covered. Suddenly he dribbled behind his back, cut to his left and banked a left-handed hook shot—he's right-handed—off the glass backboard for the winning basket. The most startling thing about the play was that Cousy had never before dribbled behind his back. "I hadn't thought about doing it," he said. "I just did it. Only way I could get off the shot."

When he was a senior and the team was on its way to a 26-game winning streak, he was relaxing in a dormitory room. Someone had smuggled a few cases of beer into the dorm for a team party, and soon the empty cans began to get in everyone's way. Cousy, sprawled in the upper bunk of a double-decker bed, noticed that one window was open a few inches from the top. Effortlessly, he tossed his beer can the length of the room, through the narrow opening and into the snow below. "Hey, Cooz," somebody said. "Throw mine." One by one, Cousy tossed all the empty cans through the narrow opening in the window. If you think Bob Cousy can shoot a basketball, you should see him with an empty beer can.

After graduation there was no great demand for his services. The Celtics, in fact, obtained him by default, when another professional team folded. "Cooz had to prove to me he wouldn't throw away the ball," says Red Auerbach of the Celtics. "I knew he could throw fancy passes, but it isn't the pass that's important. It's the completion of the pass."

Within a few weeks Cousy was completing enough passes and scoring enough points to convince Auerbach and everyone else that he belonged in the N.B.A. Not long afterward Joe Lapchick, then coaching the New York Knickerbockers, offered this stamp of stardom: "He can do more with a basketball—shoot, pass, dribble, anything—than anyone else I ever saw."



After helping his team build up lead over Knicks, Cousy grimly watches game from sidelines.

I remember the shots and passes, as you may, and I also remember something else. One evening a few years ago we were walking to Madison Square Garden in New York on a night when Cousy was bothered by a leg injury. "I don't know if I can play," he said, "and I won't know until I warm up."

As we neared the Garden, men kept popping out of doorways, asking the same kind of question. "How do you feel, Cooz? You gonna play?"

He never answered.

"Don't you talk to your fans?" I said.

"They're not fans," Cousy said. "They're bettors."

Now, of course, his struggles to become a great star in a troubled sport are over, but what does bother him is the attention attendant to his retiring. When the Celtics started to plan a ceremony to honor him at the final regular season game in Boston, Cousy tried to beg off. "Not for me," he said. "I don't want any of that jazz."

"We've got to do something special," insisted Walter Brown.

After a while Cousy said, "All right, but do me a favor. Make it simple. None of this supermarket stuff, with a dozen cases of this and a lifetime supply of that. Just make sure it's simple."

Next season Bob Cousy will be coaching basketball at Boston College. He took the job a year ago with the understanding that this was to be his final season with the Celtics. When he did, he was regarded as something of a traitor by his Holy Cross friends in Worcester, where he has settled with his wife Missy and their two daughters. Boston College, 40 miles away, is the traditional rival of Holy Cross, and both schools are operated by Jesuit fathers.

One recent day, near the Holy Cross campus, Cousy was greeted by a white-haired, black-robed Jesuit priest, who has taught at Holy Cross for many years and has developed a dislike for Boston College.

"Robert," remarked the old priest, shaking his head sorrowfully, "you've only made one mistake in your life."

THE END

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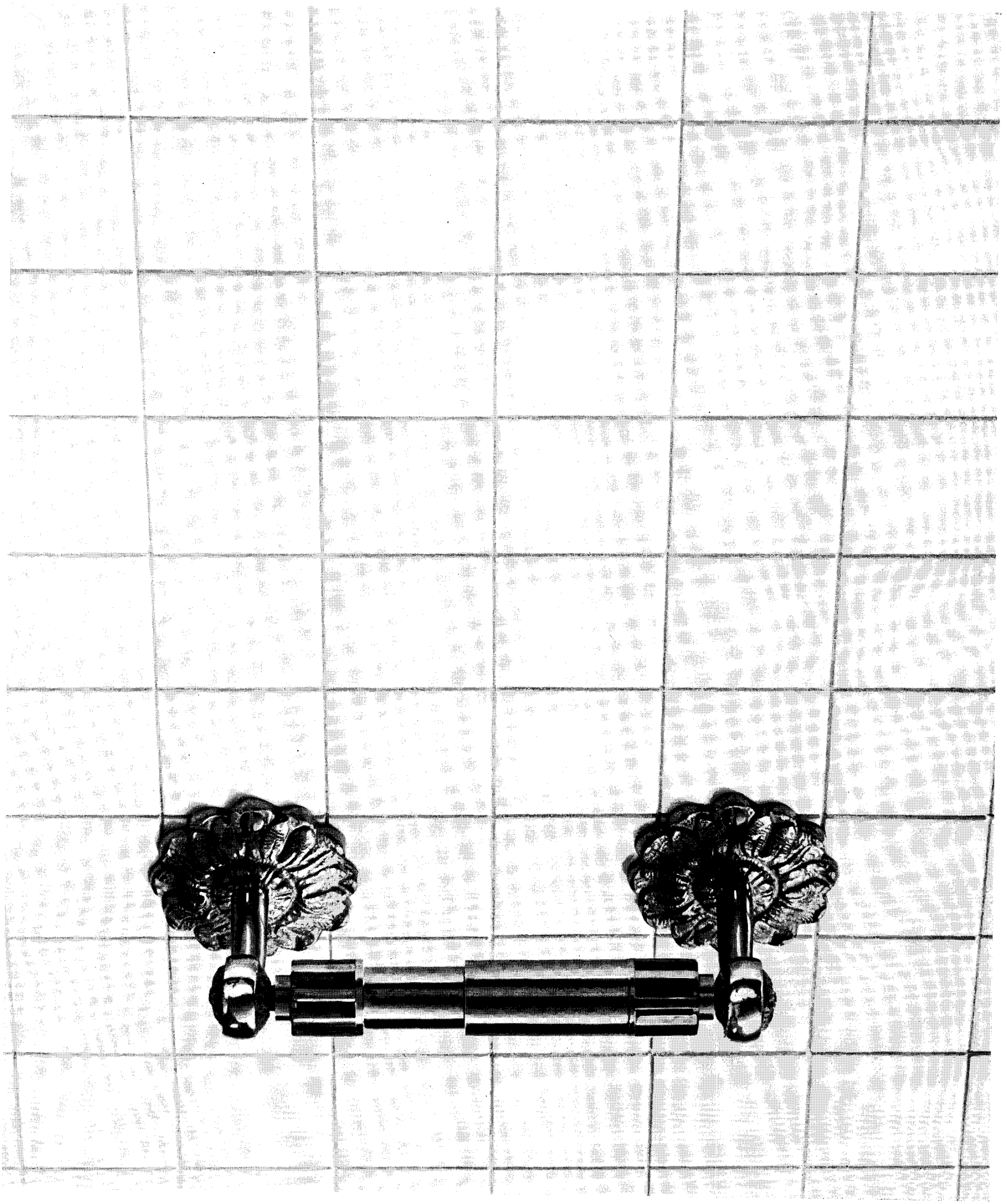

A gentle reminder: Zee is a very soft (and very economical) toilet tissue.

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POST FICTION

this week:

WILLIAM PRICE FOX

Moonshine light, moonshine bright

When SOUTHERN FRIED, a book of stories by William Price Fox, was published several months ago, reviewers were enthusiastic. In The New York Times Walt Kelly said the publisher's claim that Mr. Fox is the funniest writer to come out of the South since Mark Twain "is fairly accurate." The New York Herald Tribune's review predicted that readers would say, "'This is a writer'—because that is exactly what he is." Mr. Fox, 36, and now a New York resident, was raised in Columbia, South Carolina, the setting of MOONSHINE LIGHT, MOONSHINE BRIGHT. The story is taken from a novel to be published this year by J. B. Lippincott Co.

PEARL S. BUCK

The sacred skull

Pearl S. Buck's literary accomplishments are prodigious. She is the only woman ever to win both the Nobel Prize for literature and the Pulitzer Prize in fiction (for THE GOOD EARTH); she has written many other successful novels, biographies, children's books, short stories and articles almost too numerous to count. Miss Buck's Post story A FIELD OF RICE, published last December, was born out of her interest in the people and political unrest of China, where she lived for many years and which she once described as her "other country." THE SACRED SKULL reflects her concern for the people of India, where she is now traveling.

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Illustration by David Passalagua

THE SACRED SKULL

Pearl S. Buck

The ancient ceremony was part of India's hallowed past.

Rashil Bose was crossing the Harvard Yard when the messenger boy caught up with him and delivered the cablegram announcing his father's death. It was a fine spring morning, the third of May, and he would hold this date in his memory as the day his father died. Until then, at half past nine that morning, for him his father was alive.

"Sign here," the boy said carelessly.

Rashil, in a daze after he had read the message, signed for his father's death. He handed the stubby pencil back to the boy, noticed how filthy the hand was that received it, fumbled in his pocket for a coin when the boy lingered, and then as the boy went off he sat down on a bench under a tree. He read the cablegram again. It was from his sister:

FATHER DIED THIS MORNING. FUNERAL AWAITS YOUR ARRIVAL. PADMAYA.

He folded the white slip of paper carefully and put it into his breast pocket without believing that his father was really dead. He understood that he must see the dean at once and arrange for his flight home. He lingered nevertheless, feeling too weak to move. The world about him was suddenly fixed in beauty, the trees green in full leaf but still fresh with the spring, and the red brick buildings standing in contrasting permanence. A bird was singing in the oak tree under which he sat, and in the sunshine young men strolled to their classes. Many of them called out to him.

"Hi, Rash!"

He had never told his father that they called him Rash. Rashil was an old family name, its dignity implicit, and his father would have disapproved and would have said something like, "You should have stopped them at the first time."

Though he had never heard his father say these words, he could almost hear him saying them now, here in the Harvard Yard. He waved his hand halfheartedly at the Americans, then compelled himself to walk toward the dean's office. A moment later he was there, but he did not trust himself to speak the evil news. Instead he put the cablegram on the dean's desk and sat down. The dean was a sharp-faced, genial man, past sixty, cynical and kind after long experience with undergraduates. He read the cablegram, then folded it and handed it back to Rashil.

"Ah," he said. "I am truly sorry. I have never met your father, as you know. I don't think he ever visited this country, did he? No, I thought not, but his correspondence with me about you—rather voluminous, I must say, though I've never troubled you with it—revealed him as a cultivated man. Would you like to have these letters?"

"If you don't mind," Rashil murmured.

"I will get them for you now," the dean said. He touched a button, and a gray-haired woman came in.

"Louise," he said, "please get the letters from Rashil's father. You will find them in his file."

"Yes, sir, I know," the woman said somewhat resentfully, as though it were her business and not his where his letters were kept. She left the room, and the dean went on. "You will return to us in the autumn, I hope."

"I also hope," Rashil said.

"It would be a pity not to complete your final year. You have been a credit to your father, Rashil."

"Thank you, sir."

The gray-haired woman came back with a packet of letters. She put them on the desk and went away again. The dean riffled through them.

There were quite a lot of them, all written on thin Indian paper—the handwriting beautiful but very small and the lines compressed.

"Now they are yours. You'll be able to read them on the way home," the dean said. He slipped them into a large brown envelope and handed them to Rashil.

"Thank you, sir," Rashil said.

The dean glanced restlessly at the accumulation on his desk. "If I can help you ——"

"I just came to say good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye, my boy. I am sorry indeed—but you'll be back, you'll be back."

They shook hands, Rashil's narrow hand flinching in the dean's firm clasp. Then, the packet of letters in his hand, he left the room and was out in the sunshine again.

He had no idea that his father had so concerned himself with his academic life. The letters he had received from India carried admonitions from both parents, although they were always signed by his father, but he had supposed that this was the extent of his parents' interest. Padmaya was fitful in letter writing, as she was in everything. Months might pass without a word from her, and then suddenly he might receive letters daily for a week or even two. Thus he had been given no warning of his father's illness. Yet yesterday his father had died, and tonight—no later—Rashil must be on his way home.

Funerals could not be delayed in the Indian climate. The month of May in Cambridge was virginal in its coolness, but in Bangipur, it was already torrid. True, there was the icehouse, and his father's body would be kept there for a couple of days. The ice was brought from the foothills of the Himalayas by airplane now, although in his grandfather's day, his father had told him, they had managed almost as well with fast horses. He had a fleeting picture of his father lying in state in the icehouse, and then he forced his mind away. He must arrange for his ticket through the business office, where Josie worked, and then get his things together. Josie must be told, of course. It would be difficult. He had let things go a little too far, but he might have gone farther had he not known what his father would have said, were he to ——

"*My son*," his father's voice rolled out of his memory, "*you are a young man about to go to a distant country, beyond the reach of my voice. But you are never beyond the reach of my heart. Conduct yourself as though I were by your side.*"

He had not conducted himself always as though his father were by his side, for no one had quite prepared him for Josie. Let him be truthful—he had enjoyed certain moments with her particularly because his father was *not* by his side. Now that his father was dead, perhaps there would never be such moments again. The dead have a way of being more present than the living.

He walked slowly as he pursued these thoughts and came in a quarter of an hour to the registrar's office, where Josie was at work. He saw her red hair glowing among the gray file cabinets. It had been her hair that had first attracted him—her astonishing hair. Could it be real? He had studied the advertisements in the magazines in the reading room. Obviously a girl's hair in America could be any color she wished it to be. He had never had the courage to ask Josie whether this was a color she had chosen.

She saw him coming and sent him her wide smile. The warmth of it drew him as it always had done. Her voice sang to him.

"Hi, there, Rash. What brings you here this time of day? Shouldn't you be in physics or something?"

He took the cablegram from his pocket and handed it to her in silence. She read it, her

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SKULL

cheerful face, pleasant but not quite pretty, growing grave.

"Oh, gee, Rash, it's terrible! You didn't know he was sick or anything, did you?"

He shook his head. Tears filled his eyes and hung on his lashes. She saw them and drew him between two rows of file cabinets and put her arms around him.

"Rashil, honey ——"

He leaned his head on her shoulder. Then he straightened himself. "Josie," he said, his voice close to breaking, "I have to go home today. How do I get a ticket?"

"Honey, it's hard in a rush like this, but I'll see what I can do. Your father was pretty important, wasn't he?"

"I suppose—yes, he was. He was the head of his company—the biggest jute firm ——"

"In the government, I mean."

"Yes, a cabinet minister."

"I'll tell them that. Sometimes it makes a difference. If I'm stuck, can't you get the Ambassador or someone to ——"

"I shouldn't like to."

"Leave it to me then, honey. Gee, how I'm going to miss you."

She held him tightly, and in his distress he did what he had never before allowed himself to do—he put his arms about her and they clung together for a moment. Then she lifted her head, and they kissed. That, too, they had never done. It was disturbing and yet strangely comforting.

"Rash," she said softly. "I wonder if you'll ever know what you've taught me."

"Taught you, Josie?"

"That a man can be sweet, and courteous, waiting instead of grabbing ——"

He looked so puzzled she stepped back.

"Never mind. I don't know what I'm talking about. I'll get the tickets, Rash. Don't worry."

He went away then, trusting her. She was so capable, so sure of what she could do. Later in the day, while he was packing, she called him on the telephone.

"Rash, I'll put the tickets in your post-office box."

"Oh, Josie, thank you."

"Listen, Rash, I don't want to say good-bye. This morning was enough. I hate good-byes. They're so damn final. Only—are you coming back?"

"I hope so."

"So do I. Until then, God bless you ——" Her voice suddenly choked.

"Josie," he cried. "I must see you before I go."

"All right, Rash. I'll keep your tickets."

He caught the last possible plane out of Boston for New York and just made it into the jet for Calcutta. He took his place, fastened the belt, leaned back and closed his eyes. This morning he had got up as usual, eaten breakfast and walked his usual path across the Yard to his physics class, and now here he was on his way home to India to face what complications he did not know. It was a complicated family, and he his father's only son. After the funeral ——

The funeral! They would have it all planned, expecting—no, demanding—that he fit himself into the ritual and assume the responsibilities. He would not do it—he simply would not do it. The seat belt was suddenly too tight, and he sat up to loosen it. The engines were roaring, and the great jet quivered. He closed his eyes again, half afraid, half excited, and then was reassured. It was absurd in this day of jets and rockets, that funeral rites belonging to an age of superstition should still be observed.

"They do not have to be observed," he muttered aloud. But his voice was drowned in the roar of the rising jet.

His entire family met him at the airport in Calcutta. Only his father was missing—that tall, gaunt figure in white robes who should have been towering over all the others. He felt a pang of realization. Then he was immersed in his family, their loving hands clutching at him, their cheeks pressed to his, the air quivering with their sobs and cries, all the familiar overwhelming family love, warm and stifling. Oh, how he missed the waiting figure of his father, standing aside, patient until the clamorous affection of women and children and cousins and lesser relatives was satisfied. In the past he had always turned gratefully from them to his father's handclasp, cool and understanding.

"*Son* ——"

He listened for the sonorous voice and knew with sudden terror that he would never hear it again. Instead he heard his mother's wailing.

"Rashil, Rashil, my son, my darling, we have all waited for you. You must tell us what to do. You are the head of the family now. Rashil, he died so suddenly, without warning ——"

She was weeping and talking at the same time, clinging to his arm.

"Mother, tell me everything."

He soothed her as his father might have done while they climbed into the waiting cars. The cars were crowded, as usual. In the car with him were his mother and Padmaya, his eldest cousin and the cousin's wife, their young sons, and two aunts who were his father's sisters; their saris fluttered in the hot wind from the open windows. The relentless heat of the city was intensified by the swarming multitudes of people. He had forgotten how many people there were in Bangipur.

In the midst of the unceasing talk of the relatives, Padmaya sat silent. He looked at her, and her eyes met his. Understanding, she gave him a slight smile. It was from her that he would get the full story, which now poured upon him in fragments. His father had had a cerebral hemorrhage. There had been no time for instructions or directions. He had risen from his light morning meal and was preparing to go to the offices of the development and investment company of which he was founder and president.

"He turned to me," Rashil's mother was saying dramatically, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "He turned to me to tell me what I should do during the day until he came home. He opened his mouth to speak, but he could not speak. I saw a look of surprise in his eyes. He fell on the floor! He never spoke again, though we lifted him at once. I did not even know what he had meant me to do that day, so I did nothing except sit by his side until ——"

"We all sat by his side," his elder aunt put in.

"Except Padmaya," his second aunt added.

"All his relatives," his cousin agreed.

"Except Padmaya," the second aunt said again.

Padmaya said nothing in her own defense. There were no tears in her immense dark eyes. She had adored her father passionately, although it had always been obvious that his favorite was Rashil.

Before the women had told him everything, they reached the enormous old house in which the family lived. Rashil got out first because he was now the head of the family. Servants swarmed out of the doors, and he paused, inclining his head slightly as they knelt to brush the dust from his feet in reverence for his new position. Then he went to the room which had been especially his father's. As in other Indian houses of wealth, rooms were not designated. One slept where the breeze was coolest. His father, however, had always maintained this room as his own. There was no bed in it, for even his father slept where the air stirred, but here he worked and read and reflected, and here were his books, a formidable array in many languages. His father had been a scholar as well as a businessman, an unusual combination. The room might have belonged to an Englishman, for the furniture was Western—bookcases, a desk and chair, and a reclining lounge.

Rashil closed the door and stood looking about him. It was impossible to believe that his father would never enter this room again. He walked across the floor and sat down at the desk. There before him was his own face, a photograph taken a year ago in the Harvard Yard. His friend Tom Akens had taken it and had it enlarged because it was good. "You're a handsome young devil," Tom had said. Rashil had left without seeing Tom or any of his other friends. It had seemed impossible—*was it only two days ago?*—to face any of them. He had always kept his Indian life completely separate from his American one. He had not allowed even Josie to go to the airport with him.

"I'll be back very soon," he had told her when she handed him the jet tickets

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Don't be nervous. I'll get you to the maternity hospital on time, dear. . . . Dear? . . . Dear? . . ."

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in her office. She had put her arms about his neck and kissed his cheek, in a sweet gesture that stirred him again although he did not approve of it. *American girls kissed too easily. In India it was unthinkable. Even in motion pictures it was not acceptable, and kisses were cut from American films, leaving strange gaps which he had not understood until he saw the same pictures in Cambridge. Indian films substituted a song for a kiss when the tension grew unbearable, but Josie would have thought him mad if he had burst into song as they parted.* At the thought he forgot himself and smiled.

"What are you smiling about?" Padmaya asked. She had come in silently on sandaled feet.

"A strange, useless thought," he replied.

He moved from the desk and sat on the edge of the lounge chair, but she sank gracefully to the floor.

"Padmaya," he said.

"Yes, Rashil?"

"I will not go through with the rites."

Padmaya waited. He rose and walked about the room, frowning. "Father was modern in his spirit," he said. "He would not want me to—for me to be compelled to ——"

"He left no instructions," Padmaya said quietly. "I searched his desk. That is what I was doing while the rest of them were wailing and weeping. I looked through his papers. There was nothing about his funeral."

"Because he did not expect to die."

He sat down by the desk again and abruptly turned his own photograph face-down. That young face smiling gaily, as though his father were not dead!

"Padmaya," he said, "I will not do it."

"I know how you feel," she said thoughtfully, "but you will have to do it."

"He had the finest brain I have ever known, the most intricate, logical, original brain. I cannot do it," he said stubbornly.

"I wish I could do it for you," Padmaya said in a low voice. "I knew you would not want to. But no one else would ever be allowed to."

"I never thought of his dying before I saw him again," he muttered. "I thought he had years ahead of him. Only fifty-four. Was he ill at all?"

"No—not that we knew. I thought he looked tired. But he said nothing."

"Padmaya!"

"Yes?"

"Do you think he believed in an afterlife?"

She nodded toward the book-lined walls. "Look at those books and tell me."

He walked slowly beside the shelves. They revealed a ranging, brilliant mind, engaged in physics and metaphysics, in the arts and laws and speculations. He had never looked at these books before as a reflection of his father's mind. He and all his family had taken his father for granted. They had taken for granted the lamp burning late into the night, the early rising, the long, meditative silences, the careful, detailed answers to their questions—too detailed sometimes, for Rashil had not always listened patiently to what his father could tell him. He had simply taken it for granted that his father knew everything, but he could never have known how nearly true this was if he had not gone to Harvard. Yet his father had never left India.

"I cannot do it," he said again, with an inflection of finality. "I shall simply gather the family together and tell them that he must be buried in the English fashion, in the English cemetery. Father had many English friends in the days before independence."

"He was also a friend of Gandhi," Padmaya reminded him.

"He did not always agree with Gandhi," Rashil said sharply. He threw himself into the lounge chair and lay back and repeated in a chant, his eyes closed, "I simply cannot do it. I simply will not do it."

Padmaya rose gracefully to her feet. "Very well," she said. "I will call the family together. The funeral cannot be delayed."

They were all waiting for him when, half an hour later, she summoned him. No one had left the house. As Padmaya had said, the funeral could not be delayed, but he refused to allow himself to think of his father, patient in death, in the chill of the icehouse. It was absurd and undignified. He strode out of the room and into the big main hall. The elders of his family sat on cushions on the floor, and the children were running about. They were waiting for him to direct them. Very well, he would direct them.

"My dear ones," he began, using the Hindi to which they were accustomed, although some of the relatives came from other states. It was a large family, yet a unified one, and his father had been the acknowledged head of it, even in these modern times.

A warm murmur swept over them. He began afresh: "My dear ones, I am glad to be safely with you again, although the circumstances are heartbreaking. My father ——"

Here his voice faltered in spite of his determination, and the women began to sob. He put up his hand and steadied his voice: "We must not indulge ourselves, please! I have to speak in his place, on his behalf. I must explain why I feel compelled to say what I shall say."

He looked at them, wondering how to go on. There were his aging aunts, his father's sisters, their dark faces turned to him as though to the sun, and his mother, the end of her sari drawn across her mouth, and his cousins, male and female, their wives and husbands and children. Beyond these stood the servants—all waiting for him to declare his will as head of the family. He went on:

"How shall I explain my father to you? Each of you knew him in your own way. To each of you he gave a particular side of himself. I knew him as a kind and just father. To me he was like the heavens above me, the earth beneath my feet. I never thought of his death. I am not prepared to know that he is dead. I have never thought what I would do or should do now, when the end of his mortal life has come so suddenly. I think of him as more than my father. I think of him as a great man. A great man has a great mind. You know something of my father's great mind. Gandhiji came to him for advice and consultation, and many others came to him. Even the English, when they knew they must set us free, came to my father to discover how best this should be accomplished. You have only to read the titles of the books in his office, as I have just now, to know that my father belonged to the world and not only to India. He was in communication with some of the best Western minds. Therefore ——"

He paused. Now he must say it. He could not tell them the truth, which was that he simply could not—could not ——

He rushed on. "I have therefore decided that my father is not to be buried according to the old Hindu rites. It is time—I mean, I believe that we should consider the—the nature of these rites. My father would not insist upon —— I believe that if I had been able to consult with him he would have agreed that the most civilized form of burial is that of interment, the body intact and returned to earth. I shall therefore employ the English method, and he will lie in the cemetery."

They were listening, silent. He ended firmly and was about to leave them, when hands caught him by the ankles. It seemed to him that hands stretched out toward him from all over the vast room and caught him. By the ankles they caught him, and by the knees. Rising around him was an overwhelming sea of stricken faces, and voices protesting in chorus, wailing at him, attacking him:

"You are stealing him from India, from us—our father, our beloved. You are sending him lonely among the foreigners. How will his soul come back to us if he lies among the English? The sacred waters of the Ganges are waiting to receive his ashes! What do the books say of a son who does not respect the body of his father?"

He fended them off with anger. "My dear ones!" he shouted. "Did not my father himself condemn ritualism? In the presence of Congress, long before I was born, but it is in the records ——"

"All who knew him will rise against you!"

This was the voice of his mother. She threw the sari back from her face and faced him like a Fury, her black eyes blazing at him. He had never seen her other than gentle, loving, coaxing. It occurred to him now that she was also relentless, and for the first time in his life he was afraid of her.

"Mother," he cried, "if you rise against me, the others will. If you are with me, if you understand me, then you will help the others. Mother, Mother, listen to me."

For now she was attacking him with her fists, beating against his breast. He caught her hands and held her wrists. "Mother, hear me before you blame me! I cannot do it, Mother. I love my father not only because he was my father but because he was a great man, a great soul. How can I, because he happened to be my father ——"

"Happen—happen!" she cried. "There is no such thing as *happening*. God made him your father, and you are his son. You take his place. No one can perform the sacred act except you. Do you think he will not know that you refuse him this last service? Is he a beggar who has no son? Where is your conscience? Where is your knowledge of duty?"

She was sobbing great, tearing sobs. He was distracted, desperate, half weeping. But Padmaya delivered him. She came forward quietly and put her arm about her mother's shoulders, and led her away.

Silence fell. The family sat and gazed at him with reproachful eyes. He had forgotten how huge the eyes of his people were—mystical, accusing, sorrowful. He thought of Josie's eyes—so blue, so gay. What was there to reply to the dark eyes of his people? He shrugged; he made a gesture of dismissal. They rose, still silent, and stole away, the women drawing their saris across their faces as though he were a stranger, and he stalked out of the room and down the arched, open corridors to his own rooms.

Something must be done. The funeral could not be delayed beyond tomorrow, or the whole town would be clamoring at the gates. His father was a national hero, and people were already swarming in from the surrounding villages and even from other states, camping outside the gate.

A servant entered on bare feet, placed some fruit on a small table, put his hands together in the symbol of reverence and withdrew. Alone again, Rashil sat motionless while the air warmed with noon and the scent of hot flowers drifted into the rooms. The quiet of the house was deceptive, even ominous. Usually the vast rooms were filled with the sounds of laughter, children's voices, women calling to one another, head servants scolding their inferiors. Now they were all waiting, even the children hushed, for him to decide what was to happen to his father.

Was this the same world in which he had lived until two days ago? Did the Harvard Yard and all the neat brick buildings really exist? He half believed that he had only imagined them; imagined Josie, too, her brisk voice and laughter faint in a distance beyond land and sea.

Someone was at the door. Padmaya came in and sat on a low couch. She slipped off her sandals and sat rubbing her beautiful bare feet, not speaking a word.

"Padmaya," he said at last, "do you understand me at all?"

She did not look at him. "Oh, yes," she said, almost indifferently. "I understand you very well."

"Am I wrong?" Before she could answer, he answered himself. "Right or wrong, it does not matter. I simply cannot do it."

"But you have seen it done many times," she reminded him. "When grandfather died, and then Elder Uncle. It did not seem terrible to you then."

"I never thought I would have to do it."

She covered her feet with her sari. "Think of it like this: It has to be done—a practical matter. Otherwise the brain liquefies in the heat. It boils and ——"

"Don't."

He cried out involuntarily, and she looked up at him, her great dark eyes inquiring. "What has happened to you in America, Rashil?"

He shook his head. "It is simply—a barbarous procedure."

She drew up her knees and hugged them. "Then you will not take your part in our father's funeral?"

"We can have an English funeral."

"We cannot," she said flatly. "If you refuse to do your duty we must have our eldest cousin take your place. But you know what that means."

"I know our mother will not forgive me."

"It is not a matter of her alone," Padmaya said in her practical, calm voice. "It is a matter of the whole family. It means you give up your place as our father's only son and the head of his house. It means that our people will not trust you. Whatever you may wish to do in the future, they will not believe in you. How can we trust a man who wished to bury his father as an Englishman rather than ——"

"Surely I can be independent of ——"

"Surely you cannot."

He gazed at her. While he had been away she had grown into a woman, her lustrous brown hair curled loosely about

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an exquisite face. Her features were more delicate; her skin was as light as his. Kashmiri ancestry had made her skin fair and her eyes brown, not black, and there were glints of gold in her hair.

"How do you know so much?" he asked.

"I have my own way of knowing."

"If you will not tell me ——" he began, but she interrupted.

"I will tell you." She leaned her chin on her knees and stared across the room into some private distance of her own. "While you were away I fell in love."

"You? In love?"

She lifted her head to look at him. "Does that seem strange?"

"No," he said. "Inevitable, of course. But with whom?"

"With an American," she said. "A good young man. He was here with the Peace Corps."

"Did he ——"

"Yes, he did love me. He does."

"So why ——"

"I told our father," she said quietly. "I told him everything. He was sympathetic. I thought at first he was willing."

"Then he was not?"

She reflected, her chin on her knees again. "I think he was willing, if he had been alone. Only no one here is ever alone. I suppose there is a penalty for that. No loneliness, no independence."

"Are you not lonely?"

"Oh yes," she said, "I am lonely, certainly. I shall always be centrally lonely. But then, supposing I had defied father and run away—I'd have been lonely in all the other ways. And afraid."

"Afraid of what?"

"Well, he might have changed—the American, I mean. One never knows with someone not of one's own kind. And then it would be total loneliness. After all, this—" she waved her right hand in a gesture that encompassed house and country "—it does not change."

"It will have to change someday," he declared.

She nodded. "That is what our father said. It will have to change. But out of itself, he said, not out of one person, like me or you."

"It must begin somewhere, this change!"

"Not here, father said. He begged me—not here. Not in his house. And I promised."

"You can't promise for me!"

"No, and you'll change, of course. But don't begin your change with him, at his funeral. He wouldn't want the family distressed, his family. It's not fair to take advantage just because he's dead. If he were able to speak to us he'd say ——"

"What?"

"'Follow the old ways, for my sake. Just this one time. After that, go your way if you must.'"

She was very persuasive. Her soft Indian voice caressed him. He looked at her with new comprehension.

"You are not happy, Padmaya."

"No. But perhaps no one of our generation can be happy. We are the present, divided between past and future. We cannot expect to be happy. Some of us will decide for the future, some for the past."

"You have decided for the past."

"Like a bridge," she said, "part of me there, part of me here in this house, part of me—I don't know where. But I am glad I made our father happy. Now if you make our mother happy, our duty is done, isn't it?"

Duty again! He rebelled. "She would not be happy unless we went back centuries."

"She will not be with us very long. What is a lifetime? Nothing."

He accused her sharply. "Padmaya, you are very Indian!"

She looked at him, and he saw tears in her eyes.

"Some of us must be."

And, as though they had reached an end, she stood up, arranged her sari on her shoulder and left the room. When she was gone, it occurred to him that he had not yet read his father's letters. He had not dared to read them while he sat among strangers in the plane. What if he had suddenly begun to weep? Now he wanted to read them, now while he was alone.

Dear Sir, the Dean: I wish my son to be encouraged to learn new ideas of sciences and industries. In case his mind appears legal, it is well to include laws and government. We need much change. But he must proceed patiently. Our people can be led but not forced. For example, I wish to introduce an electric pump. First I must get electricity, and so forth. But most difficult, I must prepare my people for change, gradually introducing. My son must be taught what "gradually" means.

Admonishment, direction, persuasion, appreciation—this was his father's method. Rashil found himself smiling as he read.

Dear Sir, the Dean: I thank you for noticing my son's progress. I am glad he is not drinking strong liquors. As to his friendship with the American girl, I hope it is not strong. Please advise my son to consider his family. I can change, as necessary, but my family . . .

Ah, that was why the dean had talked to him one day about marriage, so unexpectedly that he had been baffled.

"I am not planning marriage, sir," he had said to the dean.

"When you do," the dean had said carefully, casually, "it is best to choose someone who will fit in your family."

"Yes, sir," he had replied, inwardly rebellious.

Now the rebellion was gone. *His father had understood so well, and what was there to rebel against?* Josie receded into the distance. Though only hours in time lay between them, yet oceans and continents remained.

He picked up another letter:

Dear Sir, the Dean: Please teach my son that he must learn to take my place as head of our family and our village. Our people will look to him, after my life is over.

Had his father had a premonition of this day? Rashil read the letters through and put them away in the small wall safe where the family documents were kept.

It was late afternoon. He sat beside his father's coffin in the car that was taking them to the junction of the sacred rivers, where the Jumna joins the Ganges. Earlier there had been ceremonies at home, to which he did not object. Now, unless the cortege was stopped by the multitude of people on foot, they should reach the funeral spot before nightfall.

It was half-past six when they arrived. A great mound of sandalwood had been prepared for the flames. Rashil came down out of the car and, with his second uncle and two eldest cousins, carried his father's coffin to the pyre. They lifted the narrow box to the top of the mound, and then his uncle spoke for a few minutes:

"We are gathered here to see our dear one, the head of our house, enter upon his eternal life. He is one of the twice-born men. Although he professed at times to smile at religion, it was not religion itself which he held in contempt, but the frauds which have crept into it with corrupt men. We are of the Brahman caste, and our dear one performed all rites according to the Katha school, thus proving that he believed in God. He followed in practice the rules taught him by his guru, and thus achieved early the state of being twice born. The birth which such a guru provides is real; it is absolute, distinct from ordinary arts and sciences, exempt in its final form from age and death. Since he was perfect in this life, he will now pass to his next life, and to an experience far better than he has known here. Let his life be an example to us who are left behind."

With these words the uncle stepped back and took his place again among the family.

Now the moment which Rashil had dreaded had come. Until this instant he had planned that he might still refuse to accept it. He went forward to the funeral pyre, he stood still, he turned his head to left and right. The evening was lovely, peaceful. The wide rivers flowed together under the calm and golden sky. The sun had dropped below the horizon, but its rays shone toward the zenith, brightening water and earth and the faces of those who waited. It was the hour at which certain wild birds, creatures that are silent except at dawn and sunset, sing. Somewhere in the crowd a small child suddenly wept, and the mother soothed it to silence. And before Rashil was the pile of sandalwood, its fragrance scenting the air.

His eyes rested on Padmaya. Her sari covered her head, but she had drawn it away from her face, and her burning eyes compelled him to his task. But he was compelled by more than Padmaya. He was compelled by the smoothly running rivers, containing within their depths the ashes of the dead of centuries. He was compelled by the very air, by the singing birds and the child's cry and the gentle comforting voice of the mother. Above all, he was compelled by the waiting people, his people. It was necessary that he comfort them in their sorrow. He could not shock them further by refusing the rites to which they were accustomed and in which they believed. They had trusted his father. Now he must offer himself to be trusted, lest in dismay they be lost.

He stooped and chose the sacrificial instrument from others to be used later. The fires would be intense, but the human body is variable, and implements would be needed for those parts which burn too slowly. But the implement he needed now was the mallet of silver. Holding it in his right hand, he climbed the pyre and stood for a moment, his face lifted to the sky. He was conscious of pain in every muscle and bone of his tense body, the friction of his will against his wish. He must lift the mallet. He must place the blow exactly where the skull would crack, but the flesh must not be bruised or broken. The treasure of the brain within the skull would liquefy when it reached the boiling point and flow to mingle with the ashes of the body. Thus would the spirit proceed in peace, according to law, and without exploding the skull in rebellion.

Sweat poured from his body. The evening wind felt cool on his wet scalp. His mind dimmed as he lifted his right hand. He looked down into his father's peaceful face.

"Father," he muttered. "Father, you understand—so I do it this once."

He lifted the mallet and let it fall. He heard the crack of bone. It was done. He threw the mallet far away from the pyre. There remained now nothing to do but light the sandalwood—this too his duty—and then he would stay until his father's body was changed to ashes.

Four days later, when the fires were dead, he lifted the bones which had not burned and, in the presence of his uncle, carried them to the Ganges and threw them into its waters. It was evening again, the air was calm, and the river received the gift.

"'As many bones of men as are contained in the water of the Ganges, so many thousands of years will he reside in heaven.' These are the words of the sacred books," his uncle said, as they stood together by the river.

Rashil did not reply. It occurred to him that the blow he had struck with such intensity of pain and rebellion was in fact a blow for the future, that future of which Padmaya had spoken. For he knew, even as he stood here beside the Ganges, that never would he allow his son, yet to be born, to be compelled to that moment of anguish. From that moment he would free his son. And now, his duty done, the past fulfilled, he knew that he too was free. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"If we don't feed him, he may go away."

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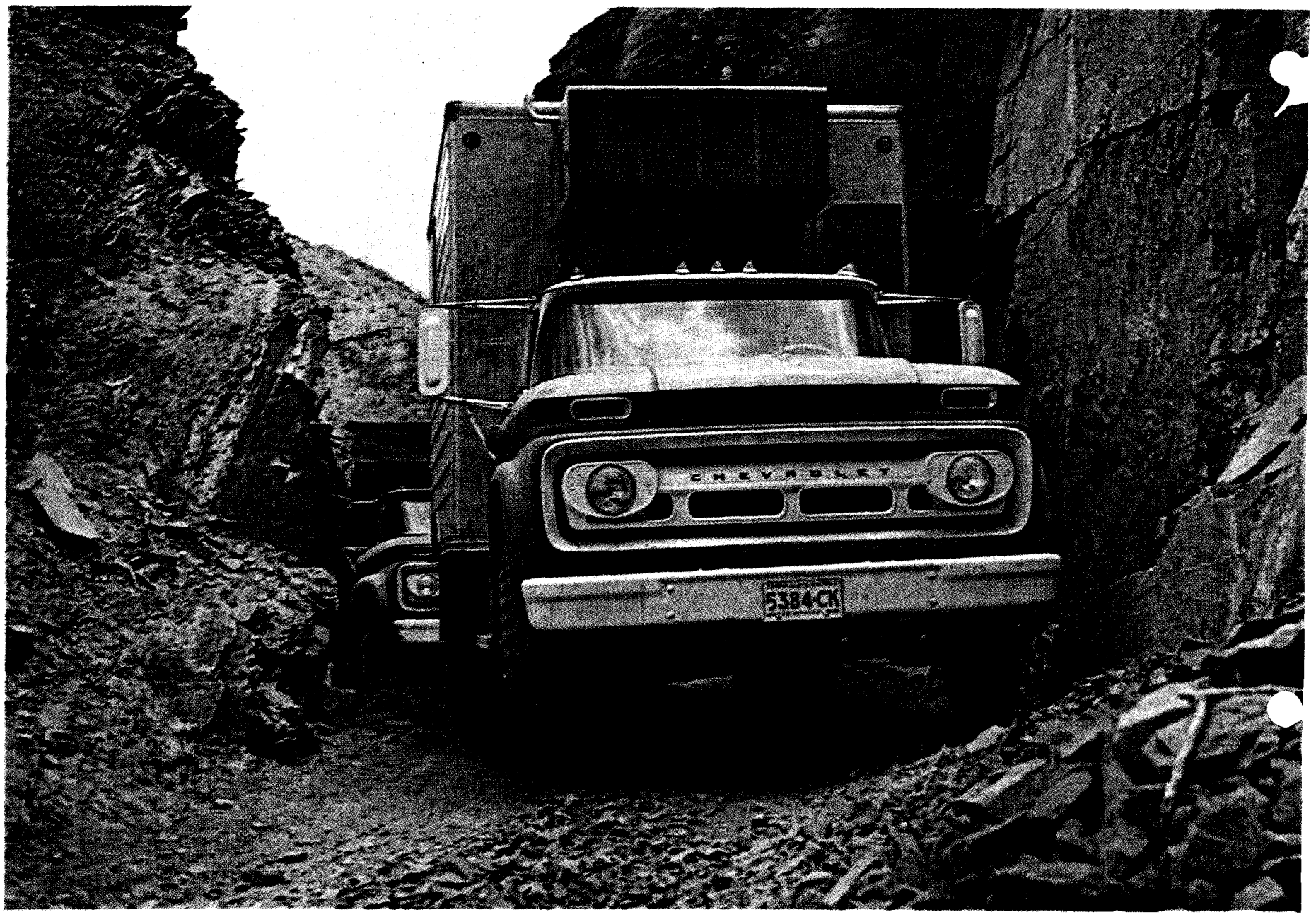
This is why '63 Chevrolet Trucks



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Moonshine light.

Crime don't pay, and that's the truth. For Esco and Earl it was a surefire losing business!

By WILLIAM PRICE FOX

A cubic foot of butter weighs almost sixty pounds, and Earl and Esco had two of them melting and splashing around on the back seat in the 102-degree heat, and the law was chasing them out Wayne Street in a new Ford. Esco had the 1940 Hudson floorboarded, and it was bouncing over the clay gullies like a rabbit crossing a trash pile. Earl sat low in the seat with his REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR T-shirt pulled up over his face, for if they saw him and he got caught he would be packed off from Columbia, South Carolina, on the next Greyhound bus that went to the State Reformatory.

It all started back when Esco Brooks cut the engine of the Hudson at Lincoln Street and coasted the last flat block to the drugstore. He parked the car heading into the curb on Elmwood Street and leaned on the steering wheel and groaned. "Four lousy gallons. What in the hell can we do with four gallons?" Rationing was on, and they had only four gallons a week.

Earl Edge jammed his knees into the dashboard and pulled his baseball cap down low over his eyes. "Beats me."

Esco drummed his fingers on the steering wheel. Earl spoke into the dark cap bill.

"You want to go check the classified?"

"Might as well."

They went inside and bought Doctor Peppers, took them to the back booth and began looking over the classified ads in the Columbia *Record*. Summer jobs were scarce unless you wanted to do grill work at Doug Broome's from four P.M. till two A.M. for thirty dollars a week.

Esco saw the ad first. They wanted ice-cream-machine cleaners at the Columbia Dairies, for night work. It was simple enough to figure that where there is ice cream there are supplies and where there are supplies there are trucks and gas. They called the Columbia Dairies, went out and got hired the next hour.

It was a good job. The hours were from midnight until three-thirty A.M., but they could eat all they wanted, play the jukebox in the dining room with slugs, and there wasn't any rush about getting the machines steam-cleaned. They wore hip boots, goggles and asbestos gloves and worked hard for about two hours—that was it. At first they took home ice cream. Small quantities: pints, quarts; once in a while, when they were going to a party, maybe a half gallon. Then they took strawberries. Frozen whole and sliced strawberries from Florida and California in rich syrup—pints, quarts, half gallons. There were also mixed nuts, which were very expensive, and maraschino cherries, whipped cream, pecans, chocolate syrup and hot fudge sauce.

But no gas. The gas storage tanks were locked, and they couldn't find the key. The eight delivery trucks were all filled up at night, so if they siphoned off any gas it was bound to be missed in the morning.

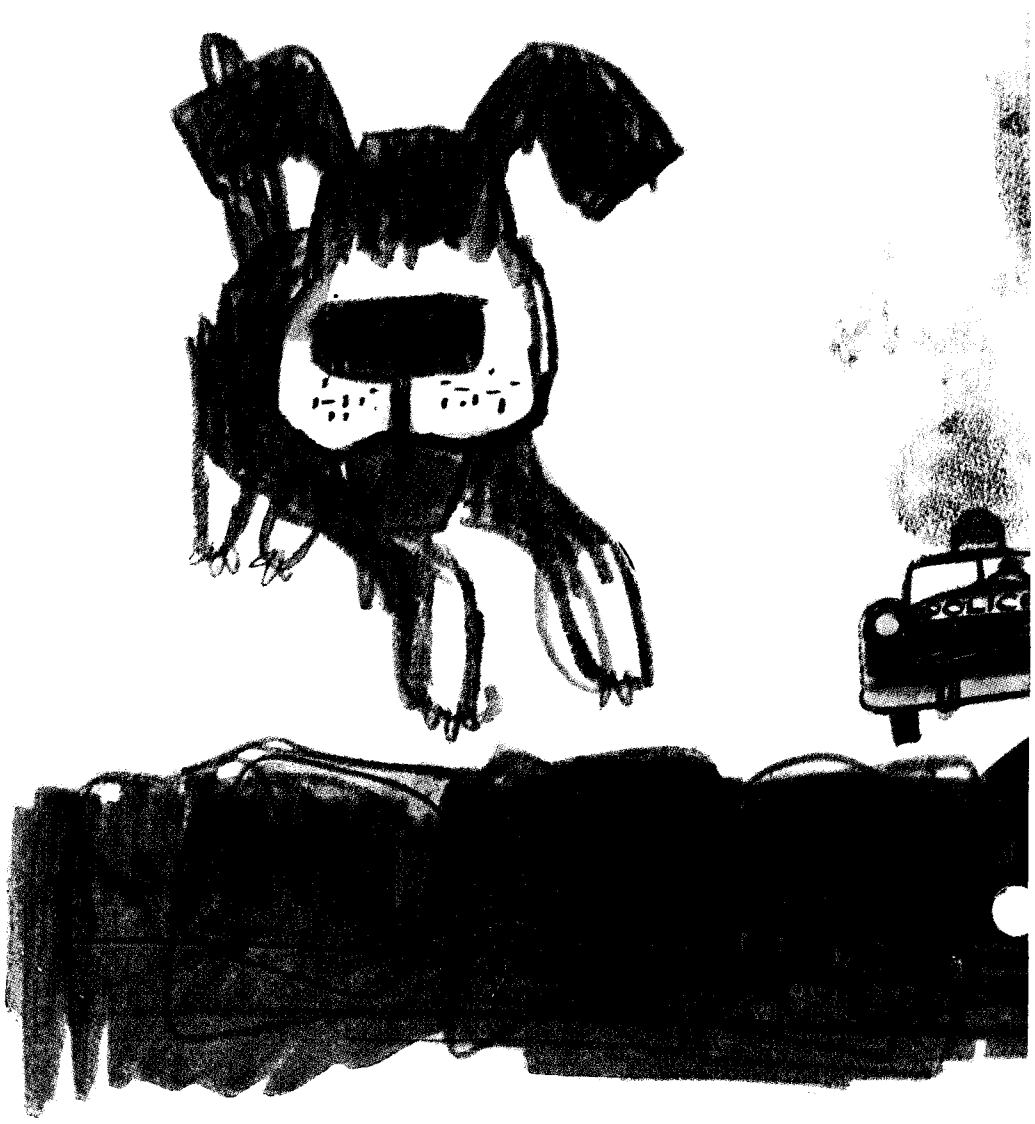
Finally Earl hit on an idea. They took all of the gas out of a truck—thirty-five gallons—which made it appear that the gas attendant or truck foreman had simply forgotten to fill the truck the night before. They bled the gas tank with a length of garden hose into seven five-gallon buckets and carried them back to Esco's house in the Hudson. There they transferred the gas to a fifty-five-gallon Coca-Cola barrel. They did all of this quite a few times.

The Divine Street hill was the only problem while they were transporting the gas to Esco's house. The gas tilted back and slopped over until Earl learned how to shim up the buckets with wood chips. Esco drove slow and Earl sat in the back seat with a pocketful of chips. When the hill ended Earl removed the chips and leveled the buckets for the flat ride home.

The Hudson was very good for carrying gas this way; the seven five-gallon buckets fit across the back floorboards like the Hudson was made for them.

One night on top of the hill, after Earl had removed the chips and the buckets were all balanced, a siren sounded. A motorcycle came wheeling out of an alley. The policeman cut his engine, pushed his kick-stand down and swung out of the saddle. He played his flashlight over the car. The light stopped right on Esco's face.

Illustration by Donald Silverstein



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moonshine bright

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MOONSHINE

"What's going on here?"

Esco knew the patrolman. He tried to stare through the five-cell flashlight beam.

"Is that you, Roy?"

It was Roy Clayton, Esco's sister Helen's boyfriend. Roy had been dating her for two years. Everyone knew he was planning on asking Helen to marry him when he had enough money to quit the police force and buy a taxi license, but no one knew what Helen was going to say when he asked.

Roy laughed, "I'll be damned. I didn't recognize the Hudson. You make any changes?"

Esco said, "Naw, same old car."

"Well, I'll be dogged." Roy shined the light in Earl's face. "One of the Edge boys?"

Earl grinned, "Yes, sir—Earl."

"Don't tell me any more." His light moved across the line of buckets. "You all carrying moon?"

When Esco Brooks was relaxed he could lie faster than any man living or dead. He was relaxed now.

"Naw, Roy. We ain't got no moon."

"What is it then?"

"Them's minnows—redbreast bait."

"Where'd you get them?"

"Hall's Creek, out back of Pete's place."

Roy counted the buckets with his flashlight beam. "How come so many buckets?"

Esco didn't miss a beat.

"We want 'em fresh, Roy. Church Moore won't buy 'em dead."

Roy was satisfied. He turned his light off and leaned on the window frame. "How's your maw?"

"She's fine. Everybody's fine."

"That's good. Listen—how about if you put in a good word for me with Helen?" He laughed. "Tell her I caught you speeding and didn't arrest you. You know—make it sound like you should have been arrested and all, and it was a lucky break that I came by."

"Sure, Roy; be glad to."

"You be sure and tell me what you tell her, though, so I can back the story up. She's sharp as a razor, and if she catches me in a lie I'm done."

Roy laughed again and lit a cigarette. Earl's heart stopped absolutely still. Roy threw the match aside, and Earl closed his eyes and braced for the explosion.

It didn't come.

Roy went on, "Yeah, we'll have us a little fun with Helen." He paused. "I guess you heard about me getting shed of this Harley-Davidson. This is my last week on it. Next week I'll be pushing a new Ford around. I put the application in about a year ago, and it just came through. Lot of the boys prefer a motorcycle to a car, but not me. Give me a car any time."

He shined the light back on the buckets of gas. "Those minnows sure are quiet."

Esco said, "Water's getting stale. Guess they're beginning to get tired."

Roy let the light come up Earl's body and stop on his face. He held the lighted cigarette in his mouth. "You still on probation?"

Earl didn't grin. "Yes, sir."

"Well, you stick with old Esco here. He'll keep you out of trouble." He frogged Esco on the arm. "Isn't that right, boy?"

"That's right, Roy."

Roy turned his light on somebody's dark porch. He started to leave and then came back.

"I smell gas," he said and turned his light off so he could smell better. "Great God, what's that gas smell? This car still leaking?"

Esco groaned, "I fixed that carburetor last week. You were there, Roy; you saw me put it together. I'll be damned. I guess it's just worn out."

Roy paused for a long time. Earl wanted to fan the gas fumes away from him, but couldn't think of any way except blowing which would have looked and sounded pretty stupid.

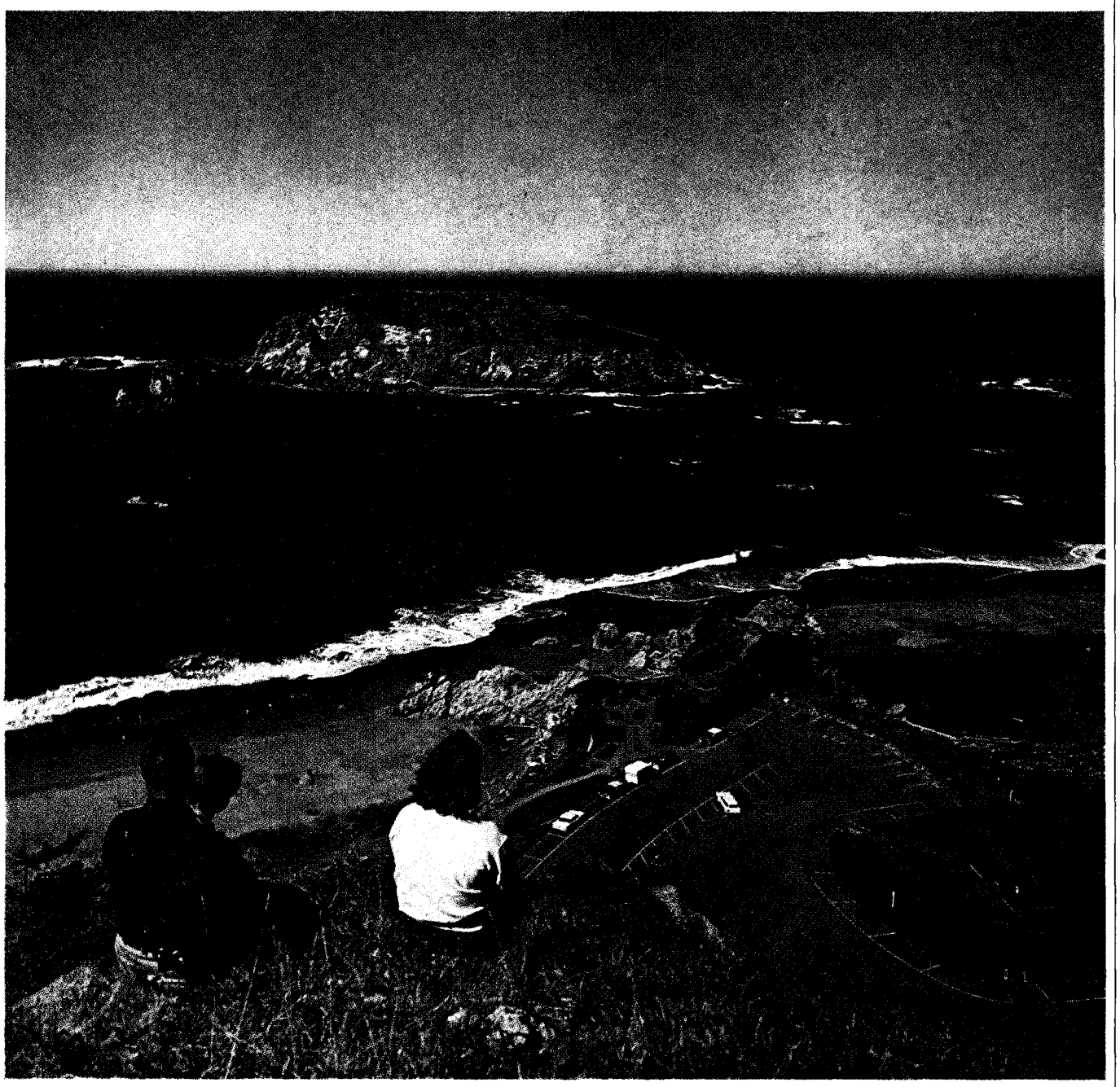
Roy was shaking his head and Earl thought he had figured out that the minnows were really gasoline from the Columbia Dairies and that he was wondering how he could arrest them and still keep on the good side of Helen.

"Boy!" Roy paused again, and Earl's heart turned over. Roy was talking to Esco. "Boy, you take my advice and you get rid of this car. You go and get yourself a little six-cylinder job. You take a Willys; now that's a car for you. Good mileage, easy upkeep, don't take no oil. I tell you the truth—I been shopping around for a year or so now, and I made up my mind the kind of car I need for hacking. When I get my cab, you know what it's going to be?" He waited.

Esco said, "A Willys?"

"Right—a Willys. You probably won't believe this ——" Roy lit another cigarette and leaned forward to look at the buckets by the light of the burning match.

Earl sat way back on the seat and closed his eyes. He wanted to hold his hands over his face. He thought about



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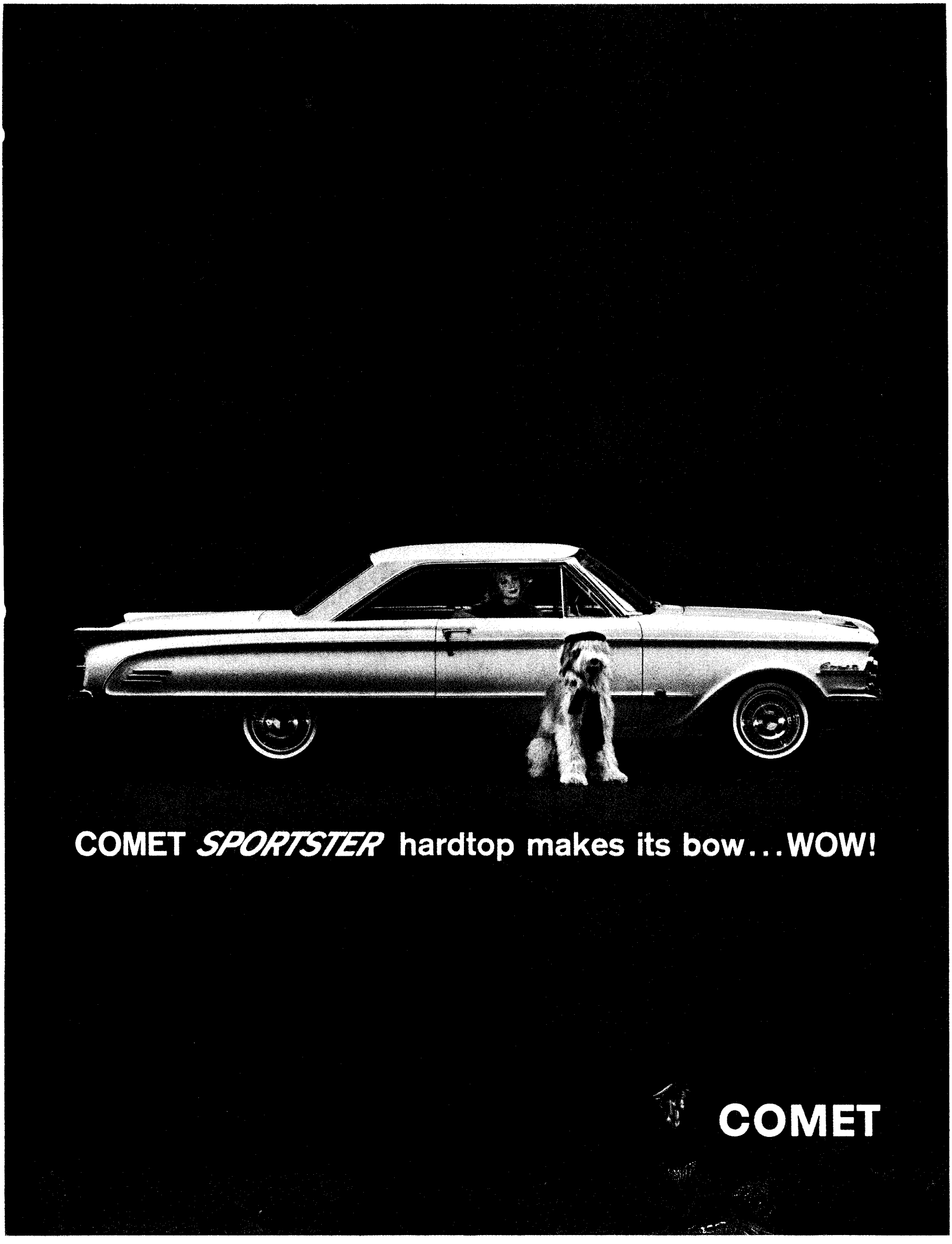

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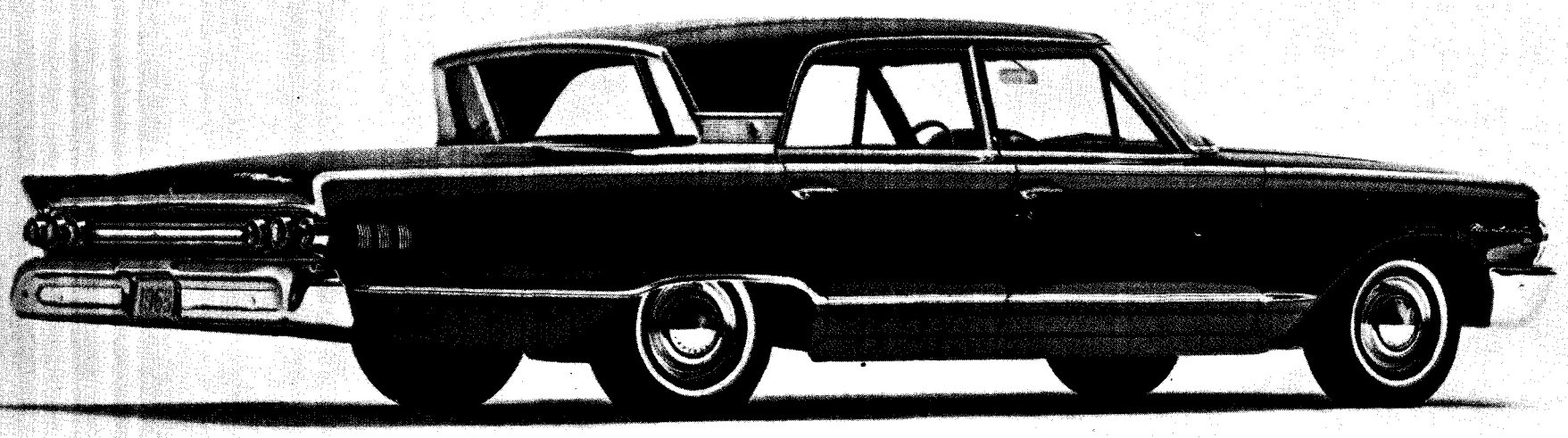
The window that came in out of the rain



Monterey Custom 4-door sedan

Mercury Monterey's new rear window stays clearer in rain or snow. Notice how it's recessed, slants inward. And it opens for breezeway ventilation. Side windows can remain closed to keep out rain, drafts, wind and traffic noise. Mercury's overhanging roof shades rear-seat passengers, adds to headroom, reduces glare for better rear visibility. Other news: a Marauder 390 V-8 is now standard.

MERCURY

MONTEREY · MONTEREY CUSTOM
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the funny-book character called "The Human Torch" and saw himself burning suddenly like a hundred and thirty-five pounds (his weight) of cotton soaked in turpentine, and shooting up through the steel roof into the night only to arch and drop brightly into the gutter, where the flame would reveal the last of his features, and he would gasp and moan near the sewerage drain, and after looking at the ruined Hudson and calling Roy Clayton a damn jackass for lighting the match and telling him he'd better stay on the police force because he'd make a lousy cab driver, he would sputter and die with his head pointing toward the lights of Five Points and his feet toward the University of South Carolina.

Roy must have thought he saw minnows, and since the car didn't explode he kept on:

"I saw Fletcher Alexander drive his Willys right smack into the side of Henry's last week. I don't mean into that wooden siding; I mean into those concrete blocks. Didn't even dent it. I tell you they put good metal in them Willys, and if there's one thing set dead center in the middle of my brain it's that I'm getting me one of 'em before they're all gone."

Roy discussed the merits of the carburetor on the Willys, the front-wheel balance on the Willys, the short wheelbase and the economy of the Willys. He compared the Willys to the Hudson, the Willys to the Ford and the Willys to any car they could name.

They didn't name any.

Finally, after another cigarette and another look with a long-burning match to make sure the minnows were all right, Roy said, "Well, I guess you want to get this stuff over to Church Moore's. Tell him to set me aside six or seven dozen. I'm going up to the lake Saturday morning. . . . Say, how come you got wooden floorboards?"

"Put 'em in last month so we can get at the rear end easier," Esco said.

Roy shook his head. "Listen, you think about that Willys, you hear? This car's going to drain you dry."

He turned on his siren as his engine came on, made a hard, foot-dragging turn and went wailing back down the hill toward Five Points.

Esco and Earl drove slow all the way home, stopping at all the stop signs and slowing down in school zones.

After two months at the Columbia Dairies they had stashed more than two hundred and fifty gallons of high-test gas in the Coca-Cola barrels in Esco's garage. The Coke barrels were harder to get than the gas. When they finally found they could get no more they began selling the extra gas at a dollar a gallon, which wasn't bad considering all the risks they were taking. With their weekly paychecks plus the gas money, plus selling an occasional five- or ten-gallon container of ice cream to Doc Baker's Drug Store, they soon had enough money to give the Hudson the attention it needed. They had a ring job, a valve job, and they put in a new clutch, new kingpins and bushings, another (the third) main bearing, new gaskets and radiator pipes, and a brand-new, factory-made, thirty-eight-dollar premium carburetor. They spent over a hundred and fifty dollars at Sam Jones's, and when they drove the Hudson off the grease rack they thought their troubles were over.

Esco drove out the Two Notch Road in the practically rebuilt car. Earl tried to listen to the improvements, but he didn't hear any. It didn't sound the same, though. It sounded worse. It was the new parts. The Hudson was used to old parts, old parts that had been smoothed and worn down and partially digested; the new parts were too much for her. She stalled, coughed and backfired at low speeds. At higher speeds—forty to forty-five—she chattered and bucked, and Esco had to hold it on the road with both hands. The front end kept trying to leap into the ditch; the transmission sounded like it had been packed with steel wool and sawdust. They took the Hudson back to Sam Jones's, and Sam and his boys worked on it. Three days later the Hudson was moving, but it still didn't feel right.

Because of the strange hours at the Columbia Dairies, Esco and Earl had never met anyone except the man who hired them. Their only communication with the bosses was the pay envelopes every Saturday, except that they'd get messages like "Use more steam in the corners of the big vats," "Hang up all clothing and hoses," "Be careful of ammonia pipes," and so on. No one ever saw them there at night, and when they left at three-thirty in the morning they turned all the lights off except a night light and the neon sign over the door. Their names weren't even listed on the bulletin board.

And then they got a note that wasn't in the pay envelope.

It came from the truck foreman. They found it fastened by a rubber band to the steam-hose nozzle. It was typed on a three-by-five index card:

"Attenttion (it had four "t's" in it) machine cleaners, quit messing with the truck gas or you are dead messers. C. Jafrey, truck foreman."

They didn't take any more gas.

Esco and Earl were worried that C. Jafrey, truck foreman, had told the management about them. They liked the job and the hours and the pay, and they didn't want to lose it. Besides, if Earl got caught stealing anything he would be in real trouble with the probation officer.

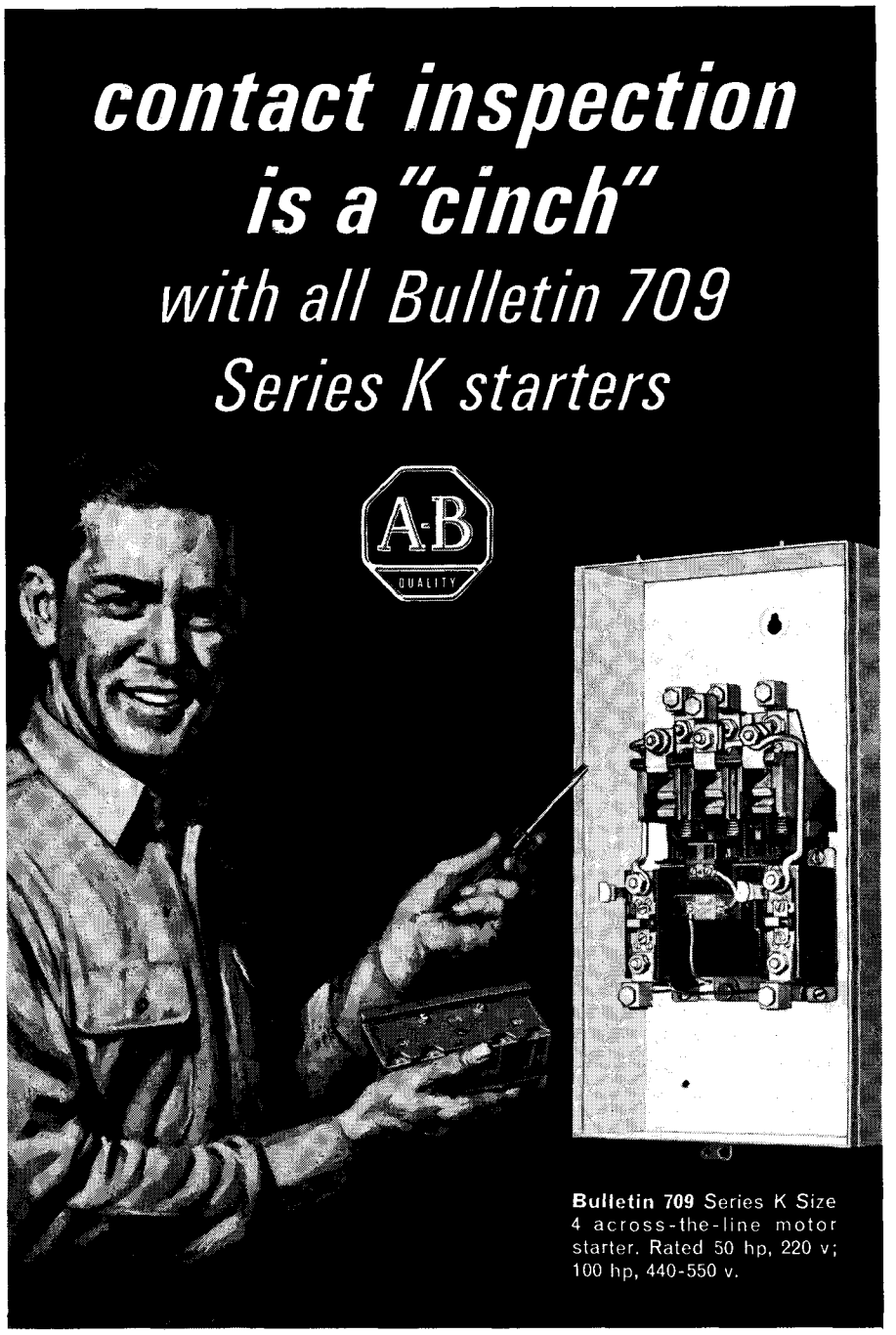
After a month of waiting and not taking anything out of the Dairies, they were broke. They had sold all the gas and used all the money, and the Hudson still wasn't right. It had developed another violent tremor up front, which meant kingpins and bushings again, and the old, unmistakable main-bearing humming noise began to cut in and out again when they changed gears.

Maybe Roy Clayton had been right; maybe they should sell it or junk it. They thought it over and decided they couldn't. Despite all its problems, the Hudson was theirs, and it was paid for, and to the high-school girls who lived in the Shandon and Wales Garden sections the car looked like class. The hum got louder, the tremor got worse, the brakes were beginning to go again, but they kept it.

One Tuesday, when they had exactly four dollars and twenty-five cents between them, the main bearing gave out. It happened on Pickens Street near the Insane Asylum, and when they pushed the Hudson over to the curb in the hot sun Earl wanted to cry. He wanted to go in through the main gate of the asylum and tell whoever it was that decided if you were crazy or not all about it. About all the gasoline, all the buckets, all the money, work, sweat, grease, dirt, and now about the fourth main bearing and payday still four days away.

The job would have to be done at Sam Jones's and it would cost at least thirty-

contact inspection is a "cinch" with all Bulletin 709 Series K starters



Bulletin 709 Series K Size 4 across-the-line motor starter. Rated 50 hp, 220 v; 100 hp, 440-550 v.

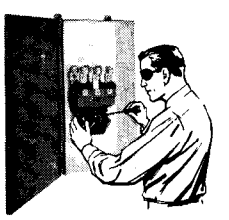
■ **Checking contacts**—another proof of simplicity!

You loosen two screws that are held captive, remove the arc hood cover, and all power contacts are in full view—and easily accessible. Because the cover is self-aligning and "keyed" to the arc hood—it is impossible to remount it incorrectly.

Depending upon the frequency of starter operation, two or three contact inspections per year should be sufficient. Incidentally, all Series K power contacts are of weld-resistant cadmium oxide silver and remain in perfect operating condition until the contacts are completely worn away. The wedging design eliminates all side motion, thus reducing mechanical wear and, consequently, increasing contact life.

This is just one of several ways in which the Bulletin 709 Series K simplicity gives you greater value for the money you invest in motor control. For complete details about this truly amazing new line of motor starters, please consult your nearest Allen-Bradley distributor or write: Allen-Bradley Co., 1200 S. Third St., Milwaukee 4, Wis. In Canada: Allen-Bradley Canada Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Believe it or not! Blindfolded, a coil can be changed in only 5 minutes. Removing any Bulletin 709 Series K coil requires around 2 minutes. It takes no more than 3 minutes to replace the coil and reassemble the starter. Because all parts are keyed, the starter—when reassembled—will always be in perfect working order. Especially with "production" machines, this "plus" value—incorporated in all Series K control—can be worth many dollars to you—way beyond the cost of the coil itself. Please try this test—convince yourself of the honesty of these claims.



ALLEN-BRADLEY
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five dollars, and once Sam got that Hudson apart they knew he'd discover something else to be done for another ten or fifteen dollars. They were at his mercy.

Sam had a very successful Texaco station on one of the best corners in Columbia. They got a push into Sam's and when Esco said, "Main bearing," Sam smiled. He shook his head sadly and shook Esco's hand all at once. He put his hands on Esco's shoulders. Earl thought he was going to do the job for nothing, for old times' sake.

"How you boys fixed for money?" Sam wanted to know.

"We got it." Esco pulled away from him and reached in his pocket.

"Let me see it."

Esco got mad. "Don't you trust us? Didn't we just pay you over two hundred dollars last month? Don't we give you all our business?"

Sam tried to touch Esco's shoulder again, but he pulled away. Sam moved toward Earl; Earl went toward the Coke machine.

"How do I know you won't join the Marines or some other damn-fool outfit?" Sam pitched his voice high when he talked money. "That's what your buddy Jethro Robinson did to me! Got in for a hundred and fifty dollars, then got himself drafted. That money's gone."

His voice rose even higher, as if it were pursuing the money. "Gone, you hear? Gone. I'll never get it back, and I'm stuck here with that damn coffeepot '29 Hupmobile! You want to buy a Hupmobile? Answer me—you want to buy a Hupmobile? You got any friends that want to buy a Hupmobile? No; hell, no, nobody does! I got one, you hear? I didn't want to buy one. You hear? I didn't want to buy one, but I got me one. You want to see it?"

The thought of the dark, rat-colored Hupmobile sitting in the back of the station made Sam sad, and his voice dropped. "You know the Government says I can't touch Jethro. How about that for justice?"

Esco knew they weren't going to get any credit, but he wasn't going to let Sam outshout him. He smiled.

"You know who told Jethro that the Government cancels all your debts when you sign up?"

Sam's face turned pink, then pinker until it was red and matched the red in the Texaco star over his breast pocket. He shrieked, "You—you—did you tell him that? After all I've done for you. Did—did you do that to me?"

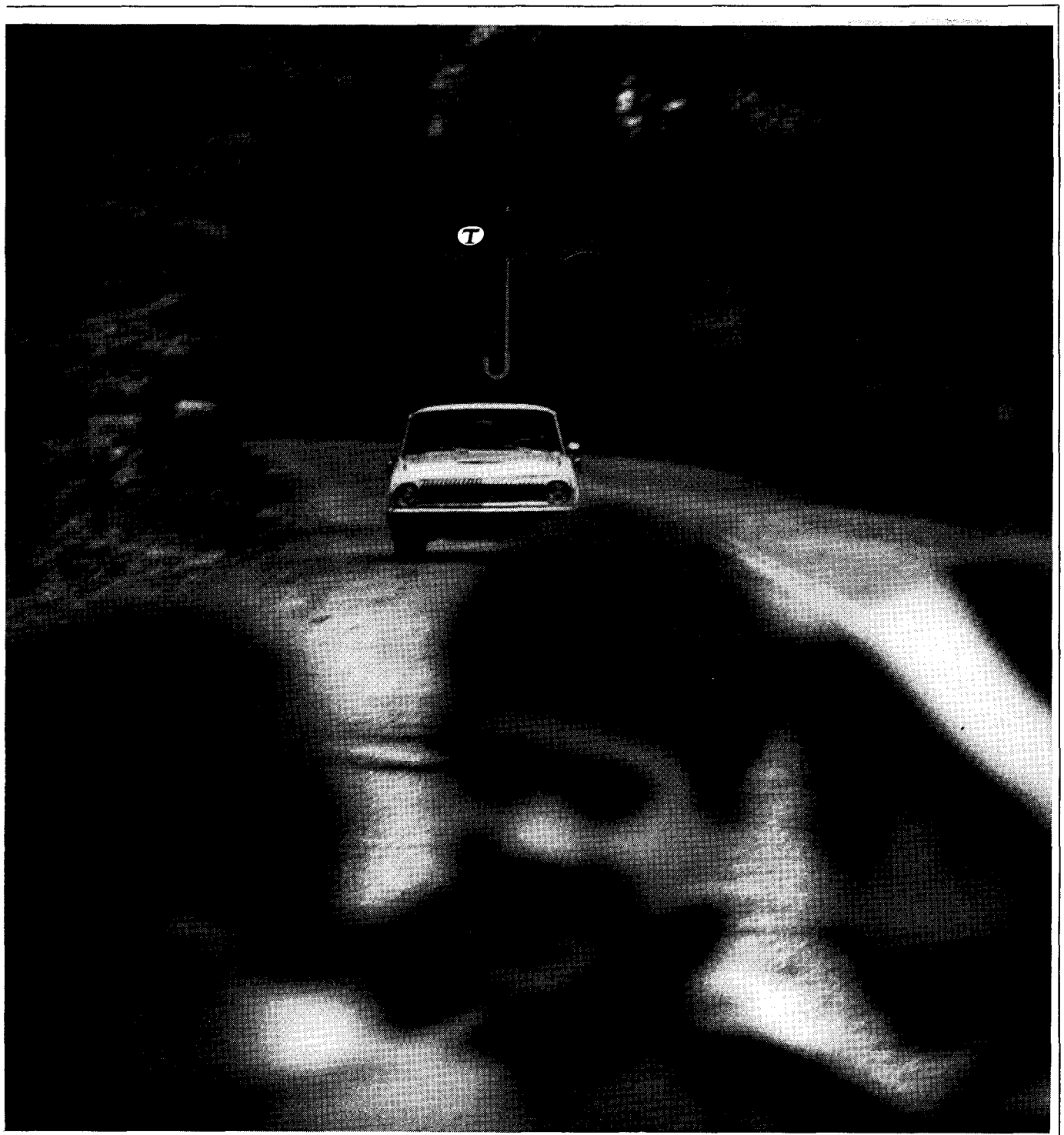
Esco smiled and joined Earl at the Coke machine. They had three Cokes apiece. Sam stalked out and went over to the Brown Derby to drink beer.

Later Leonard Broome drove in for gas, and they got him to push the Hudson over to Esco's yard. That night they took the bus to work. They couldn't smoke on the bus, and all the way out Esco sat with his elbow jammed up on the window ledge and his chin jammed into the heel of his hand, staring out at the dark streets. There was a steel Coke sign on the back of the seat in front of Earl, and Earl spent the entire forty minutes of the bus ride (they could have driven it in eleven minutes) scraping a message about Sam Jones across the red solid portion. It read "Sam Jones is a outhouse rat." When the bus reached the Kilburne area the last of the other passengers got out, but Esco and Earl still had another mile to go. Esco said to sign his name to the message. Earl signed both names, his first, and he was finishing the "s" in Brooks as the bus stopped in the dark before the Columbia Dairies. It was the last stop. Esco asked the driver if a bus came by around three-thirty. The driver said the bus skipped from three to five because there weren't many people around that time of the morning. If they couldn't afford a cab, which they couldn't, they would have to wait an hour and a half for the five-o'clock bus. Which they did.

The long bus ride out, the long wait after work, the long ride back, plus the long walk home with the sun squinting over the cotton mill, convinced them they had to have the Hudson fixed, and soon.

That same day Esco told the O.K. Credit Company that he was eighteen (they wouldn't care if you were nine as long as you had collateral), borrowed fifty dollars, using the car as collateral, and got Leonard Broome to pull the Hudson with his Ford into Sam Jones's station. Esco paid Sam in advance without saying a word. Sam added the money to a roll that weighed a pound, snapped a half-inch slice of inner-tube rubber band around it, and crammed it into his side pocket. It looked like a goiter and when he walked it made him limp.

If there is one establishment in Columbia that's easy to do business with, it's the O.K. Credit Company. Everything's OK when you have collateral, and everything's OK when you make all your payments on time. But everything is not OK when you miss one. The rumor around



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Columbia is that the O.K. Credit Company scouts football teams the way college coaches do. They use the big guards and tackles for collection men. Big, fast men with slow eyes who have been taught maybe only two things, tackling and blocking. Now they do only one thing—collecting. On their first visit they say something like, "It ain't good when you get behind like this." That doesn't sound like much of a sales speech, but when they are staring down at the top of your head, and you know that whatever they decide to touch they can break—like arms, legs, neck, back—you begin to sweat and smile, and sometimes you even giggle.

Esco and Earl missed one payment and had one of those visits. They caught up fast. A month went by, and things got better. It was July now, and the black tar streets were soft, and you had to cross them in a hurry. Things stayed better for the first two weeks in August, but with the heat spell the bottom dropped out and took them with it. They got a fifty-dollar fine for speeding. Earl ran into a watermelon truck on Assembly Street, and it cost forty-five dollars for new headlights and radiator damage, and the farmer charged them six-fifty for his tail gate and fourteen melons. The day after they got the car out of the radiator shop, Esco was driving and watching Gladys Hightower switch across Elmwood Street instead of watching a new Cadillac stopping in front of him, and when he stopped he had chewed off a hundred and twenty-five dollars' worth of the Cadillac's left rear fender.

They had to go in deeper at the O.K. Credit Company. Dave Lewis, the owner, after making Esco sign about seven papers and reborrow enough to pay the old balance, plus the old interest, plus the old penalties, gave them another hundred and twenty-five to cover the damage. The payments would go from eighteen a month to forty-eight a month. They were getting ready to leave when Dave introduced them to an ex-All Southern tackle from Carolina they had once seen break a Georgia man's jaw with his thumb and forefinger. He seemed like a nice fellow—almost shy. He didn't say anything, and he was very careful when he shook hands.

They missed the first payment. When the ex-tackle came around he didn't shake hands, and all he said was, "I don't want you to miss any more payments." They hadn't planned to miss that first payment. They had even put money aside each week, but something had come up and when the day came around they had about six dollars of the forty-eight. Now they had to get serious. They would make one more big haul of gasoline, and they would be safe. They promised each other to put every cent into the payments, and they even had ideas of rushing into the O.K. Credit Company with the entire balance.

On the night they planned to take the gas, the steam hose broke. The place filled up with live steam, and if Esco hadn't gotten to the main valve in time they could have been in real trouble. They went inside the freezer room to cool off. It was twenty below zero there, and they cooled off in about one minute. As they started to leave, Earl noticed a box. It looked like a toolbox, but he couldn't figure out who would leave good tools in a room that cold. Esco opened the box. It was filled with plumbing and steam-fitting tools. Someone had forgotten them. Earl was getting colder and colder, and he wanted to drag them out into the ice-cream-machine room and look them over. Esco kept saying he wanted to figure it all out first. Earl sat down on a concrete block and slapped his arms and watched his breath fog up. Esco decided they could sell the crescent wrenches, the reamers, the tool-and-die sets and the pipe threaders to Ed Miller at the radiator shop. It was too cold to sit still, so while Esco was counting the wrenches and tools out onto the cement floor, Earl took a hammer and chisel and whacked away at the corner of the concrete block he was freezing on.

The chisel went through fast—too fast for concrete. It went through the block like it was butter. Earl tasted it; it *was* butter. He hadn't had any butter since rationing had begun, but the taste came back sharp and strong. He ate it straight. Then he gave Esco a piece to chew on. Their eyes met in that dim-lighted freezing room and they didn't have to speak. Earl began counting the big cubes stacked around. If they could sell gas for a dollar a gallon, how much would butter bring? He lifted a cube. He had to go down into a deep crouch to get it up, and he knew he was hefting something on the far side of fifty pounds. Esco helped him carry it out to the big scale in the front room. It weighed fifty-eight pounds.

There must have been fifty of them stacked up in the freezing room. They were too happy and nervous to plan anything. After they finished cleaning up, they loaded five cubes into the back seat of the Hudson. Earl had no idea where they could sell it, but he knew there were more butter-users than gas-users, and he thought they should try for two dollars a pound. Had they slowed down and thought it out, they would have packed dry ice around the butter and avoided most of the trouble. But they didn't. The back seat was crushed down under the nearly three hundred pounds, and the only thing between the seat covers and the butter was two spread-out copies of the Columbia *Record*. They didn't even think of the heat. That happens now and then when you work in and around a freezing room; the below-zero temperature makes you forget the other extreme.

At four-forty-five A.M. Esco parked on the corner of Elmwood and Gadsden and waited for customers. There was no one on the street, but the mathematics of three hundred pounds times two dollars kept them alert, and they didn't mind waiting.

The first customer was Cowboy Strickland. Cowboy was a forty-year-old newspaper boy who lived with his mother and aunt on Gadsden Street, four doors from the drugstore. He was always first up in the neighborhood and on his way to pick up the papers for his morning route. He wore a white cowboy hat, guns, a red kerchief around his long neck, and high-heeled boots. He rode his bicycle like it was a horse and sat sideways a lot, with his hand on the saddle behind him when he was coasting.

Esco called, "Hey, Cowboy!" Cowboy wouldn't answer to any other name.

Cowboy came over, squinting. The sun wasn't up, but he was already squinting. He was in his John Wayne stage and walked like it was downhill, with a lot of shoulder movement, and he kept his hands out from his body.

"Hello, Esco." He frowned. "Hello, Earl."

"Hello, Cowboy," Esco said. "Listen, is your mother up?"

The sun was tipping up over the cotton mill. Cowboy frowned toward it and squinted again and began testing his right fist in his left hand.

"No, Esco. She's still asleep."

"You want to make a quarter?"

Cowboy approved of his right fist and began worrying his left. "Sure."

"Go wake her up and tell her I got fresh butter—all she wants."

"Where'd you get it?" He kept squinting at the east, as if to draw the sun up.

"Never mind about that. Go tell her."

"Whatever you say, Esco."

Cowboy went back to his house and disappeared into the dark hall. In a minute his mother and her sister appeared in the doorway, wearing identical night robes, hair kerchiefs on. Cowboy came loping out.

"They want to know how much you asking and how much you got."

"Tell 'em two dollars a pound and they can have all they want."

Esco figured Cowboy would come back with a five-gallon bucket and say twenty pounds, but when Cowboy came out of the house again he had a frying pan.

"They want a dollar's worth."

Earl took his knife and cut a chunk off one of the cubes. It looked like about two pounds, but he had no way of checking. When Cowboy left, they drove to Esco's house and got a pocket fish scale and hung it from the car's window frame. They tied a five-quart stewpot to the hook on the scale.

It was now five in the morning, and they decided to take a cold shower and wait till eight.

At eight they circled the area, looking for patrol cars, and then parked back on the corner of Elmwood and Gadsden. By eight-thirty they had had five customers, and they had left ten pounds off at Esco's house, ten pounds at Earl's, and Lonnie Register's wife said she'd take fifteen pounds if they came back after she unloaded her refrigerator.

Most of the customers wanted two or five pounds. By nine o'clock word had spread and Earl was getting busy, cutting, weighing the butter and collecting the money. Esco ranged down Elmwood to Wayne Street watching for patrol cars and telling everybody the price, and to bring their own pots and pans. After they'd collected the thirty dollars from Lonnie Register's wife, and not counting the twenty pounds they had given their own families, by nine-thirty they had taken in a total of sixty-six dollars. Earl began worrying about the police, but Esco kept assuring him that everything was all right and he should keep cutting and selling.

It started to get warm when the sun cleared the short oaks and shrubs along Elmwood. Earl took off his shirt and pulled his T-shirt out of his trousers. The butter began to cut easier as the crowd of customers increased, and for a while Earl figured he'd learned how to handle it. Flies gathered in the car, and when Cowboy Strickland came back from his paper route at nine-thirty they hired him for a dollar an hour to wave them off. Esco borrowed Cowboy's bike and rode off toward Lincoln Street to see if the police were coming. He was also going to stop off at the back door of the Governor's Mansion up on Richland Street and try and sell the cook a whole cubic foot. Esco said if the police were in sight he would wave his shirt in the air from the top of the hill.

Cowboy's dog Trigger crawled out from under a porch, yawning and walking stiff-legged until he got his bearings, and then he picked up the smell of butter and began sniffing around the car. Two other hounds from down Elmwood, and Lonnie Register's Airedale saw him and joined him, and all four dogs began whining and scratching on the doors. Trigger finally got down low and crawled under the Hudson. The other dogs did too. Suddenly they began fighting. Cowboy whipped on his leather gloves, put his hat up on top of the car and went under for his dog. He got him by one rear leg and pulled him out while the others continued fighting and whopping themselves up against the oil pan and the drive shaft. The Airedale was too big to move much in the narrow space, and after he had been chewed on for a while by the smaller, faster dogs he came whining out.

Earl took a look under the car to see what had got the dogs interested. A wide area directly under the back seat was covered with flies, and the two remaining

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You've had a lot of experience for someone who doesn't know typing or shorthand."

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MOONSHINE

hounds were lying on their sides and licking at it. Then he knew why the butter was cutting easier—it was melting. It was melting the way butter always melts when it's placed in the ninety-degree sun, and it was dripping down behind the back seat and through the cracks in the floorboards. There was no telling how much they had wasted. Earl showed Cowboy how to use the scale, gave him a handful of one-dollar bills for change, and took off for the drugstore. Doc Baker wasn't in, but Bo-Bo Gaines was on fountain. Earl tried to get Bo-Bo to let them store the butter in the ice-cream holes in the fountain, but Bo-Bo said even if he had room he wouldn't because he figured they'd stole it and he didn't want anything to do with thieves. Earl went to the phone and called Doc at home. Doc's wife got mad and said he had gone fishing and wasn't expected home for four more days.

The supermarket next door would have nothing to do with the butter, claiming that everything they bought had to come through Central Purchasing. Earl told the manager, a man named Snipe or Swope or something, to call Atlanta or wherever it was because he would consider selling it for only a dollar a pound if they bought the whole lot. Snipe thought about this offer a long time while he arranged a pyramid of creamed-corn cans and then he said he didn't have that kind of authority. When Earl said what kind of authority, Snipe said the authority to call Central Purchasing.

Earl raced back to the car. Cowboy was swamped with two-pound buyers, dogs, cats, kids and flies. His hat was still on the roof of the car, and he had taken about half of a cube and laid it on top of the engine hood. It was melting faster than it was selling. The butter flowed over the hood and trickled down the radiator to the grille, and the flies and gnats were going at it by the thousands. Cowboy grinned and said, "I can get at it better up here."

Earl started to cuss him out, but when he saw that the cubes in the back seat were melting just as fast he decided Cowboy was right.

Esco came back with verbal orders: twenty-five pounds to Lancaster's Drug Store, ten pounds to the Brown Derby, ten pounds to Sam Jones.

Earl told Cowboy to go get a dishpan. When he came back they put the remaining ten or so pounds from the car hood in the pan and told him to sell it to the local customers while they went up to Doc Lancaster's. They got into the car. By this time a steady yellow stream was coming out from under the car, and the first two hounds had been joined by three more, and the ones that were too big were barking and skinning themselves trying to get under the low bottom of the Hudson.

Esco cursed all the way uptown.

"Damn it! Damn it! All that dry ice out at the Dairies, and we had to rush into this like a pair of fools."

But he didn't curse when they hit Main Street. Suddenly his eyes lit up. "Now the next time ——" He began laughing. "You know what that damn fool cook said at the Governor's Mansion?"

Earl said, "What?"

"He said the governor don't eat no butter or no meat or nothing fried."

"What does he eat, then?"

"Lives on vegetables and some kind of weeds."

"Does he drink?"

"Doesn't drink or smoke. Only milk and natural juices, whatever that is."

"How about that."

Inside Doc Lancaster's Drug Store they sliced a cube apart.

Doc said, "How do I know that's twenty-five pounds?"

Esco said, "It's near half a cube, and a cube weighs near sixty pounds. Go on, try and lift it."

Doc got his fingers under and picked up a corner. "It's twenty-five, all right." He smiled. "Now don't tell me where you got it. Just load it in one of those freezers and get out of here."

He pulled out a ten-gallon container about one-quarter full of pistachio and crushed the top down and wedged it into the hole marked "VANILLA SHERBET." The empty hole was lined with a dairy can so there wouldn't be any waste. The butter didn't fit, but Earl forced it. By this time it was soft all through and after a minute or two it slid down with a nice sucking noise. Doc gave them five brand-new ten-dollar bills and pointed to the door. Earl wiped his hands on his REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR T-shirt, and they went outside.

It was ninety-eight degrees in the shade, and they had not been able to find enough shade to park the Hudson out of the bone-white heat. The big butter cubes had settled lower and lower in the back seat, and the trickle under the car had thickened to the size of a pencil. A vast pool had spread from the car to the curb. They had to move fast. The next stop was the Brown Derby. Esco started the engine, backed up and shifted into low gear. Just then a loud voice shouted.

"Esco—Esco—Earl! It's me. Wait for me."

It was Cowboy Strickland, riding his bicycle as hard as he could and waving his white hat to get their attention. Trigger, his dog, had filled up on butter and was running slow and low to the ground, stopping to catch his breath and check if he was sick, and then running a few more yards to catch up. Cowboy arrived with his saddlebags flapping and drove his bike up against the Hudson's door. He pushed his big white hat back on his head.

"They're after you, Esco. You, too, Earl. They're coming after you."

"Who?"

"The law, that's who! That low-life at the supermarket, Snipe, he told the officer! He called the police, I tell you. Gave you all's names and make of car and pointed at me and said I knew where you were heading."

"Where'd you tell him?"

Cowboy grinned and removed his right-hand glove. "Olympia, that's where I told him. Officer took off in that Ford like a scalded dog."

"We got to get rid of that butter!" Esco said. He looked in the back seat and then at the Brown Derby one block away. There wasn't time.

Earl said, "Let's take it to the river. No one will see us there. We can soak out the seat and get rid of the smell."

Cowboy rubbed his right fist into his gloved left hand. He squinted and frowned and spoke through tight lips.

"No need to worry about that Snipe feller."

"What happened?"

"I fixed him. I fixed him good. Set him up with two little lefts and then finished him with the old John Wayne Special."

Cowboy pushed his kick-stand down and got off the bike. He tucked his chin into his left shoulder and tapped the car door with the two short lefts. Then he traced a long right through the air. It started from his heels, and it looked like he was picking up a heavy stone. He had to take a right step and a left one to keep on balance when he threw the punch. It must have traveled nine feet. Earl could see Snipe going down.

Cowboy smacked his fist and glove together again. "He kept shouting how we were cutting in on his oleomargarine business, but I let him have it anyway. Went down like a sack of seed. I pulled his apron up over his face when I left him; didn't want him to get sunstruck too. I reckon he's still out."

"Good boy, Cowboy," Esco said. "I appreciate that. I really do."

Cowboy took off his other glove and tucked the pair under his gun belt. "Here's your money. Seventeen dollars and fifty cents."

Esco patted him on the arm. "No, Cowboy; that's yours. You earned it. Buy yourself some boots; get 'em with spurs this time."

Trigger got his wind back and began licking the butter at the curb. Cowboy shouted and went to get the dog.

"Trigger, get your tail out of that butter! That stuff will go through you like a dose of salts!"

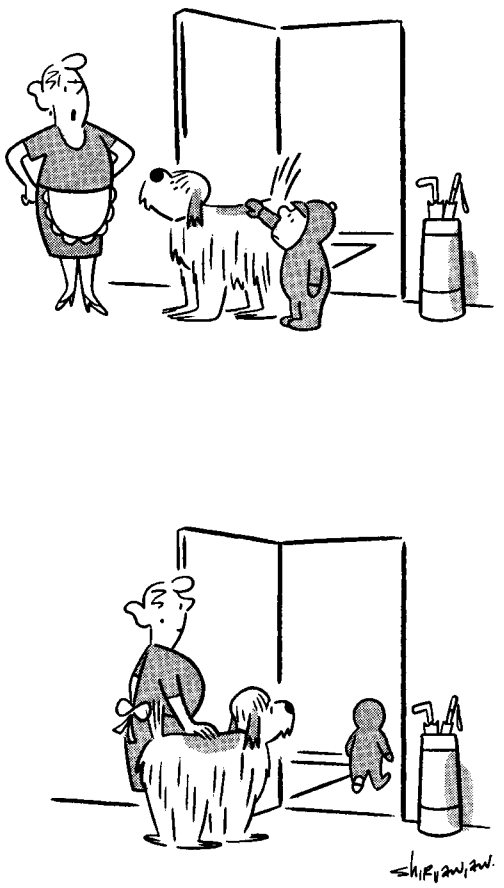
"Let's roll, boy," Earl said. "Police ain't going to sit out in Olympia all day."

Esco turned the Hudson off Main onto Elmwood and headed for the river. He drove twenty-five miles an hour and stopped at all the signs. They didn't want to attract any more attention, but the slim golden trail of butter followed them down the black tar road, and when they stopped it made little puddles. When they hit Wayne Street, the clay road in Colored Town, Earl figured they'd make the four miles to the river without any trouble. He figured wrong.

Wayne Street is unpaved. It's also cocked on an angle because of the drain gullies that ridge it like a washboard. New cars and police cars seldom travel on Wayne because it loosens all the bolts, and if you hit one of the deep gullies going too fast you can tear yourself up. They heard the siren at Wayne and Calhoun. It felt to Earl like a rough wood file being drawn across his nose bone, and his heart stopped cold. Esco turned pale, but he held onto his nerve and jammed the accelerator down to the floor. The red dust of Wayne Street rose up behind them like a smoke screen, and in that first ten seconds Earl thought they had lost the police car. They were going fifty miles an hour, heading south and ripping over the gullies like it was a macadam road. The Hudson's shock absorbers and spring suspension were designed for roads like this, and the police car on their tail wasn't. If they could stay on the rutted clay road they had a good chance of losing him. But elections were coming up, and the city had been paving again, and they had to be careful. Esco knew this, and he cornered at Senate to Lincoln, went down Lincoln to Divine and got back on Wayne heading in the opposite direction. He watched the Ford through the back window, and it was bouncing like a golf ball. They were gaining distance, but he couldn't go back and forth on Wayne forever. The police would call another car, station it at one end and catch them in a rundown.

They were ahead by about a block and a half. Esco figured they'd need at least two or three. With one more block they could run a whiskey pattern through the alleys of Colored Town and shake the Ford.

They were nearing Blanding Street, going sixty. Esco had both hands on the wheel, holding it at the bottom to secure



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I know he followed you home, but you can't keep him."

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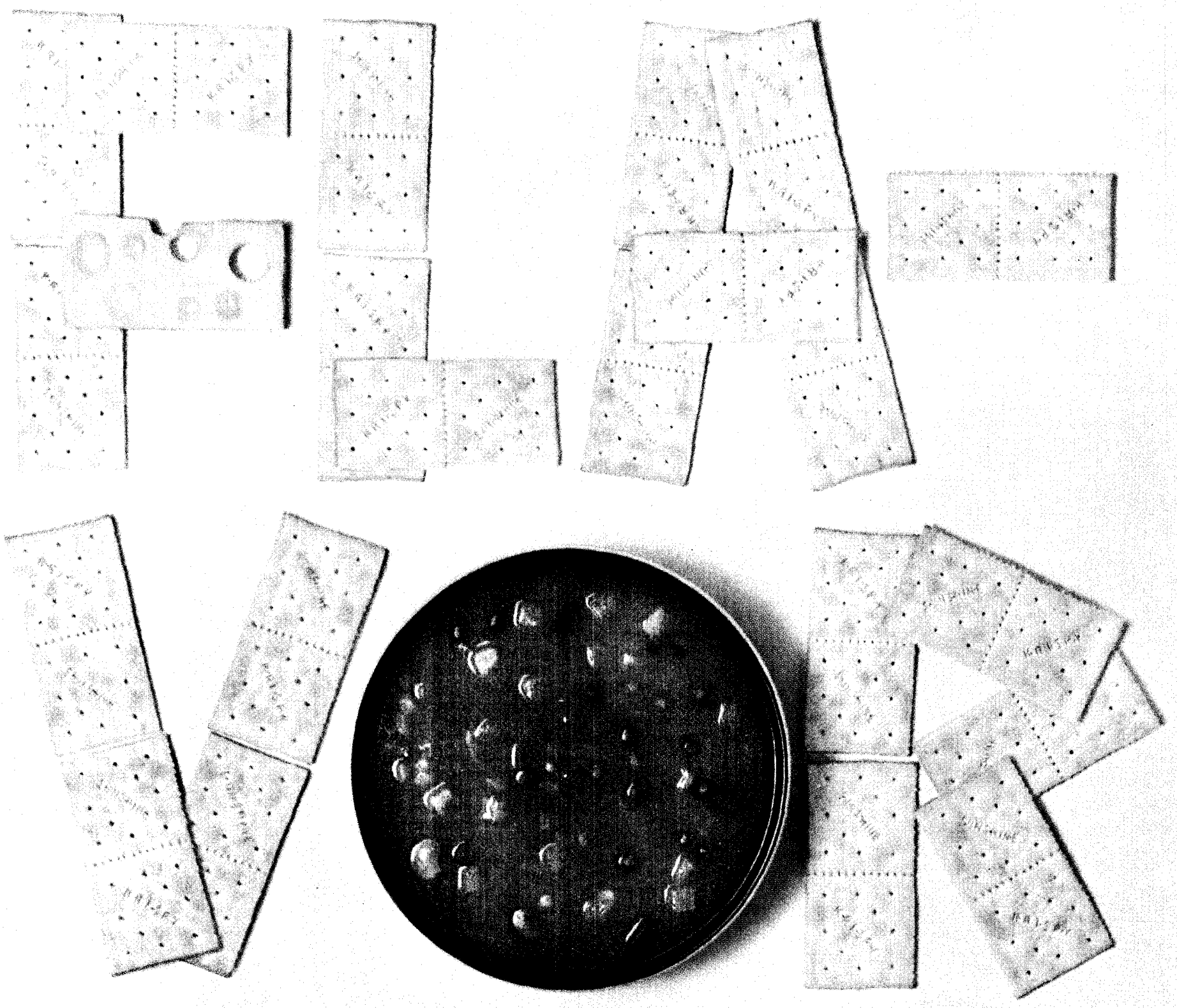

Sunshine

KRISPY

SALTINE CRACKERS

Krispy out-tastes 'em all!

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himself to the seat on the bounces. A hundred yards ahead lay the big gully across Blanding. The first time down Wayne, Esco had practically stopped the car to ease over it. This time he just slowed to forty and said, "Hang on!" Earl put both hands on the ceiling to keep from being driven through the roof. When they hit the gully he thought his back had broken in two places, along with his wrists, arms and elbows. He looked back. The police car had almost stopped for the gully, and Esco pushed the Hudson and gained another hundred yards. He shot into Elbow Alley, zoomed down Elbow to Do-Rite Alley, and back left to Joe Louis Boulevard. They were safe. Maybe.

Esco stopped the car, turned the radio on soft, and they started waiting. They didn't wait long. The police car popped out on Joe Louis Boulevard. For a second Earl thought they had followed the trail of butter. Then his mind cleared, clear as a bell, and he knew that was wrong—butter wouldn't show up on red clay. He got scared, really scared.

Esco gunned the engine, slammed the car into high and skidded off Joe Louis back onto Wayne and headed into the sun. The radio jarred and came on full blast. The Aristocratic Pigs were playing the Ballantine Pork Sausage song.

Earl didn't know where he was going now. He covered his face with his T-shirt. He didn't want the law to see him until the last possible minute. He had to be alone inside his shirt. He had to have time to think. The butter was beginning to turn rancid. It smelled terrible. He peeked through the neck hole of his shirt out the back window and saw that the law was gaining on them. Esco saw too.

"He's got that Ford wide open. Them ruts aren't slowing him up at all."

Earl spoke through the shirt. "Is he going to catch us?"

"I think so."

He did. He got his front wheel alongside and then ahead, and wedged them into the clay bank at the side of the road. Esco braked a little before they hit, but they went in hard, and Earl heard the rear bumper peel off and go bouncing down the road. He kept the shirt over his head when they stopped; there was nothing he wanted to see. He looked anyway. The officer was parking his car about twenty yards ahead; he was getting out of it and starting back. Earl closed his eyes and listened to the Aristocratic Pigs. Maybe there would be a message in the song, something he could hold on to. They sang:

Ballantine Sausage,
Folks all like it so . . .
Sister, dad and brother,
Also little Joe.
It is delicious, nutritious,
Always fresh and fine.
Don't forget the trademark:
Good old Ballantine.

The only message Earl got was of the happy family—sister, dad, brother and little Joe—and the terrible thought that he would soon be leaving his. He saw that Esco's eyes were closed. Later he learned that Esco was praying, promising the Lord that he would never steal again. He made his own prayers through his greasy shirt, and turned the radio off.

The officer came up. He had on sunglasses. He pulled the sunglasses off, and it was Roy Clayton.

Earl looked out in the field alongside and saw a rusty old car body with the words JESUS SAVES hand-printed across the front door. He thought, "Amen."

Roy pounded happily on the low roof of the Hudson and smiled. "Boys, you are looking at the happiest man in the United States of America. You know what just happened?"

Esco said, "What?"

"I popped the question, and that little gal said OK. Now what do you think of that?" He stuck his big right hand in the car. "Esco, shake hands with your brother-in-law."

They shook hands furiously, and then Roy reached over and shook Earl's hand.

"Is that why you been chasing us, Roy?" Esco said.

Roy lit a cigarette. "Well, tomorrow, as an official Checker Cab man, I won't be having the power to arrest anyone. And the way I figure it, a man's got to take care of his kinfolk. Now ain't that right?"

Earl yodeled, and Esco grinned at Roy. "Hell, you might make a good brother-in-law after all."

Roy winked at both of them and went back to his car.

Esco slumped down over the Hudson's steering wheel and made a long, low noise, half sigh and half yodel, and he held the strange sound until Roy's car had vanished down Wayne Street. Then he backed the Hudson to where the bumper had fallen, and Earl got out and picked it up and laid it in the butter on the rear floorboards.

"Let's get some soap and head down to the river and cut some of this butter off," Esco said. "I feel like I been dipped in a barrel of it."

At the Blind Man's store they stopped and Earl went in and got two bars of soap and a can of cleanser. Then they headed out Wayne to Hampton and down Hampton toward the river. Earl leaned his head back and closed his eyes against the hot, bright sun. He thought how nice it was going to feel when he had himself soaped and was floating out in the cold water. He put his feet up on the dashboard and began whistling the Ballantine Pork Sausage song.

Esco turned the radio on again and headed the car down the steep path between the scrub oaks and the blackberry bushes toward the canebrake and the river. An announcer from Spartanburg was talking about statues of Jesus Christ for $2.98 that glowed in the dark. Esco turned the radio off, and shifted to low to get through a sandy area. The car almost stopped, and he pressed the accelerator down. The car reached dry clay and leaped forward. The accelerator jammed. They shot down into the canebrake. The river was fifty feet away, and it was all mud and all downhill. Esco froze at the wheel.

"Hit the brakes!" Earl shouted. "Hit the brakes!" Esco slammed the brakes, but the car kept sliding in the wet muck. "Reverse. Get reverse!" Earl shouted. He dove for the accelerator and pulled it up. It tore off the floor in his hand.

Esco forced the gears into reverse and seized the emergency brake. The engine cut out, but the car kept slipping. It wasn't going fast, but there was nothing before it to stop it from going into the river.

Esco yelled, "Hop out! Grab her. Let's grab her!"

They leaped out and grabbed a doorpost on each side, pushing against the car, but it kept sliding down and taking them with it. "Dig in, Esco," Earl growled. "Dig in. We can hold her." Esco strained: "I am. I am!" With both front doors wide open, they could see each other across the seat. Earl looked at Esco. He had never realized how thin Esco was.

The car slowed down until it was barely moving. "We got her. We got her," Earl said. There were tears in his eyes. His collarbones and back ached. He knew he couldn't hold on much longer, but he gritted his teeth, held his breath and dug his heels into the soft, wet clay. The car was still moving a little bit. Now the grille was at the very edge of the sheer bank. Esco said, "Almost, Earl. Almost."

Their eyes met across the seat. They gathered what strength they had left and leaned into the car as hard as they could. It stopped with the grille hanging over the water. It quivered. "That's it, boy," Esco said quickly. "That's it. Now hang on."

Earl's mind cleared and he remembered the trick of wedging the wheels. If he could get the back seat under the wheels it would hold the car and he could go for help. Slowly he reached for the back door handle. It was a long reach and he didn't want to relax his grip the doorpost.

Esco spoke softly. His voice seemed to come from a great distance.

"Earl?"

"Yeah?"

"The bank is going."

Earl couldn't believe him. "Where?"

"Right here."

Earl's fingers froze on the door handle. The clay bank began dropping. The car lurched forward. They grabbed the doorposts and dug in deep and tried to hold it, but it was no use. There was no place to stand now. They slid backward, staring blankly into each other's eyes. They were still staring when the car splashed in.

The Hudson floated for a minute with Earl holding one doorpost and Esco holding the other, and then it pointed its grille at the open sky as if to say farewell, and sank. The water is twelve feet deep at the Big Eddy Bend in the Wateree River. Earl Edge and Esco Brooks went down that last twelve feet with the Hudson, holding on to the doorposts.

Esco surfaced first, then Earl. They swam in and crawled up on the bank and lay face down until they got their breath. Earl's hands and shoulders were hurting, but the tears in his eyes were for the 1940 Hudson that was quietly digging its grave in the silt bottom of the river.

Esco rolled over and checked to make sure he had not lost his money. He turned to Earl. "Got your money?"

Earl shoved his hand into his pocket and nodded. He was still crying. Suddenly Esco began to laugh. He began to laugh so hard he couldn't make any noise. Earl watched him, and then he began giggling. He giggled quickly, nervously, until it became a shrill, birdlike noise he couldn't control. And then he was laughing. He stopped for a second to wipe away the tears, looked at Esco again, and began to roar. It was a wild, foolish, Roman-candle-type roar that kept exploding and re-exploding and getting higher and louder all the time. Esco's voice broke through his strangled laugh, and he, too, was howling at the top of his lungs.

They sounded like dogs and hogs and screaming, wild, Richland County guinea hens. They sounded like they had seen and heard the funniest, wildest thing in all the world. The laughter shot through the canebrake, over the mud they had slid across, over the sand they had been stuck in, back along the steep path between the scrub oaks and the blackberry bushes, and all the way to Wayne Street. And then it came echoing back. It echoed from all the tin cans and beer bottles and deserted cars and broken bicycle frames and kerosene lamps and mail-order bedspreads of the rat-colored houses that lined the streets of the Sugar Hill district of Columbia, South Carolina.

Earl and Esco laughed until they couldn't stand, and then they sat down. And finally they stood up, with tears of laughter still streaming down their faces and butter-stained, river-soaked clothes, and, looping their arms around each other's shoulders, they stumbled back up through the canebrake toward the town. THE END

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Some folks think we're too finicky

Lots of visitors come away from our brewery thinking we pursue cleanliness to the extreme. And they're absolutely right.

We're mighty finicky about the ingredients that go into our beer . . . so it only stands to reason that we're going to brew them in the cleanest beer-making environment there is.

We hope you can stop by one of these days to see how Olympia attains perfection in the art of brewing with the one priceless ingredient— *"It's the Water"*

*Visitors are always welcome at the Olympia Brewing Company, Tumwater, near Olympia, Washington, 8:00-4:30 daily. *Oly *®*

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Small-budget triumph

DAVID AND LISA

By William Trombley

Deluged by books and scripts, Eleanor and Frank Perry plan future projects at Beverly Hills Hotel.

Outside Philadelphia last spring there gathered the most ill-assorted collection of moviemakers since the days of the Keystone Cops. Among them were a producer who had never produced a film; a director who had never directed one; a writer who had never written a screenplay; a composer scoring his first film; a cameraman who had never shot a feature movie; a leading lady who had never appeared on film; and a leading man who was a veteran of exactly one picture. When director Frank Perry approached producer Paul Heller that night, with shooting to begin next day, and asked, "Paul, how do you make the camera start?" the possibilities for failure seemed limitless.

Amazingly, in five short weeks this young, inexperienced group fashioned one of the most outstanding American films of recent years, *David and Lisa*.

The movie's story is rooted in the dark, frightening world of adolescent psychosis. David is afraid of death, afraid to be touched for fear the touch might cause death. Lisa is a schizophrenic, part of the time a four-year-old who talks only in rhymes, part of the time a 14-year-old who won't talk at all. Eventually Lisa and David learn to trust each other, and together begin the long journey back to sanity.

The film's message is clear: People can change, improve and get well. Not surprisingly, this simple message has found a large and varied audience. At the Venice Film Festival *David and Lisa* won an award for Frank Perry as best picture by a new director. The leading players, unknowns Janet Margolin and Keir Dullea, won the best-actress and best-actor prizes at the San Francisco International Film Festival. The movie has been praised nearly unanimously by critics and, in 20 cities where *David and Lisa* is currently showing, it is winning the highest tribute—large numbers of people are paying to see it.

David and Lisa is the most successful example to date of a new kind of American film, the low-budget picture shot outside the Hollywood Factory System. Hollywood's costs are now so high that it must stick largely to talent with winning track records. As a result, many ambitious young producers, directors, writers and actors operate on the fringe of the movie establishment.

In New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Detroit and elsewhere, hundreds of motion-picture projects are launched every year. They range from abstract experimental assaults on the eye and ear to straightforward documentaries. Many are shot right on city streets, with whatever citizen-actors happen to be at hand.

Usually these films are thinly financed. Rarely are they finished. For the few that are completed, bookings are difficult because movie houses also like proven money-makers. But occasionally one of these films breaks through all the obstacles to win national attention. This happened to John Cassavetes's *Shadows*

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Novice moviemakers ignore Hollywood's rules to film the surprise hit of the season.

in 1961, and now it has happened to *David and Lisa.*

It came close to not happening. The bizarre history of *David and Lisa* began in 1961 when Frank Perry and his writer wife Eleanor were shopping for a story to convert into a low-budget movie. When they came across *Lisa and David,* a book which was half novel and half case study, by Dr. Theodore Isaac Rubin, a Brooklyn psychiatrist, they knew they had found it. Their next problem was raising the $200,000 they needed to make a movie.

Frank Perry, who is 32 and would look like the Great Gildersleeve if he gained another 25 pounds, had been an associate producer at the Theatre Guild in New York City, where one of his jobs had been to raise money. He was sure that people who had contributed to Guild productions would also back his movie. He was wrong. Scripts were mailed to 500 ripe prospects and yielded exactly one contribution, from a close friend. One lady wrote, "We're awfully sorry we can't see our way to investing in it, but my husband wants you to know, darlings, he thinks you did a beautiful job of mimeographing."

The angels had angles

One prospective "angel" said he would back the picture "if I can work it out with my tax situation" and never was heard from again. Several said they would invest if they could make some script changes—all were turned down. Many thought the script was fine but that a well-known director was needed to make the picture. Since one of the couple's goals was to launch Frank Perry's directing career, such suggestions were not received warmly.

Three dismal months passed. The Perrys were living on their Diners' Club card. By the end of November, 1961, their despair reached such depths that Frank took out a $15 ad in *Variety:* "WANTED—producer with guts to finance low-budget film." Perry admits now, "I must have been crazy. If I read that ad myself, I'd figure, 'Some poor nut is really in trouble.'" The ad brought a flood of screwball replies. One man, for example, sent a snapshot of an ancient movie camera, to prove he had the necessary equipment. But it also brought an answer from a Philadelphian who had made some industrial movies and who once had produced a dismal feature-length picture, now mercifully forgotten.

The Philadelphian offered $100,000 in cash and equipment, half the cost of production, if some script changes were made. "He said the story needed certain sexual elements, in order to give it box-office appeal," as Frank Perry tells it. "He wanted us to have Lisa raped by a couple of punks and David's mother seduce the psychiatrist—not major changes really, just enough to ruin the film." But Perry was reluctant to cold-shoulder $100,000, so he kidded the man

Keir Dullea and Janet Margolin visit New York theater where their film has set box-office records.

Dr. Theodore Rubin, psychiatrist whose book was adapted for the movie, stands outside Brooklyn home.

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"Young people are responsible for the film's popularity."

DAVID AND LISA

along. "If he had been adamant about those scenes, I would have shot them and cut them out later. I guess it would have been cynical, but I would have gone that far to get the picture done."

With the backer's money promised, Perry invited longtime friend Paul Heller, a boyish-looking, 35-year-old advertising art director, to form a partnership. Heller agreed. The pair moved into a dusty dressing room in an old 20th Century-Fox studio on West 56th Street in New York—quarters obtained by giving the watchman a bottle of Scotch. They installed three phones and set out to raise $100,000 more.

Heller and Perry began with hopes of selling blocks of shares, but soon were peddling single shares at $2,500 and, not long after that, one-eighth shares for $312.50. These small contributions began to mount, however, and when they were added to sizable investments by Heller's mother, his brother and by Mark Lawrence, president of Mark L. Enterprises, which seeks to encourage promising new talent, they almost reached the goal. Then the Philadelphia moneyman backed out. "He just couldn't come up with the cash," says Heller.

"What a shock!" recalls Frank Perry. "He gave us the news at lunch one day. I went home and told Eleanor, 'Well kid, we blew it!' "

Eleanor Perry, a slim, attractive woman of 46 who looks 35, remembers being pleased. "I thought, *Good, now we won't have to think about those awful rape and seduction scenes.*"

Again *David and Lisa* had foundered. But once again a rescuer appeared. A textile manufacturer, reached by Heller, kicked in $60,000 because, he said facetiously, "My wife read the script and loathed it. I'll back anything she hates." Then he added, "I'll give you $70,000 if you'll lose it all. I need a tax loss."

With this curiously obtained $60,000 in the till, the film's financial problems were eased. The Perrys turned their attention to casting. Keir Dullea, 25, won the part of teen-age David by sporting a close haircut and a prep-school-style raincoat when he came to see the couple. Hundreds of girls applied for the part of Lisa. "I thought if I had to see one more child with long black hair and sensitive eyes I would die," says Eleanor Perry. "They all wanted it so much."

But all the new faces did not obliterate one she had seen in *The New York Times*, a picture of 18-year-old Janet Margolin when she was appearing on Broadway in *Daughter of Silence*. Janet showed up for her interview clutching a Teddy bear, and the part was hers. This was to be Miss Margolin's first movie, Keir Dullea's second.

Neither drew fat salaries. Dullea was paid $500 per week, Janet Margolin $350. Howard Da Silva agreed to play an important role—the psychiatrist who works with both disturbed children—for a small paycheck plus a percentage of the profits. It was a gesture equivalent to signing a low-salary contract with the New York Mets in anticipation of a World Series bonus. Da Silva was anxious to return to movies, after 12 years on the blacklist for defiance of the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Mark Lawrence, 42, who eventually invested about $20,000 in the movie, wrote the music, his first film score. Cameraman Leonard Hirschfield, 34, had done commercials and television work, but had never shot a feature picture. Film editor Irving Oshman, another old hand at commercial films, had never worked on a feature.

But even though cast and crew were new to the feature-movie business, many had worked long years in commercial film-making and in television, where time and money are precious. This helped to keep shooting on schedule. Frank Perry's quick mastery of film technique also helped. The night before shooting started he might not have known how to start the camera but, as Paul Heller puts it, "within five days he was a tiger."

An unusual mood of solidarity seized the group. Perry calls it a "love company" and adds: "Everybody came to rushes every night, even though we projected them on two pieces of shelf paper tacked up in our room and no one could see very well. There was so much love in the company we were sure the picture would be a flop."

Howard Da Silva says this was one of the few examples of true ensemble feeling he has ever found in a movie or stage company. "There was a lovely lack of egos," comments Da Silva.

Heller and Perry worked out a five-week shooting schedule, the length of time they figured their money would last. "I had to cut scenes and shots I wanted," says Perry, "but we just didn't have the time." Two key scenes, involving 37 separate set-ups, were filmed in a single, 18-hour working day at the Philadelphia Museum of Art.

Romance began to fade

Shooting was completed on the nose at the end of the fifth week. Perry, Heller and film editor Oshman then disappeared into a tiny cutting room in New York to edit the picture. Four floors above them in the same building Mark Lawrence and arranger Norman Paris worked on the score. In these hot, sweaty rooms some of the romance of the "love company" began to fade. Perry and Heller scrapped with each other, and both lit into Oshman. Perry was filled with doubts. His wife recalls, "Frank would come home and tell me the picture was awful, just dreadful, and nothing could be done to save it. He would declare, 'I have no talent,' and then go to sleep. But I would be up all night, worrying—maybe he was right, maybe he really *didn't* have any talent."

Heller and Perry had long planned to enter *David and Lisa* in the Venice Film Festival. To impress American distributors, they knew they would need the attention their kind of movie could win only at Venice or Cannes. The day after editing was completed, the film was rushed by air to Venice, but it was lost for six days. It showed up too late to be considered for showing.

When he got this news Frank Perry hopped the first plane for Venice and spent five days pleading with Festival officials. "I played a great scene," he says, waving his arms and rolling his eyes. "I told them how hard we had worked, how I hadn't slept for five days, the whole bit." Finally the directors changed their minds, ostensibly because they had not realized that *David and Lisa* was eligible for entry in the New Director category, but possibly just to get Perry out of their hair.

Perry then learned that he had won his showing at the worst possible time, the morning after a big opening-night party, when almost everyone was sure to sleep late. "I could see it," Perry says. "This is what it had all been about—a whole year, with all that work and trouble, and now we would show our film to fifty people with hangovers."

By this time Eleanor Perry had joined her husband in Venice. The couple spent the early morning hours of the screening day scouring Venice. When they found somebody who could understand English—there had been no time to put French or Italian subtitles on *David and Lisa*—they packed him off to the theater. When the 11-o'clock showing time arrived they were astonished to find the theater filled, with some people standing. Apparently not all were cynical beach bums either, for they gave the picture a standing ovation.

Years of hope and frustration, of promises made and broken, were almost over. The press petitioned for another showing of *David and Lisa*, and four more followed. *Le Monde*, the influential Paris daily, praised the picture highly. A few days later it was awarded the Venice Festival's prize as best picture by a new director.

After winning more honors at the San Francisco Film Festival, *David and Lisa* opened in New York, where reviews for an offbeat film usually determine its national box-office potential. The Perrys worried. Frank worried because the picture was to open during the New York newspaper strike. Eleanor worried about Brendan Gill, movie critic of *The New Yorker*. His review would be particularly important because of the lack of newspapers, she reasoned, and she had heard that Gill "lived in Bronxville and had eleven children and hated everything." Both worries ended when Gill praised the picture and business was astonishingly good at New York's Plaza Theater from the start. The theater's manager now predicts a six-month New York run for *David and Lisa*. This gratifying success has been repeated thus far in the 20 other cities where the picture has played. In Los Angeles and San Francisco long lines of people have been standing in the winter rain to see the film.

Young people seem to be responsible for much of the picture's popularity. The Plaza box office has never handled so many one-dollar bills, a good indication that teen-agers are buying the tickets. Clearly, *David and Lisa* speaks to the young in terms they find appealing.

Sugarplums are falling into the laps of almost everyone associated with the film. Keir Dullea has a new seven-year contract with ambitious Seven Arts Productions, a contract he calls "an actor's dream." Janet Margolin has been signed to a long-term contract by producer-director George Stevens and is presently playing a role in the prestigious Mr. Stevens's *The Greatest Story Ever Told*. Howard Da Silva has received more movie and stage offers over the last two months than he has in the past dozen years. Cameraman Leonard Hirschfield is talking to top-ranking directors Sidney Lumet and Tony Richardson about possible jobs. Mark Lawrence and Norman Paris are doing two more movie scores. Producer Paul Heller finds he can talk to important people in show business who would not let him through the door a year ago. Investors soon will begin to get their money back and should realize a pleasantly large profit.

No more mad teen-agers

Eleanor Perry has written a play, to be performed at the Edinburgh Festival next summer. The Perrys are being deluged with scripts and story ideas. Says Frank, "We get stories about mad people, stories about teen-agers and especially stories about mad teen-agers, but we don't plan another film on that theme."

What they do plan is to continue to make good films on modest budgets, separately or as a team, but this time with Hollywood money. Both Eleanor and Frank Perry are well aware that other talents have faded under Hollywood's bright sun, but they hope to prove the exceptions.

Howard Da Silva, for one, thinks they will beat the system. "As a guy who has been hot forty-two times and cold forty-three times in his career, I know what the pressures can be in Hollywood," he says, "but I think Eleanor and Frank will be all right. They have the needs of artists. They are not 'thingists'—they don't want Cadillacs or swimming pools. They want to tell meaningful stories in a simple manner, and I think they will succeed."

In fact, the only man with problems is the textile manufacturer who backed the picture in hopes of a tax loss. Instead, he will get back two or three dollars for every one invested. As one member of the cast said, "Those troubles we should all have."

And the last time anybody heard from the man who withdrew his money from the picture, he was planning to produce a picture about the exploits of a dozen Amazons. He was said to be encountering casting problems. THE END

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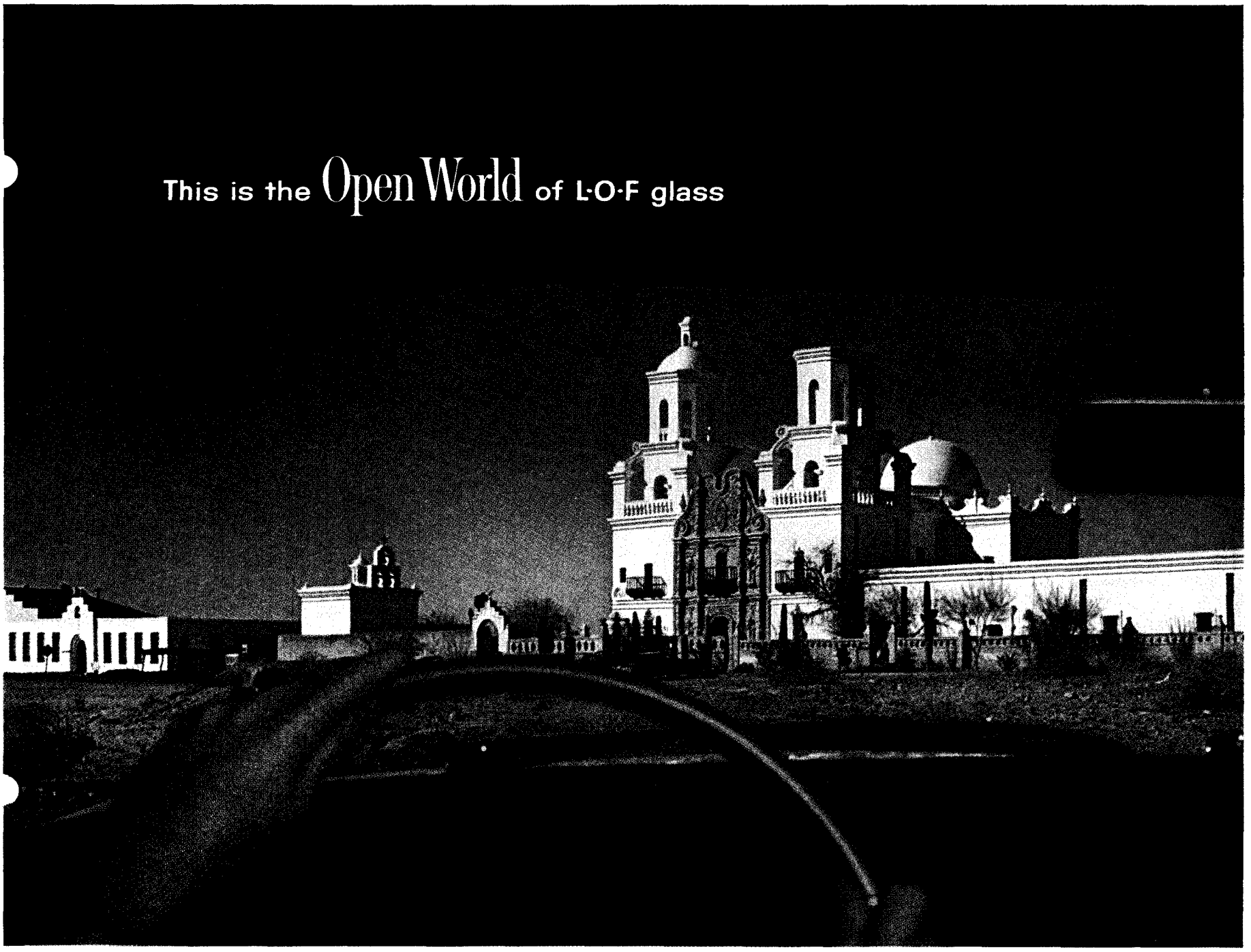

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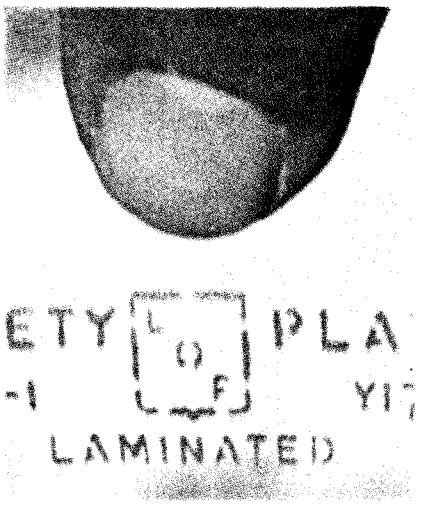

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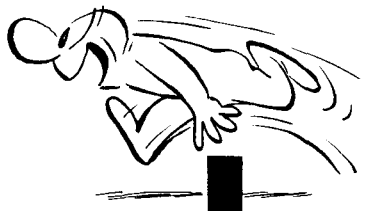
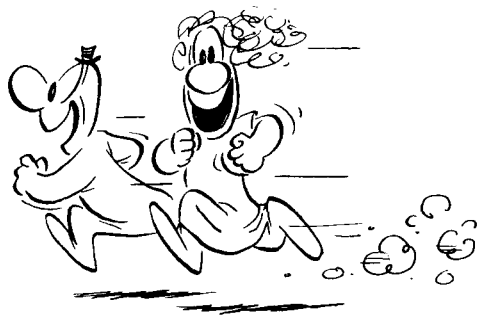
post scripts





"Big deal today—I understand the emperor is going to throw out the first Christian."

"Of course you can marry my daughter. Who's this calling?"

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He's such a bloodshot private eye that if I could contrive it, I
  Would give the killer every aid effective
And pardon all his villainy if, busy at his killin', he
  Would polish off that verminous detective!

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"Separate checks, please."

"This guy's a real nut on photography."

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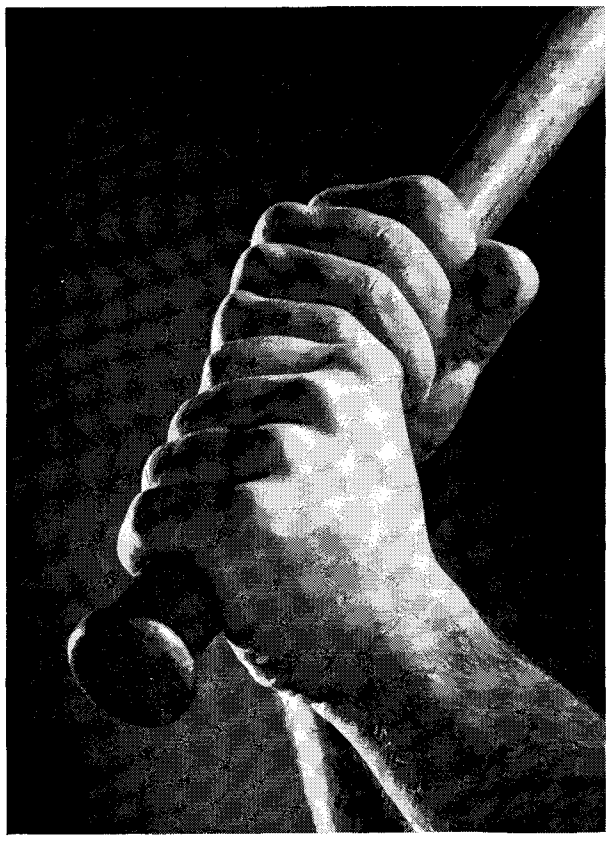

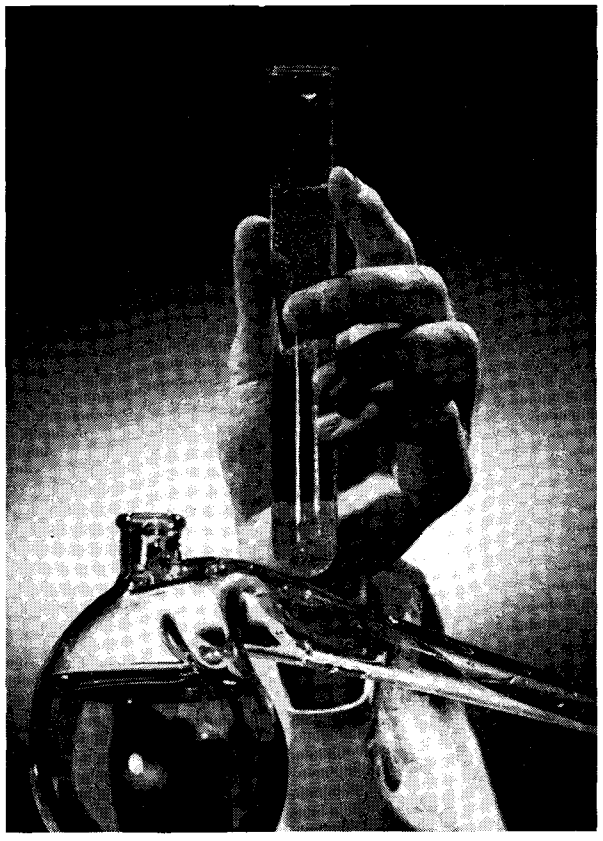

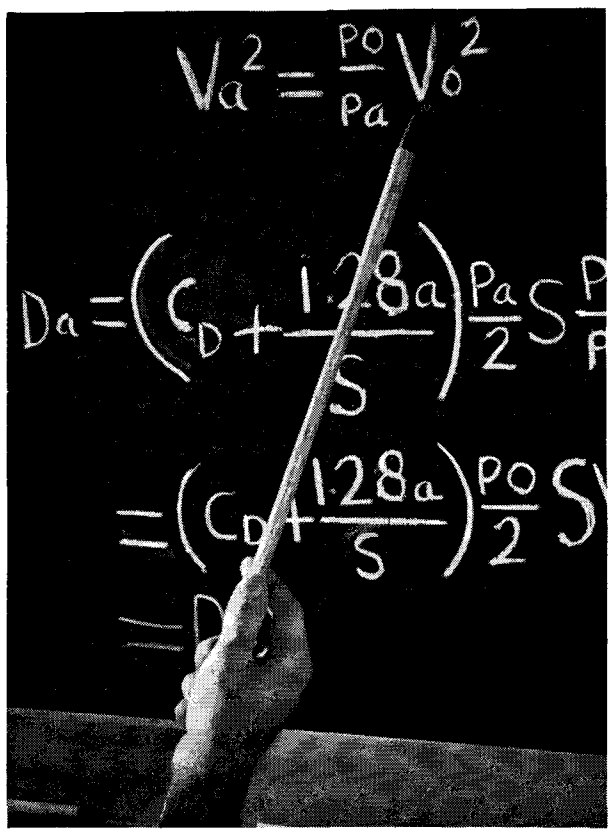

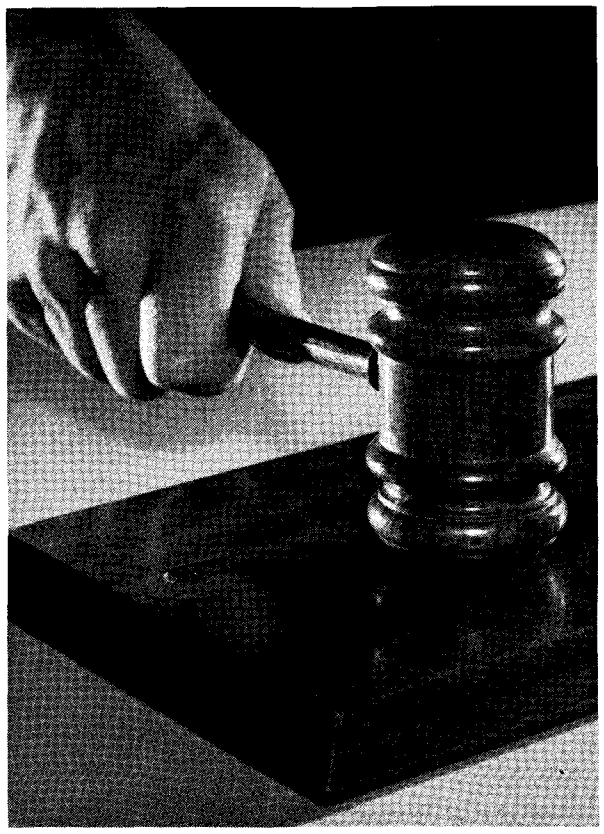

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One way to tell them is by the recognition others in their field accord them. This is true in life insurance as it is in chemistry or baseball or law.

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The secret life of WALTER (Mitty) CRONKITE

by Lewis H. Lapham

Ignoring a litter of wire-service copy on his desk, Cronkite takes a breather in CBS office.

Walter Cronkite is the toughest Monopoly player on New York's East 84th Street. His children, to their loss and sorrow, know him for a relentless adversary who rolls the dice with grim determination and frowns upon any interruption of the game. Their father plays to win.

His easy manner, long familiar to television audiences, is deceptive. The imperturbable calm conceals a fiercely competitive temperament which has helped make him the preeminent news correspondent for CBS television and one of the half-dozen most celebrated journalists in the country.

He is a stubborn but humorous man, far less solemn than his patient and drooping face would appear to suggest. He has been called "the epitome of the average guy," and CBS is pleased to nourish this illusion. If he is asked for comment, Cronkite, the only son of a prosperous dentist in St. Joseph, Missouri, will try to pass himself off as "just a guy who likes a breaking news story . . . not a personality." He pretends to feel slightly embarrassed among the numerous glossy devices of television broadcasting.

And yet, according to his wife Betsy, he is also a ham actor who "plays his best game of tennis when everybody is watching from the veranda." He possesses as sure an instinct for theatrical effects as any producer in the business. His sense of timing and his gift for the impromptu remark on camera would do credit to a vaudeville comedian.

Over the past 20 years, as a correspondent for the United Press and for CBS, the 46-year-old Cronkite has been present at innumerable historic events. In one recent year, in the line of duty, he traveled 300,000 miles by plane, auto, submarine and even dogsled. He has landed with invading troops on hostile beaches, conversed with queens and dictators, lived under the polar ice for a week, seen governments fall and atomic bombs exploded.

Even so, Betsy, married to Cronkite for 22 years, can speak of him affectionately as "a Walter Mitty"—a husband given to daydreams; a man bitterly disappointed if he receives anything practical for Christmas. He sometimes imagines himself running away to join a circus, or owning a small-town newspaper and writing editorials about the local water supply, or circumnavigating the globe in a four-masted schooner. He recently bought a 22-foot sloop, which he sails on Long Island Sound. Although he has not yet mustered the nerve to ask them, he would prefer his two daughters to address him as "Commodore."

Cronkite is renowned among journalists for his prodigious if sometimes erratic, memory. He can recall offhand, for instance, what happened at Smyrna in 1922 (the city was nearly destroyed by fire). Yet he seldom can remember people's names. Once he talked at fond length to an interviewer about his newborn daughter, "Judy." His daughter's name is Nancy. Judy was the name of the family cocker spaniel.

It is a wonder, say some observers, that Cronkite can maneuver through his own day in New York, much less explain convincingly to about six million TV viewers each weekday what has happened elsewhere in the world.

That day usually begins with a glass of cold milk and some toast. (He rarely drinks coffee, even during the election nights when he may remain in front of a camera for 14 hours.) His wife, a blond and vivacious woman who used to advise the lovelorn in a newspaper column, *Ask Hope Hudson*, carries the skimpy breakfast to his room on the third floor of their New York brownstone. Cronkite, however, refuses to take it in bed, a practice no doubt offensive to his Midwestern conscience. He drinks and eats while getting dressed.

His departure from home in the morning is an event of considerable dramatic interest to his younger daughter, Kathy. Cronkite is forgetful and frequently returns as many as four times to retrieve his hat or his watch or his briefcase. Kathy, 12, once wrote a play about him for her class at school. The entire action of the play consisted of a man going in and out of a house.

Sometimes Cronkite drives to his office in his Austin Healey. He bought the car on a sudden impulse in 1955 when, having just received an unexpected check, he marched into a lot and demanded of the surprised dealer: "What have you got for $1,685.90?" He has since become such an enthusiast that his wife now calls him "Fangio," an allusion to Juan Fangio, the former race-car driving champion.

He frequently takes part in road rallies in Westchester County and could have been killed in 1961 when the Triumph TR-3 he was driving in an international rally skidded off a road in the Great Smoky Mountains of Tennessee. The car pitched over an embankment and fell end over end into a lake 100 feet below. Cronkite emerged wet but unhurt. Ordinarily, however, he never exceeds the speed limit, believing that all truly good drivers are bound by a kind of noblesse oblige to uphold the rules of the road.

The bookshelves in his library are littered with sports-car models, which he sometimes runs around the floor on an electric track. He is also fond of electric trains and of all board games, most of which he now plays with his five-year-old

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Master Monopoly player Walter Cronkite, flanked by daughter, Nancy, 14, and son, Chip, 5, ponders next move.

Cronkite's opinion:

son, "Chip," who is not as wary as his older sisters of his father's killer instinct during games.

Cronkite arrives at his office every morning, at about 10 A.M., in a state of subdued anxiety, worrying that something important might have happened somewhere during his brief absence. He immediately begins to read the news bulletins clattering out of the Teletype machine that he had installed at the door to his office.

Stooping awkwardly over this machine one recent morning, Cronkite complained that he had a stiffness in his knees. He had attempted the night before to dance the limbo.

"I'm a real nut," he muttered. "I'll try anything once." This enthusiasm is characteristic of his approach to the news. He was known for his courage as a correspondent in World War II, as a man always ready to take a chance. He went on eight bombing missions over Germany, crash-landed in a glider at the Battle of the Bulge, and accompanied the first allied troops into North Africa.

"I was very brave," he says, "only because I did everything once, before I knew how hard it really was."

The narrow cubicle that serves Cronkite as an office, on the 29th floor of the Graybar Building in midtown Manhattan, affords a fine view of the United Nations buildings and the East River beyond. On his desk, together with an almanac, a dictionary, an atlas and a volume giving the correct pronunciation of words and names in foreign languages, is a list of cities in the eastern United States to which he can make a round trip within a single day. If the occasion warrants his presence—a mine disaster in Pennsylvania, for example, or a shipwreck off Boston—he will go himself. Since his assignment last spring to the CBS evening news show, however, Cronkite has had less opportunity to travel.

"I hate like hell to miss the big stories," he said, puffing on a corncob pipe. "When I was a kid reporter in Houston, Texas, I used to think life just wasn't worth living if I couldn't be in on the action."

He is nevertheless determined to make his show as estimable as possible, even though he is conscious of the weaknesses inherent in TV news.

"It can't be anything but a front-page service," he said, looking out the window. "There just isn't time enough to give more than a few headlines and then hope that people will read the next morning's paper. Compared to a newspaper the fifteen-minute broadcast, mine or anybody else's, is a paltry sideshow."

He proposed the hypothetical example of two men locked inside windowless rooms for a year, one receiving a newspaper every day and the other a daily television broadcast.

"At the end of that time," Cronkite remarked, "the guy who had been watching television would come out with a damn strange idea of what had happened in the world."

Although willing to speak frankly about the limitations of his own profession, Cronkite is reluctant to express adverse opinions about men in public office. He is a friendly and gregarious man—his wife calls him "a thwarted cruise director"—and his idea of a good time is to go someplace where he can meet 100 people he has never met before. (He has attended several policemen's balls for that reason.)

Asked to comment on the famous men he had encountered, Cronkite prefaced his remarks with the following apologies: "I don't want anybody to get mad at me. Of all the leading politicians I've ever met, there were very few I didn't like. I don't think that anyone can get to the top and be a twenty-four-carat phony, even in a Communist society."

His observations on President Kennedy reflected his characteristic caution. He said, "The great responsibility Kennedy feels because of his instincts and educational background is constantly endangered by a very strong temper. . . . One must be on guard against unintentionally offending him and bringing down an irrevocable wrath."

Of Khrushchev, Cronkite said, "He never failed to surprise me by being likable. Nothing he does or stands for prepared me for his joviality and seeming democracy."

Critics say he is dull

Cronkite's detractors usually criticize him for this unwillingness to advance an outspoken opinion. They complain that he is too polite, too bland, too dull. He considers the criticism unreasonable.

"Probably if I made a few more acerbic remarks, I might win a few more viewers," he concedes, "but I don't feel like being funny with the news; I don't think that's my place."

He does not seem in the least bland to the people who work with him. He is meticulous in his attention to minor details, is short-tempered and will speak harshly to bunglers. CBS correspondent Harry Reasoner describes Cronkite as "a rough guy . . . intolerant of any incompetence." Faith Adams, the secretary who brings in Cronkite's lunch of cottage cheese, pineapple and rye toast at one P.M. everyday, addresses him as "chief" and thinks of him as being "sort of an easygoing dictator."

A former reporter for the United Press, Cronkite first acquired his reputation at the political conventions in 1952. His sober reporting from the stockyards in Chicago came as a revelation to audiences accustomed to thinking of television primarily as a medium of entertainment. By 1960, however, NBC, leaning heavily on the crowd-pleasing Huntley-Brinkley team, obviously outclassed CBS in its coverage of the presidential election. Cronkite, serving as CBS-TV's anchor man, was expected to go the way of all eclipsed broadcasters.

He proved an exception to the rule. And with his performance at Cape Canaveral during the orbital flight of John Glenn, he not only reestablished himself at CBS but also shucked off the pompousness that had nettled his critics. Cronkite prepared for the event with characteristic diligence: He insisted on experiencing weightlessness, talked to everybody at the Cape, assembled voluminous notes on all phases of the flight and visited every tracking station between Florida and Ascension Island.

As the rocket at last lifted slowly off the ground, Cronkite whispered, "Come on, baby; come on, baby." Which, of course was exactly the prayer on everybody else's lips in the country at that moment. Alistair Cooke of the Manchester *Guardian* summarized the consensus of critical opinion: "Mr. Cronkite made engrossing sense of the miracle otherwise beyond the comprehension of the hundred million Americans who were watching." Cronkite's fan mail suddenly increased to 600 letters a week. Mrs. Glenn, the astronaut's mother, said she particularly wanted to meet Mr. Cronkite.

Like Zsa Zsa Gabor or Lassie, Cronkite is "a celebrity." His arrival in a small town often commands front-page space in the local papers. Small boys tend to mistake him for the Vice President of the United States or the Secretary of State. His secretary, Miss Adams, an attractive brunette from Coral Gables, Florida, answers most of the letters from women proposing marriage or promoters wanting Cronkite to cut ribbons at supermarket openings. He refuses both kinds of offers.

Although strangers passing Cronkite on the street often nod to him, occasionally they will misplace the face. Cronkite was sitting in a stalled taxicab one day, when two young boys came over and peered in at him. "Hey," said the first, "it's Ron Cochran" (a news broadcaster on ABC). The second boy stared long and carefully at Cronkite. "No it ain't," he said, "that's just a guy who looks like Ron Cochran."

His name, face and prestige, however, are fully appreciated by those people

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"I don't think that anyone can get to the top and be a 24-carat phony."

from whom Cronkite gathers his information. He makes his own telephone calls to politicians and government officials. In order to compensate for the recognized limitations of the evening news show, Cronkite has assumed the title and prerogatives of a "managing editor." He may assign various CBS correspondents to pursue specific angles on a given story.

At approximately 4:30 P.M., unless he is out of town or filming a sequence for *The Twentieth Century*, a weekly CBS documentary for which he is the narrator, Cronkite confers with Don Hewitt, the producer of the evening news. The show is seen in 75 cities at 6:45 (EST), and at 7:15 (EST) in 75 cities via a taped version. Hewitt is an aggressive and nervous man who chews cigars and calls other people "pal." He has short, dark hair, a round face, and the instincts of a professional gambler. Cronkite, by comparison, seems slow and shambling.

Cronkite usually writes as much of his own script as he can, hoping it somehow justifies his salary of $150,000 a year, which he considers "ridiculously high" for any journalist.

"I got paid $77.50 a week for doing more or less the same kind of work for the United Press in London during the war," he points out.

About 6:15 P.M., Cronkite shaves with an electric razor in front of a small round mirror on his desk, reading aloud the completed script for that evening's show and timing it with a stopwatch. His usual attire is a dark suit, a blue shirt, heavy gold cuff links and a conservative tie. His right hand sports an onyx ring his parents gave him upon his graduation from high school in Houston.

He leaves for the studio by 6:30 P.M., accompanied by Hewitt and two assistants. Talking of news developments—Cuba, Washington or whatever—they descend in an express elevator to the lobby of the Graybar Building and then proceed into Grand Central Station. Cronkite, who confesses to feeling like "a high-paid comic" in the midst of this entourage, walks with his head thrust well forward, placidly smoking his pipe. His script is folded carelessly into his coat pocket. The hurrying commuters fail to notice him.

Turning under a Grand Central arch marked TRACK 23-OFFICES, he arrives at a freight elevator and is there confronted with an obstacle of the kind that all reporters must learn to accept. The elevator is operated by an otherwise anonymous gentleman who is known simply as "the nasty guy." He delights in delaying people like Cronkite whom he knows to be in a hurry.

While Hewitt bangs at the elevator door, Cronkite scribbles corrections in the margin of his script, holding the sheaf of yellow papers against the wall. He remains unperturbed. At 6:40 P.M., having gained the third floor of the terminal office building, he pauses at a rusty washbasin near the end of a long corridor. He combs his hair before the cracked mirror and adjusts his tie.

Inside CBS Studio 42 he settles himself at the desk on the newsroom set and submits, resignedly, to the attentions of a man who powders his nose and applies makeup to his face and neck. Hewitt meanwhile establishes himself in the adjoining control room where, surrounded by lights, switches and special effects, he at once begins yelling at the eight technicians present.

The uproar in the control room is reaching its height, when Cronkite suddenly appears on four monitoring screens, calmly bidding his audience the standard, "Good evening from CBS news headquarters in New York." He thereafter recites the chronicle of the day's disasters, revolutions and political crises.

One night after a recent telecast Cronkite walked toward the exit doors of the studio. He planned to dine (at dinner, Cronkite will wolf down almost anything that passes for food) that night with his wife at a midtown restaurant that caters to show business personalities. "All my life I've lucked out," he noted. "I can't think of anything more fun or more worthwhile than being a reporter."

Was there anything he hadn't done that he still would like to do?

"I'd like to see Hong Kong, Oslo and Addis Ababa," he answered. "For some damn reason I've never managed to get to those cities."

But just then, as the elevator descended, another idea captured Cronkite, and he smiled wistfully, as Walter Mitty is said to have smiled. "Or maybe, it might be possible, you know, to go to the moon.... Can you imagine how great it would be to say to an audience, 'Good evening, ladies and gentlemen, this is Walter Cronkite, reporting for CBS direct from the surface of the moon'?" THE END

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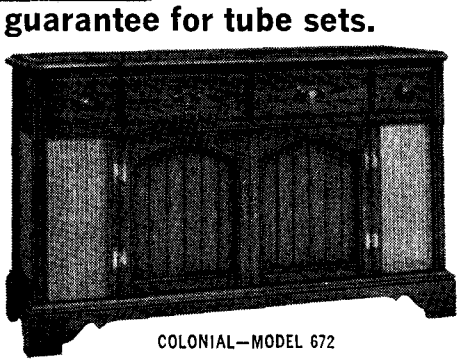

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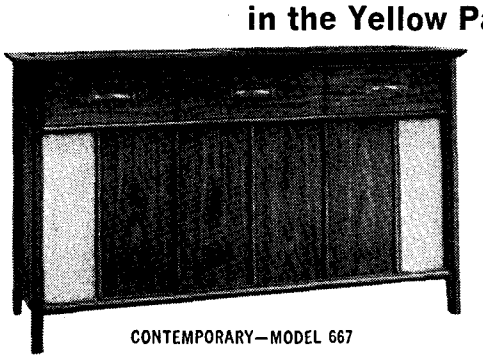

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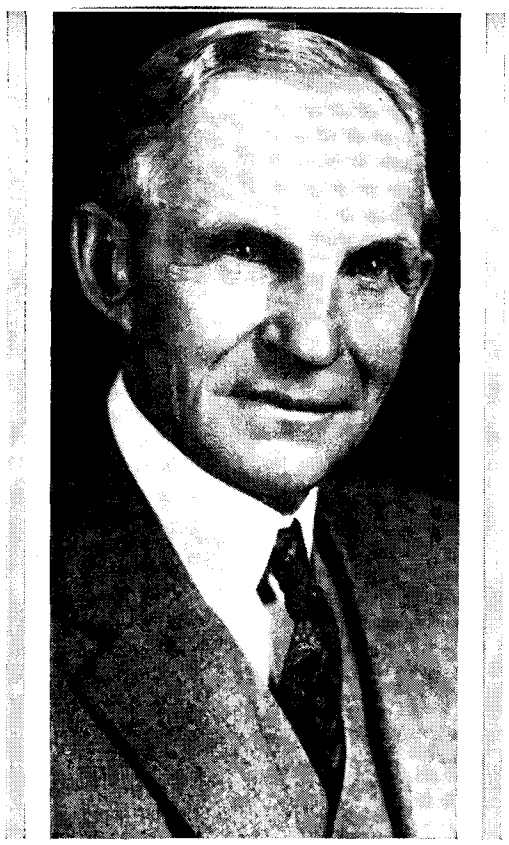

Henry Ford built the fortune.

MR. FORD'S BUSY BILLIONS

Often attacked by critics of their tax privileges, foundations are helping to change society and our lives.

By BEN HIBBS

The men who give Ford money away: (from left) J. M. Nicely, vice president, treasurer; William McPeak, vice president, director of policy and planning; Henry Heald, foundation president; and J. M. McDaniel, secretary.

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Thousands of institutions in America enjoy an unusual privilege: They pay no taxes, even though their incomes may run well into the millions of dollars annually. They are the nation's tax-exempt foundations, and under the circumstances it is not surprising that they have frequently come under attack by a variety of critics and under close scrutiny by Congress.

In the past, most of the foundations have emerged from these attacks smelling sweet enough to satisfy their inquisitors. Now once again, however, they are the target of congressional investigation, and this time they are up against a formidable adversary, Wright Patman, veteran congressman from Texas.

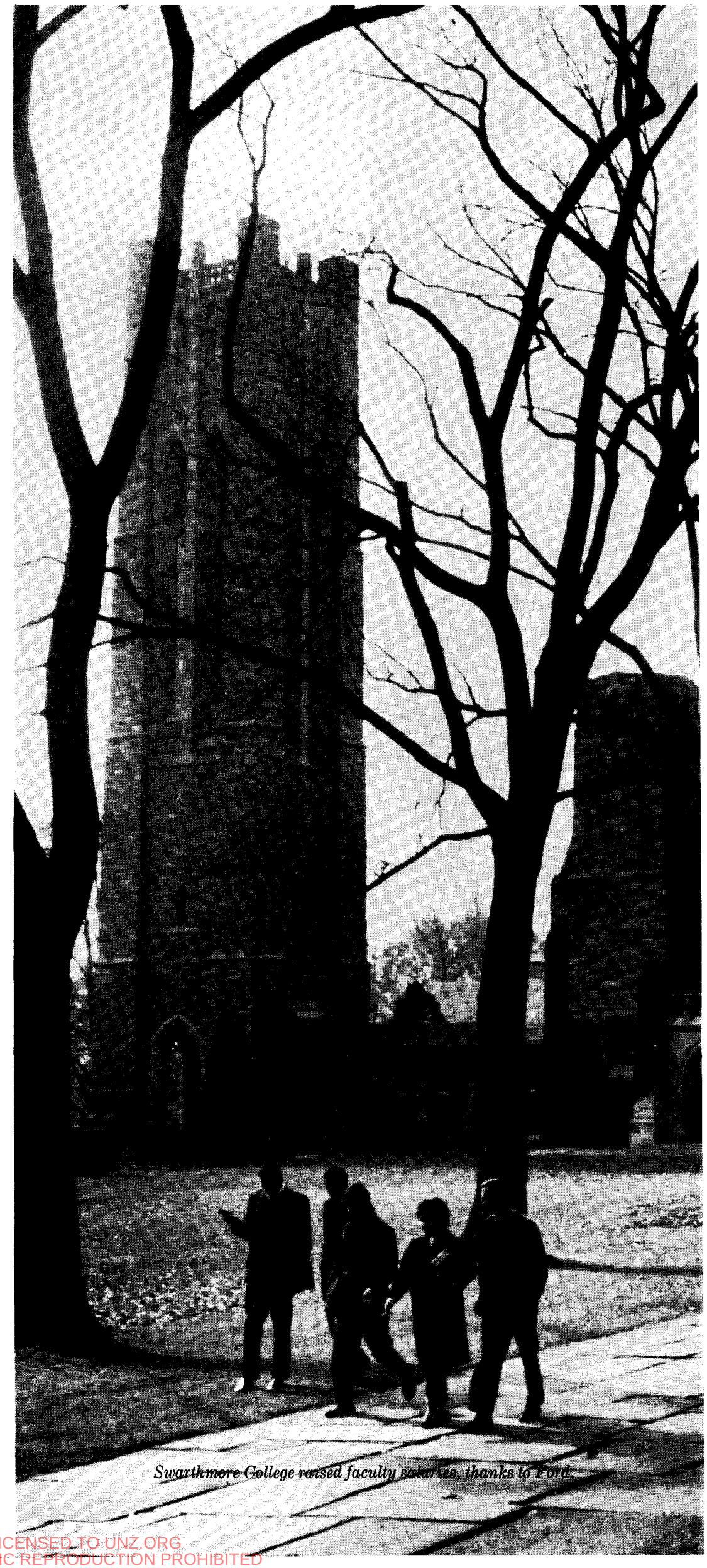
Patman, who heads the House Small Business Committee, has had a staff of researchers digging into the affairs of the foundations for months. Last July he launched his attack from the floor of the House, and in January he issued an interim report, 135 pages long, specifying the sorts of skulduggery he had discerned.

Big business and wealthy persons, he said, often established foundations primarily as a cover to escape taxes, not from motives of sweet charity. Some foundations exerted powerful influence over the business firms which had given them birth. Others were competing unfairly with small business by investing their tax-exempt funds in a variety of commercial ventures.

Many foundations, the congressman said, were skirting the law, some actually violating it flagrantly. And even if none of these abuses existed, Patman insisted, foundations as a whole still represented a dangerous concentration of economic power. Through their huge investments they had become a potent influence in the financial marketplace, not always for good. He strongly implied that the tax-exempt privilege was in itself a sinful invention which penalizes all the taxpayers.

Patman obviously has done his homework with great diligence, and he seems able to document many of his charges with clear-cut examples. Yet almost nothing in the Patman investigation thus far has given Congress and the public any glimpse of the powerful and usually constructive role which the foundations—particularly the large ones such as Ford, Rockefeller, Carnegie, Kellogg, and Sloan—have come to play in our society. When questioned from the floor of the House about this other side of the coin, Congressman Patman replied that his purpose was to investigate the finances of the foundations—their assets, investments and income—and not their philanthropies. Yet it is impossible to bring the foundations into focus without taking note of the profound way in which they are reaching into the lives of nearly all of us.

Never before in the history of this country have so many large blocks of private capital been set aside for human welfare. There are today in America about 15,000 tax-exempt institutions which qualify as foundations. Many are small and relatively local in scope—often devoted to a single project dear to the heart of the founder. Others are huge and incredibly diverse in their activities. The Ford Foundation, which is by far the largest, listed its net assets at about $2.3 billion as of September 30. During the past fiscal year it made grants of more than $200 million. Its benefactions, which have now reached a total of approximately $1.8 billion, have gone to 4,950 institutions in all fifty states and sixty-seven foreign countries. Ninety percent of this money has been handed out in the United States.



Swarthmore College raised faculty salaries, thanks to Ford.

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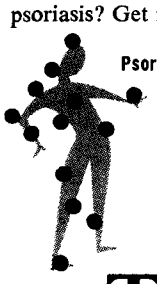

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(4) elbows (10) knees
(5) arms (11) thighs
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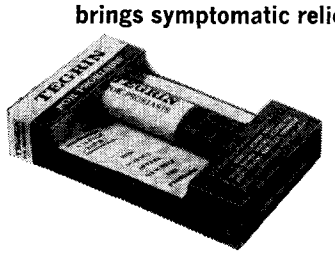

Most foundation projects bring acclaim, but abuse

MR. FORD'S BILLIONS

Figures compiled by the Foundation Library Center in New York indicate that the foundations now have total assets of about $13 billion and their grants currently add up to approximately $700 million annually. Much of this is used as seed money—to initiate or back innovations and experiments, to demonstrate, to lead the way.

Fear has been expressed by thoughtful people that the power of foundation money—reposing, as it does, largely in a small group of professional philanthropists—could run amok someday and damage our institutions and our way of life. And occasionally large groups of citizens have been outraged by certain foundation activities in such areas as civil rights, race relations and far-out experiments in education.

In view of the power they unquestionably exert and the controversies they sometimes provoke, it seems reasonable to ask just what the big foundations are up to. What, for instance, does the Ford Foundation do with all that money?

Why teachers give up

The answer, of course, is: many things. To see one specific example from the beneficiary's viewpoint, consider the case of Swarthmore College, a coeducational institution of distinguished academic standards located on the outskirts of Philadelphia. Its student body numbers about 950, its faculty about 120.

When Courtney Smith, then 36 years old, became president of Swarthmore in 1953, one of his early decisions was that faculty salaries must be raised. He was still grappling with this thorny problem in 1955 when the Ford Foundation electrified the academic world by announcing that it had just appropriated $260 million to help raise the salaries of teachers in all the 630 private, regionally accredited, four-year colleges and universities in this country. It was and remains the largest single giveaway program in the history of American philanthropy.

Ford, which over the years has leaned toward the educational field in its benefactions, had been studying the disgracefully low estate of college-faculty salaries. It found that in 1955 the median annual salary of full professors was $7,100—as contrasted, for example, with the median earnings of $15,000 for doctors. The median for all faculty grades was $5,200.

In effect college teachers were subsidizing the education of other people's children. As a result many faculty members, particularly the younger ones, were giving up the unfair financial struggle and turning to other occupations. Many others on the threshold of their careers, who yearned to teach, took a long look and fled in other directions.

Even with its massive resources, Ford could not hand out enough money to correct these inequities. But foundation officials thought they might be able to ignite a brush fire—or, hopefully, 630 brush fires—that would grow into a solid blaze of accomplishment across the country. This is the way the foundation works. "We like to start things," Henry T. Heald, president, said to me. "Then if the idea is valid other people take over where we leave off."

Most of the money granted in the faculty-wage program was given with the stipulation that it should be invested in endowment funds for at least 10 years and the income used exclusively for salaries. Swarthmore College got $908,000. This in itself did not solve Courtney Smith's problem. Put out at a safe 4 percent interest it would yield $36,320 and permit an average pay hike of about $300. But the Ford money did serve as a potent shot in the arm.

Through alumni fund drives, Swarthmore had been raising about $100,000 annually. Now, inspired by the Ford grant, the alumni board decided to double this amount and earmark the second $100,000 for salaries. Within three years the new goal had been reached, and the contributions have continued at or above that level ever since. President Smith now had almost four times as much new spending money as was produced by the Ford grant alone and was able to give his teachers substantial increases. Swarthmore salaries had long been far above the general academic average. Today they are in the top-10-percent bracket, enabling the college to compete with the Ivy League schools for teaching talent.

This experience was repeated, in varying degrees and in many ways, in hundreds of colleges throughout the country. Perhaps the greatest good, however, came from the enormous publicity given the huge Ford grant. The announcement, together with statistics on salaries, hit the front pages; radio and television joined the chorus; editorial writers wrote about the financially neglected profession of teaching. Attention was focused, and the public conscience was aroused.

Today faculty wages are still far too low in comparison with earnings in other learned professions, but progress has been made. The median for all ranks has risen from $5,200 in 1955 to $7,486, and faculty people, generally speaking, are less hopeless about the future than they were 10 years ago. Although the foundation itself is careful not to claim too much credit, many college officials will tell you that the massive Ford grant of the middle 1950's had quite a lot to do with this salutary change of climate. As foundation officials had hoped, their salary program did ignite a lot of brush fires.

With that triumph under its belt, Ford embarked in 1960 on another massive college project that in total grants may eventually surpass the $260 million salary program. The man handling this new project is James W. Armsey, director of the foundation's Special Program in Education. Armsey, 45, had had a distinguished career in education administration before he joined the foundation staff in 1956.

"The administrators of even the best colleges and universities," Armsey said to me, "are so bedeviled by money problems that they are hard put to find time to run their schools. We are trying over a period of years to give some of them a lift."

As of last autumn the foundation had announced at yearly intervals three packages of grants in this new college-development program. They totalled $114.7 million and went to 35 private universities and colleges. The Ford funds, which this time must be matched by $277 million raised by the recipients, are more or less unrestricted—that is, they may be spent for a wide range of physical and academic projects. However, each institution being considered was required to submit a detailed analysis of itself, its needs and its plan of expenditures.

Swarthmore College again received a grant, $2 million this time, to be matched on a three-to-one basis. "But," said Joseph B. Shane, vice president of the college, "even if Swarthmore had been turned down in the end, the study which we put together for Ford was a highly worthwhile project in itself. It was a revealing exercise in self-examination."

In the academic world these days a pious old saying is being twisted around a bit, with no sacrilegious intent, to read, "Ford helps those who help themselves." College presidents in faraway states, it is said, have been known to face reverent towards the foundation offices in New York City and repeat these words as a hopeful incantation.

They care about the job

The Ford Foundation occupies nine floors of a blocky office building at 477 Madison Avenue. The permanent professional staff numbers about 100, but you will rarely find more than two thirds of these men and women at their desks on a given day. The others will be out in the field, investigating, assessing, administering. Talks with many members of the staff showed they are for the most part mature but relatively young men who discuss their many projects eloquently and with fervor. Many come from the educational field, but there are also lawyers, journalists, former Government executives, men from the business and financial world—and one ex-labor-union official. They obviously have one thing in common: high enthusiasm for their jobs. Despite the hard work and the occasional headache when a program flops, it seems to be fun to give away the late Mr. Ford's millions for mankind.

Started in 1936, the Ford Foundation remained a relatively small family trust, devoted chiefly to local charities in Michigan, until the late 1940's. Then under the wills of the elder Henry Ford and his son Edsel it received some 9 percent of the stock of the Ford Motor Company. Unquestionably one of the motives behind these huge bequests was the determination of the Ford family to prevent the company from falling into the hands of outsiders through confiscatory inheritance taxes. But the wills specified that the vast sums were to be used for the

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ɔame with the Fund for the Republic.

purpose of "advancing human welfare."

The enlarged foundation opened for business in the autumn of 1950 with assets of close to a half billion dollars. In the intervening years it has sold about two fifths of its Ford stock and diversified into a wide variety of other securities. Its worth has multiplied fivefold in 12 years through the increase in value of Ford stock and the growth of other investments. About two thirds of its capital remains in nonvoting Ford stock. Ford stock sold to the public is converted at the time of sale into voting stock. Thus the foundation cannot have control over the company.

It is equally true that the Ford Motor Company does not run the foundation. The fund is administered by a board of 15 distinguished trustees headed by John J. McCloy, the financier, who also has served in several important governmental posts. All policy matters and all appropriations must be approved by the board. Edsel Ford's sons, Henry II, who is now chairman of the board of the Ford Motor Company, and Benson, vice president of the company, are foundation trustees. So is Donald K. David, a Ford Company director. These three men are the only link with the company.

Foundation President Henry Heald, , is a tall, handsome man of scholarly attainments and forthright manner. After a long career in engineering and education he became chancellor of New York University in 1952 and moved to the presidency of the foundation in 1956. He likes to speak of the foundation as a "wholesaler" of philanthropy—meaning that it usually makes its grants to sound institutions which have the know-how in their own fields to parcel out the money effectively. Thus some of its institutional grants filter down, as scholarships and fellowships, to hundreds of persons. Doctor Heald also emphasizes the experimental nature of many of the foundation's projects.

"When we see a good new idea in education or some other field," he said, "we often put our money behind it and give it a chance to prove or disprove itself. If it is indeed good it may well become an effective demonstration whose effects will spread and grow. If it fails—as happens now and then—well, we've simply lost a bit of money. Because we are a private philanthropy we are not frightened by occasional defeat. And again because we are private and are not bound by civil-service pay scales, as Government agencies are, we can get highly competent people to block out and administer our programs."

Occasionally the foundation creates a brand-new agency to carry out some pro- ram. One of these, the Fund for the Republic, turned out to be a hot potato. It was one case in which a foundation managed to enrage a considerable segment of the American public.

The purpose of the fund, which opened its doors in 1953 with a $15 million grant, was to do battle for our "constitutional liberties." Clifford P. Case, now a U.S. senator from New Jersey, was its first president, but was succeeded in 1954 by Robert M. Hutchins, who had been associate director of the foundation itself. Hutchins, a voluble liberal, waded into the civil-rights fray with such vigor that for a time he and the fund were in the headlines almost constantly. It was the McCarthy era, and targets for Hutchins were not lacking.

Hutchins, however, made so much noise that many people got the idea that the fund *was* the Ford Foundation, or at least its major project. In this case, the tail was wagging the dog. And the sharp criticisms which Hutchins's tactics provoked inevitably bounced back to the foundation itself.

Today foundation officials speak of the fund with marked reticence. "It did some good," they say, "but ——" No further grants were ever made, and officials point out, a bit defensively, that there was never any expressed intent to give the fund any more money. It was, they imply, a one-shot experiment.

A disowned subsidiary

The Fund for the Republic still operates, rather quietly, in Santa Barbara, California, and Hutchins still heads it. Its chief function now seems to be to make studies and publish reports on social and governmental problems. No longer connected with the foundation in any way, it is reported hard up for spending money. Hutchins, always a phrasemaker, sometimes refers sadly to his enterprise as a "wholly disowned subsidiary."

Another special agency, which by any yardstick has been a whopping success, is the Fund for the Advancement of Education, which the foundation created in 1951 and has continued to support all-out. Housed in the same offices as the foundation itself, it is charged with initiating and carrying out scores of experimental programs to improve our schools all the way from kindergarten through college. It is headed by Clarence H. Faust, president, and Alvin C. Eurich, vice president—a couple of ex-educators who possess tough enough hides to push ahead on their projects despite occasional bombardments of brickbats from members of their former profession.

This is the arm of the foundation which is backing much revolutionary experimentation in public-school education. Many of its projects have already proved their worth. Others, still in the demonstration stage, are eyed with doubt by some educators and by those parents who want only hard-core, old-fashioned schooling for their children—with no fancy new ideas, please. Thus the foundation has become a big hunk of yeast in the general ferment which seethes through the whole educational field.

From its earliest beginnings, Ford's education fund has put massive infusions of money and work into the growing battle to train teachers more effectively. For one thing, it has insisted that teachers should be given more liberal-arts education and fewer courses in the teaching

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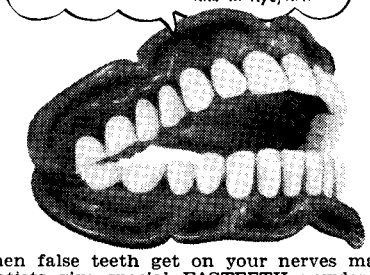

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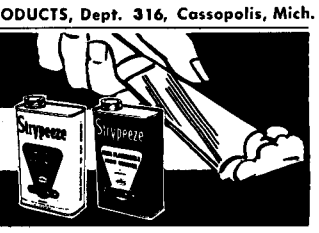

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Ford risks controversy by backing new research in birth control.

MR. FORD'S BILLIONS

techniques. The fund's conviction is that there are teachers whose own education, to put the matter charitably, has been superficial.

As a part of this campaign, Ford has given heavy backing to internships for teachers—an idea borrowed from the medical schools. A liberal-arts A.B., for example, may do graduate work for an M.A. in pedagogy and within the same school year get paid part-time wages by a local school board for intern teaching under the eyes of experienced teachers. This system is now widely employed in school systems located near universities. Public-school administrators generally proclaim it a huge success.

Ford also backed television as a teaching tool when TV was still new enough to be controversial. And it was largely Ford money which in 1961 got that "flying-antenna" airplane off the ground in Indiana—the plane that broadcasts lessons, recorded by experts, to classes in hundreds of public schools in a six-state area. This experiment, incorporated as the Midwest Program in Airborne Television, is so successful that the corporation hopes eventually to become largely self-supporting through fees paid by the schools. That's the way Ford likes to have its experimental programs work out: Point the way with money and counsel, and then, after the idea catches hold, move on to something else.

Another innovation massively supported by Ford is team teaching—a system whereby several teachers of the same grade work in groups, cooperatively, shifting classroom work from one to another. In English, for example, one may be a whiz at teaching grammar while another's specialty is poetry. At intervals the large classes are broken into smaller groups for discussions. The plan is being adopted more widely every year.

Still newer, more complicated and more controversial is the plan called continuous learning—a system under which each pupil progresses at his own speed in each subject without being promoted specifically from grade to grade. It is close to special tutoring on a mass-production basis.

One school system which has received substantial Ford money to try out continuous learning and other experiments, and to extend its team-teaching plan, is that of Newton, Massachusetts, a suburban city of 92,000 on the outskirts of Boston. Newton has long been a front-runner in educational innovation, and its present school superintendent, Charles E. Brown, who is just 37, has a national reputation. When I visited Newton last summer, task forces of teachers were planning their complex new regimen.

Said Bettina King, principal of a junior high where one continuous-learning program is being launched, "We have talked and talked about these things, and now finally, with Ford money and Doctor Brown's blessing, we have a chance to find out whether they are as good as we think they are." Initial results of the new methods are promising, but it will take at least three years to determine their validity.

Educators in Oregon are now embarked on a statewide school-improvement program with Ford support. It involves nine private and public colleges and universities, which train 88 percent of all the state's teachers, and 26 school systems, which enroll 52 percent of the public-school students. In this case the Ford money will be spent on a host of innovations—team teaching, widening the range of subjects, flexible scheduling of the students' time, the use of nonprofessionals—housewives and others—as teacher aides, variable grouping of students for classroom instruction, programs for gifted students, more attention to the dullards, more effective guidance programs.

HAZEL, starring SHIRLEY BOOTH, may be seen on NBC-TV Thursday evenings.
HAZEL by Ted Key
"No signals."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Through its grantee institutions Ford has awarded fellowships for graduate study to thousands of young men and women: some for work pointing directly to college teaching; some for science and other occupations; some for foreign studies. A favorite remark around the foundation is that "the America of the future must know more about this world that it is trying to lead."

Ford is trying to improve university-level business schools, which in quality have been down at the bottom of the educational totem pole along with teachers' colleges. Several years ago it also gave $90 million to privately supported medical schools to strengthen their faculties. And the foundation expects to launch shortly a course of instruction at Columbia University for successful men in middle life who have decided that business is for the birds and want new careers in something which they believe will be more satisfying, such as teaching or public service.

It is also handing out eating money—this time directly, with no intervening agency—to scores of serious writers, composers, painters, performers and others in the arts, to enable them to work uninterruptedly for a time without having to grub for a living. Results are piling up in this field: books published, new music performed, paintings sold.

Commenting on Ford's list of benefactions, Francis Keppel, recently appointed U. S. Commissioner of Education who for 14 years was dean of Harvard's Graduate School of Education, said to me, "You can't even keep track of all the things they are into, but, the good Lord willing, may they continue! What an encouraging thing it is, in this critical time for education, to have a rich foundation which steps in with its money and starts doing the things that some of us can only shout about."

Yet the foundation's projects in education are only part of its sprawling program. It is also operating in the gray areas of the big cities, trying to do something about juvenile gangs and helping municipalities coordinate and make some sense out of the confused jungle of welfare agencies. It has devoted money to mental health, to the problems of the aged, the chronically unemployed, the submerged thousands who earn their living as migrant farm laborers. Several years ago it handed out $200 million to improve the services of nonprofit hospitals across the nation. It is also devoting some attention and money to one of the world's most critical situations, the population explosion, and as a part of this program it is backing new research on birth control. Here, of course, it is beginning to stick a toe into deeply troubled waters.

The foundation also has a vast and growing foreign program—or, rather, numerous programs, with the emphasis frequently on education. In a recent case—a typical one—the University of Chicago was awarded over a million dollars to support educational programs in Pakistan. Oklahoma State University, with another million, also will work to improve the Pakistan schools. The University of Brazil is using Ford money to train scientists who will be needed as the nation's industry grows. And in January the foundation announced a multi-pronged $2 million program to strengthen the artistic, educational and cultural resources of West Berlin.

Several months ago the trustees took a long look at the Ford Foundation's past, then peered ahead and announced that they would go on doing pretty much the same types of things in the 1960's.

It has been suggested that the foundations of this country are now at their peak; that their functions gradually will be usurped by the Government with its proliferation of welfare programs and its vast resources; that the foundations eventually will spend all their money and cinder out. Maybe, but thus far there is little evidence to support this prediction.

The Ford Foundation, for example, not only gives away its income but occasionally dips into capital for grants. Over the years it has disposed of about $600 million of its assets in this way, and yet its book net worth continues to grow. "Under our charter," said President Heald, "we could give away everything and go out of business." But it is doubtful that Doctor Heald or anyone else at Ford believes this will happen. Certainly the Ford Foundation still finds more to do, in scores of fields, than it can finance. It consistently turns down worthy ideas simply because there isn't enough money.

A reporter's guess is that the foundations will continue to flourish. They will make occasional mistakes, sponsor failures now and then, and irritate some citizens.

There will be abuses of the tax-exempt privilege such as Congressman Patman has found. Yet on balance it must be expected that they will continue to accomplish much that is good. The better foundations are, in a sense, the flowering of the genius and conscience of the private-enterprise system. THE END

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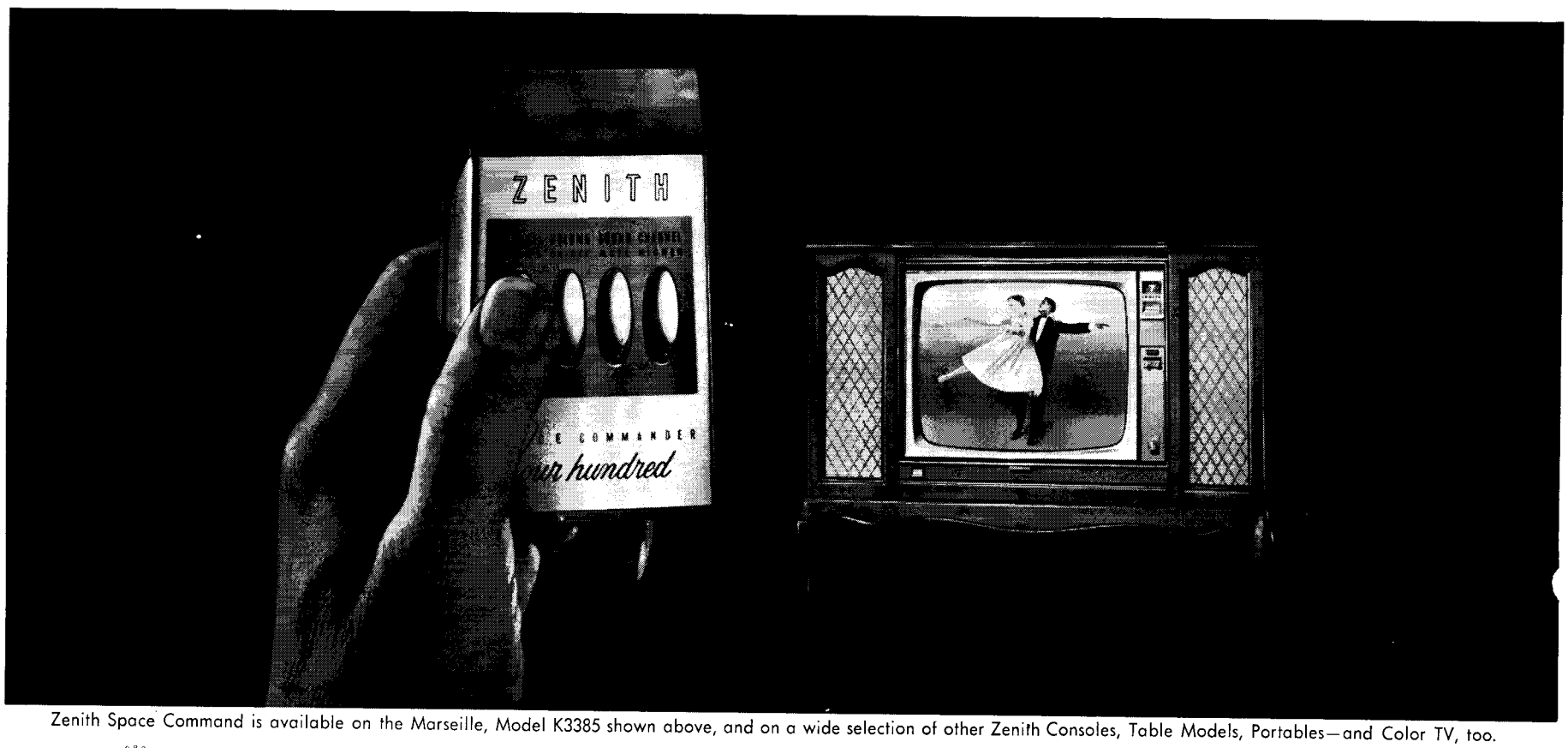

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Communism threatens
the entire Caribbean, but it's teaching key
lessons both to Latins and to us.

THE FRUITS OF CASTRO'S PLOTTING

President Kennedy flies to Costa Rica in a few days for a summit conference with the leaders of Central America. Two questions, which have been on his mind before, will surely be on his mind still.

Is it enough that the Soviet missiles and other "offensive weapons" have been removed from Cuba? Or must Fidel Castro himself be removed, and with him the Soviet military base in the Western Hemisphere?

The final responsibility for answering these questions belongs to the President. But a reporter can at least try to put the questions in a meaningful context. To that end, this reporter recently traveled some 10,000 miles through the Caribbean and Central America.

Toward the beginning of the trip, an American ambassador in one of the countries most dangerously threatened by Castroism made an oddly optimistic

By STEWART ALSOP

remark. "You remember the old saying about the Lord protecting drunks and the United States," he said. "Maybe Fidel Castro is one of the best things the Lord has ever done for us."

When I heard the remark, it seemed to me a rather feeble attempt at originality. But by the time I had got home again, the ambassador's remark had begun to make a surprising amount of sense to me.

No one but a fool would deny for a moment the seriousness of the threat Castro represents to this hemisphere. The threat is visible to anyone with eyes to see and a mind to understand.

It is visible, for example, in the left hand of Rómulo Betancourt, president of Venezuela. Since he became president in 1959, there have been five attempts to assassinate Betancourt. The attempt that most nearly succeeded was unquestionably inspired and directed by Fidel Castro. When his car was bombed by Castro's henchmen, Betancourt put his left hand down on the pavement, which was covered with burning gasoline. The hand is still a raw, puffy, scabrous red.

Betancourt's hand is an ugly symbol of the means the Communists use to achieve what Castro calls "the liberation" of Latin America. Because Betancourt's reform-minded government represents a real alternative to Castroism, Venezuela is Castro's chief target for "liberation" among Cuba's neighbors, and the Communists have resorted to what they call "direct action." The Communists and their allies regularly explode "Cuban *dinamitas*"—plastic bombs—in stores, warehouses, factories and, on one occasion, in the American Embassy.

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COMMUNISM'S DRIVE

IS CAREFULLY PLANNED, WELL FINANCED

—AND DEADLY SERIOUS.

Elsewhere conditions are not judged ripe for "direct action," and other means are used. A Soviet-financed campaign is under way to achieve what Lenin called the "alienation of the intellectual." Latin Americans who go to a university—one or two percent of the population in most countries—are the main object of this campaign, for the university students of today are the ruling class of tomorrow.

Universities are flooded with Marxist books subsidized by the Russians and on sale for a few pennies. The Communists make every effort to seize political control of the universities. When I was in Panama, the university's student body in a free vote had recently elected a slate of pro-Castro student leaders. In Guatemala several hundred students have illegally made the round trip through Mexico and Cuba to Prague or Moscow and back home again to form the hard core of the Communist underground.

Communism's drive to conquer Latin America is, in short, carefully planned, well financed and deadly serious. Many countries in Latin America are, moreover in what the Marxists call a "pre-revolutionary situation." Because I wanted to sense the immediate impact of Castroism, I confined my trip to Castro's closest neighbors—Haiti, the Dominican Republic, Venezuela, Panama, Guatemala, Mexico, with a last stop in Guantanamo, the great American naval base in Cuba itself.

The countries I visited are all very different in various ways. But they all have certain characteristics in common, which are also shared by almost all countries in Latin America. All have a long history of despotism, violence and political corruption. All have a near-cancerous rate of population growth, higher in some cases than in Asia. All are raw-material producers, perilously dependent on the world price of oil, coffee, bananas.

In all these countries there is a dark and massive underlayer of illiterate or semiliterate Negroes or Indians, ruled by a thin upper layer of "intellectuals" with white or near-white (or, in Haiti, mulatto) skins. And in all these countries there is a constantly visible contrast between the gleaming skyscrapers and expensive cars of the world of the rich, and the slums and mud-walled villages of the poor.

These characteristics suggest what President Kennedy meant when he recently said, "I think the big dangers to Latin America are the . . . desperate conditions in the countries themselves, unrelated to Cuba." But the threat of Castro and Communism to this hemisphere is also visible in Cuba itself. It is visible in the Czech helmets and Soviet arms of the Cuban militiamen who stand guard sullenly around the fenced periphery of the Guantanamo base.

"We used to exchange cigarettes and chow and call each other *amigo*, even after Castro took over," a Marine private told me. "Not anymore, not since the Russians came."

Since the Russians came, Cuba has been transformed into a Soviet satellite and a military base 90 miles from Florida. That ugly fact remains true, even since the withdrawl of the "offensive weapons" and the reduction in Soviet troop strength. As one result, Guantanamo is today locally indefensible—the corporal's guard of Marines on the base could not possibly hold out against Castro's big Soviet-equipped army, let alone the remaining Russian troops.

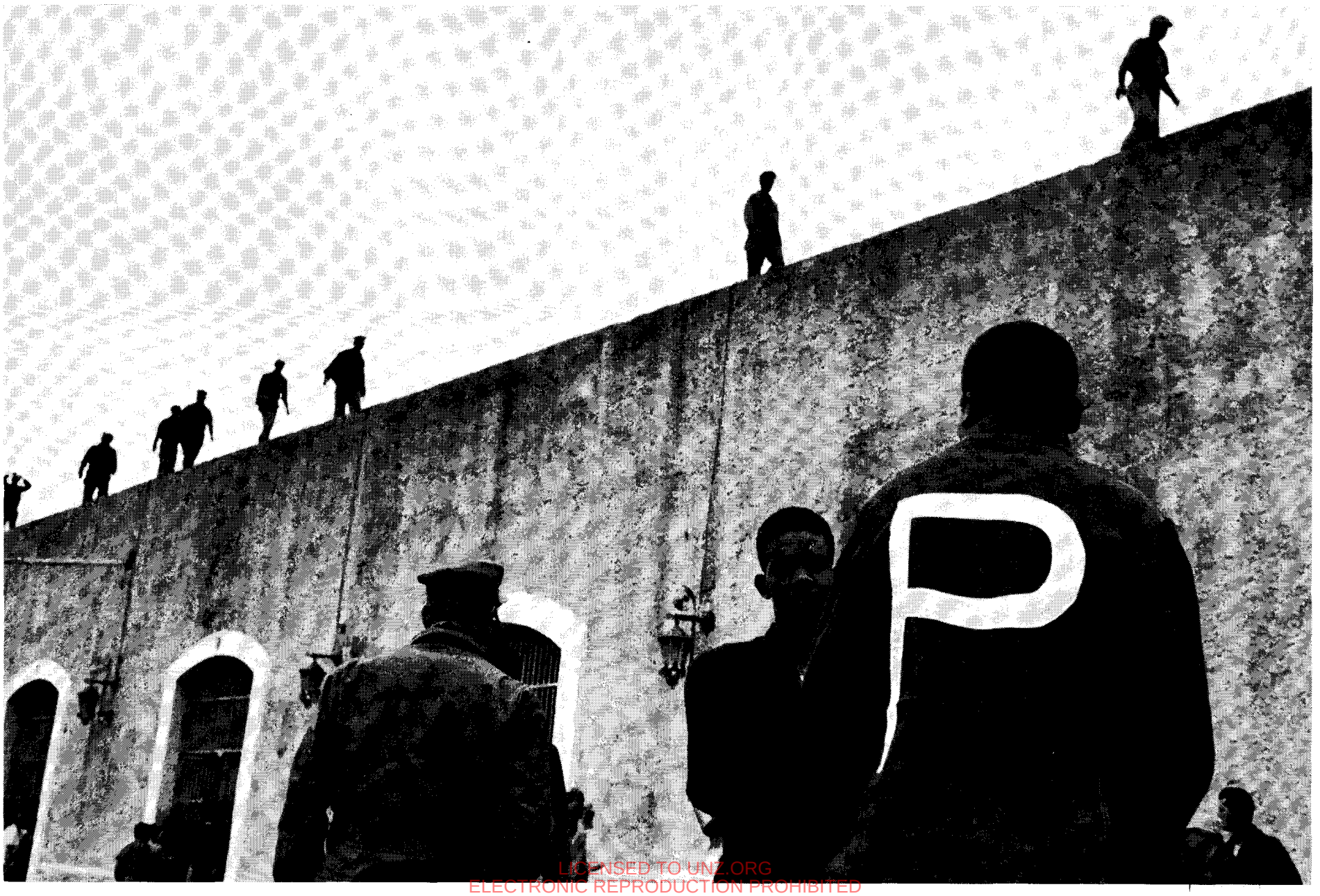
As another result, Communism is now so firmly established in Cuba that, according to current Pentagon estimates, it would require a Korea-scale war to dislodge it. Even minus the missiles, the Communist establishment in Cuba thus represents the most serious military threat to this hemisphere since the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated.

For all these reasons, it is easy to see why President Kennedy has said, "I regard Latin America as the most critical area in the world today." It is much more difficult to see how any sensible man could maintain that Castro may be "one of the best things the Lord has ever done for us."

But the ambassador's remark was a sensible remark all the same. There are four distinct ways in which Fidel Castro has served the vital interests of the United States. Let me list them:

- First, he has reminded us North Americans of the existence—and the importance to our nation—of Latin America.
- Second, he has shown the Latin-American "intellectuals" the reality, not the dream, of Communism. In so doing, he has acted as a sort of inoculation against the Communist smallpox in this hemisphere.
- Third, Castro has thrown a badly needed scare into the Latin-American ruling class. Without such a scare, the Kennedy Administration's Alliance for Progress would not stand a ghost of a chance of succeeding.
- Fourth, Castro and Khrushchev have given the United States an opportunity to demonstrate, for all the world to see, where the real center of power in this hemisphere lies. It lies in the United States. Since Khrushchev's October backdown, all Latin Americans know that this is so.

Castro's police state, cramming his opponents into Havana's La Cabana prison, has shocked many Latin followers



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Castro's harsh reminder of the existence of Latin America was by no means the least useful of his services to the United States. For historical and geographic reasons, we North Americans have long suffered from a sort of mental block about Latin America. Except for a minority of specialists, we have simply refused to read about, or think about, Latin America. This national complacency about Latin America has been reflected in American policy.

In the pre-Castro era Latin Americans could—and did—accurately complain that the United States sent more dollar aid to Communist Yugoslavia than to all the 20 Latin-American states with their more than 200,000,000 people. If Castroism is not to be the wave of the future in Latin America, one reason is that last October's great Cuban crisis made Americans belatedly realize that Latin America is indeed "the most critical area in the world today."

Castro's second useful service to the United States—the inoculating effect of his visible demonstration of the reality of Communism—is admitted even by the Communists themselves. One of the most interesting persons I interviewed on my travels was Señor Gustavo Machado, secretary general of the Venezuelan Communist Party.

Because his party is in semirevolt, Señor Machado was in semihiding. When I finally tracked him to his lair, in the comfortable, California-style Caracas house of a brother-in-law (Machado's family, like Castro's, is rich) he turned out to be a mild-mannered man in his mid-'60's, with gold cuff links and the air of a Spanish don.

Castro hopes to subvert more moderate leaders. Here students riot against Venezuela's reform-minded government.

Señor Machado was remarkably candid. There is no doubt, he said, that 80 percent of the people of Latin America were for Castro two years ago. Now 80 percent are against him. Why? He shrugged. Fidel should not have admitted he was a Communist. (As this suggests, Communism as such is not admired among Latin America's heavily Catholic people.) Khrushchev "saved civilization" by withdrawing his missiles from Cuba, Señor Machado said, but Khrushchev "should have asked Fidel first, instead of treating him like a puppet." But, he concluded, "our party is very militant, and we shall win in the end, all over this continent."

Maybe so, but old Señor Machado sounded oddly dispirited. He has reason to be. Castro's immense popularity in Latin America a year or so ago is an undisputed fact. But the precipitous decline in Castro's following, sadly acknowledged by Machado, is also a fact—it is confirmed, as President Kennedy has said, by all American intelligence surveys. Yet it is important to understand what the decline means, and what it does not mean.

It does not mean that the United States is universally loved in Latin America. In Guatemala City I gave a dinner party for five university student leaders. A sample of the way those five boys talked is worth recording, for it reflects both the nature of the decline in Castro's popularity, and the dangers of being too complacent about it. All five boys agreed that a year or so ago Castro had been their hero. He was a hero still to one—a sallow-faced youth who looked remarkably like a beardless Castro and talked only in the glum Marxist dialectic. Castro was no longer a hero to the four other boys. But there were very audible Marxist overtones in their talk too, especially on the subject of the United States. Here is a sample:

"You Americans are not Greek people. You are Phoenician people—traders, materialists, no things of the spirit."

"You need our raw materials, our markets, so you do not send money to us because you want to help us but because you must. The Alliance for Progress is just some sort of business. Now Fidel is a monkey on your back, so that is another reason why you must send us money."

"The United States owned Cuba, and there would be no Castro if there had been no Batista. You Americans forced Castro to turn to the Russians."

Spreading Marxist gospel

In most Latin-American universities the "science of Marxism-Leninism" is taught as gospel, and the students' mental image of the United States—with an assist from some local business interests—is twisted to fit the gospel. Anti-Americanism, like anti-Communism in the United States, is part of the air Latin-American students breathe. Marxist simplifications were also reflected in their talk about Castro:

"Castro put in social justice in Cuba," said one. "He built houses, he sent poor children to schools. But we do not like his totalitarian state."

"Castro has done good things," said another. "But in Cuba, under Communism, speak the wrong thing, and *al paredón*." "*Al paredón*" means "to the wall"—the wall against which Castro's critics are shot.

"Here is false democracy," said another boy. "Big show, but vote is directed. Yet there is some sort of democracy here, because I can speak what I want to speak. Not in Cuba."

In most of Latin America the freedom to "speak what I want to speak" is a new thing. Take the area I visited. Only in Cuba has one old-style dictator, Fulgencio Batista, been replaced by the new-style dictator, Fidel Castro. In Haiti, hated François Duvalier, surrounded by the bully boys of the *Tonton Macoute*, maintaining his torture chamber in the cellar of the presidential palace, still clings precariously to power. Other old-style dictators have gone down like ninepins. Guatemala's Jorge Ubico was one of the first to be thrown out, back in 1944. Venezuela's corrupt and greedy Marcos Pérez Jiménez took to his heels in 1958, and the Dominican Republic's little Hitler, bloody Rafael Trujillo, was assassinated in 1961. The old-style dictators are a dying breed.

What is to replace the breed? A lot depends on the students and "intellectuals" like those Guatemalan boys, for they—not the dark-skinned, illiterate people of the underlayer—are the ruling class of the future. The minds of those boys, like the minds of the other Latin-American students, are being pulled in two directions.

One pull is the instinctive distrust of the "Yankee colossus," the lure of the neat Marxist explanation-for-everything, the need for change. The other pull is the urge to "speak what I want to speak"—and Castro's wall. The wall in Cuba, in short, is as vivid a symbol of Communism as Khrushchev's wall in Berlin.

But wall or no wall, Latin America is ripe for change. The only question is whether it will be Castro's kind of change. The Alliance for Progress is a carrot-and-stick device for promoting another kind of social justice. The great roadblock in front of the Alliance for Progress is the established ruling class in most Latin-American countries. This is understandable, since, from the point of view of the ruling class, everything is dandy already, and any change would be for the worse.

Consider one rather typical member of the ruling class, whom we shall call Rafael Castillo. Rafael is an amusing, American-educated Panamanian in his mid-30's. His family is immensely rich. In the last election Rafael was the chief coiner of slogans. "My best poster was a picture of a slum and another picture of a rich man's horse in an air-conditioned stall. Below was the slogan: ARE YOU FOR THE PEOPLE OR THE HORSE?"

"Did your side win?" I asked.

"Of course," said Rafael. "That was all arranged."

"And are the people still in the slums and the horse in the air-conditioned stall?"

"Of course," said Rafael, and laughed hugely.

Rafael is an "oligarch," a member of the handful of families who run, and largely own, such countries as Panama. Many oligarchs, like Rafael, are agreeable people, but they usually invest their money abroad, pay few taxes and feel no responsibility for their own people. Rafael, in short, represents the old way of doing things in Latin America.

The old way of doing things in Latin America has deep roots. Among the presidents I interviewed, Roberto F. Chiari of Panama and Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes of Guatemala are fairly representative of the old way. Both are agreeable old gentlemen—Ydigoras especially: a gutty, shrewd old man of great physical courage. Both are personally very rich—Chiari has a near-monopoly of milk in Panama, and Ydigoras's income from government and other sources is estimated at around a million dollars a year. And although both

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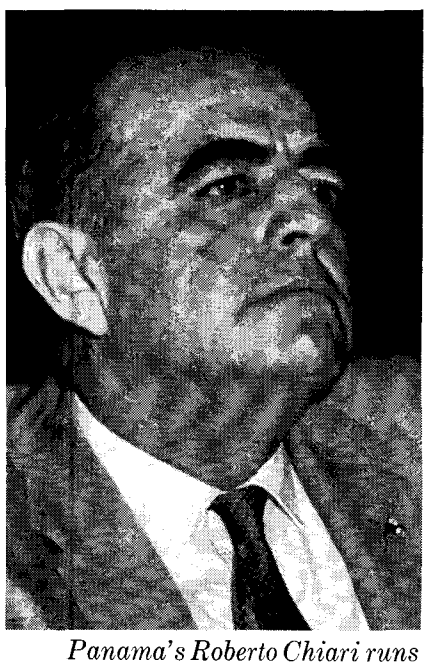
Caribbean dramatis personae: Venezuela's President Rómulo Betancourt, a target of Communist terrorists, won a warm welcome at the White House.

Juan Bosch, new Dominican president, has U.S. support.

Guatemala's Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes, one of the oligarchy, opposes change.



Panama's Roberto Chiari runs milk trust but pledges reforms.

François Duvalier holds power in Haiti with help of goons and torture chambers.

A NEW BREED OF MAN IS CHALLENGING THE

have introduced minimal reforms in a bow to the Alliance for Progress, both are essentially conservative—they are themselves members of the oligarchy and represent its interests.

There is a pro-Castro underground in both countries. In Panama the incestuous, blandly luxurious life of the "Zonians"—the privileged Americans in the Canal Zone—provides a constant irritant which is the Communists' greatest asset. Guatemala had the first overtly pro-Communist government in this hemisphere—fellow-traveling President Jacobo Arbenz Guzman was thrown out with an assist from the CIA in 1954—and the Communists are waiting to make a comeback. They may make it.

But Castro and Communism no longer represent the only alternative to old-style oligarchical governments in Latin America. One reason is that Castro's wall frightens the Latin-American ruling class as much as the intellectuals. Another reason is that a new breed of modern-minded businessman is challenging the power of the established oligarchies. Rómulo Betancourt's progressive Venezuelan government, which has redistributed land, increased taxes on the rich and undertaken a massive educational program, has survived in part because it has the support of the more sensible portion of the Venezuelan business community. Dr. Pedro Tinoco Jr. of Caracas, who is the spokesman for these business interests, told me that economic and social reform are both essential in Latin America, since "they represent the only real alternative to Castroism." A few years ago such views were anathema among the Latin-American ruling class. Thanks to Castro, that is no longer so.

Thanks again to Castro, a new kind of politician is beginning to emerge in Latin America. Betancourt is an example. So is Juan Bosch, new president of the Dominican Republic, a white-haired, very handsome man in his mid-50's, with a lined, thoughtful face. Betancourt and Bosch are members of what is sometimes known as "the club"—other members are men like Governor Luis Muñoz Marín of Puerto Rico, and ex-President José (Pepe) Figueres of Costa Rica. The members of the club know each other well, often correspond. In sharp contrast to traditional Latin-American politicians, they are not in politics for money. The members of the club are idealists within reason, and prophets of peaceful, non-Communist social and economic change.

They are left-leaning—Betancourt is an ex-Communist, Bosch had a pro-Castro period. They are not necessarily pro-American, not in the sense some dictators of the past have been. (Franklin Roosevelt said of Trujillo: "He is an s.o.b., but he is our s.o.b.") Yet in the opinion of the ablest American observers on the scene, men like these represent the best bet we can make. In fact, the Kennedy Administration has already bet heavily on Betancourt and Bosch.

Overt American support is another reason Betancourt has survived so far. And although Bosch is no American stooge, American power, including plain old gunboat diplomacy, which was used to prevent the reestablishment of the Trujillo gang's dictatorship, made his presidency possible.

And here we come to the last of Castro's four great services to the United States. The successful American blockade of Cuba in October was a public demonstration of a simple fact. In the Caribbean and Central America the power of the United States is unchallengeably predominant.

We have become oddly shamefaced about American power—like female legs a century ago, it is not mentioned in polite liberal society. Yet our power exists, and we need only be ashamed of it when it is used badly or for wrong ends, or when it is not used when it ought to be used.

American power takes many forms—propaganda, economic pressure, economic and military aid, and the quiet persuasion of diplomacy. But simple military power is the essential ingredient. And the essential ingredient of military power is the willingness to use it. That is why Castro has not attacked Guantanamo. If he attacked Guantanamo or a neighboring Latin-American state, he would be in a war he would quickly lose, and he knows it. In short, Castro's big expensive army isn't going anywhere Neither are the Russian troops in Cuba, not unless Khrushchev wants a war.

What steps should we take?

Even so, Castro's Cuba still represents an important Communist military base in America's backyard. That brings us back to the question with which this report began: Should American power, even at the risk of general war, be used to pull Communism out of Cuba by the roots?

President Kennedy decided against that course during the crisis of October, when he overruled the "hawks," who wanted to strike directly at Cuba and thus remove not only the missiles but Castro himself. He has since reaffirmed that decision. I am now convinced that it was on balance the right one.

Mind you, it is extremely unlikely, in the opinion of the best observers on the scene, that the Cubans themselves will get rid of Castro. Castro's secret-police system, let alone the backstop of Soviet troops, all but rules out that happy ending. Nor will half measures suffice, as we learned at the Bay of Pigs. In short, bar an American invasion in force, Castro for the forseeable future is here to stay.

But President Kennedy has ruled out an unprovoked invasion, for what now seem to me three good reasons. One reason is suggested by Woodrow Wilson's smug remark when he ordered the American landing at Vera Cruz in 1914. His purpose, he said, was to "teach the Latin Americans to elect good men." We have since learned that heavy-handed military intervention only teaches the Latin Americans to hate the United States.

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"We've become shamefaced about American power. Yet it exists. We need be ashamed only when it's misused."

Thus military intervention is a desperate last resort. Even so, we must be willing to use that last resort if necessary. President Kennedy has already made it clear that aggression by Castro against Guantanamo or a neighboring state will mean war. We must also make it clear that we will, if necessary, use our power to prevent the Communist smallpox from infecting Castro's neighbors—that we will intervene with force to prevent a Communist takeover anywhere in the Caribbean or Central America.

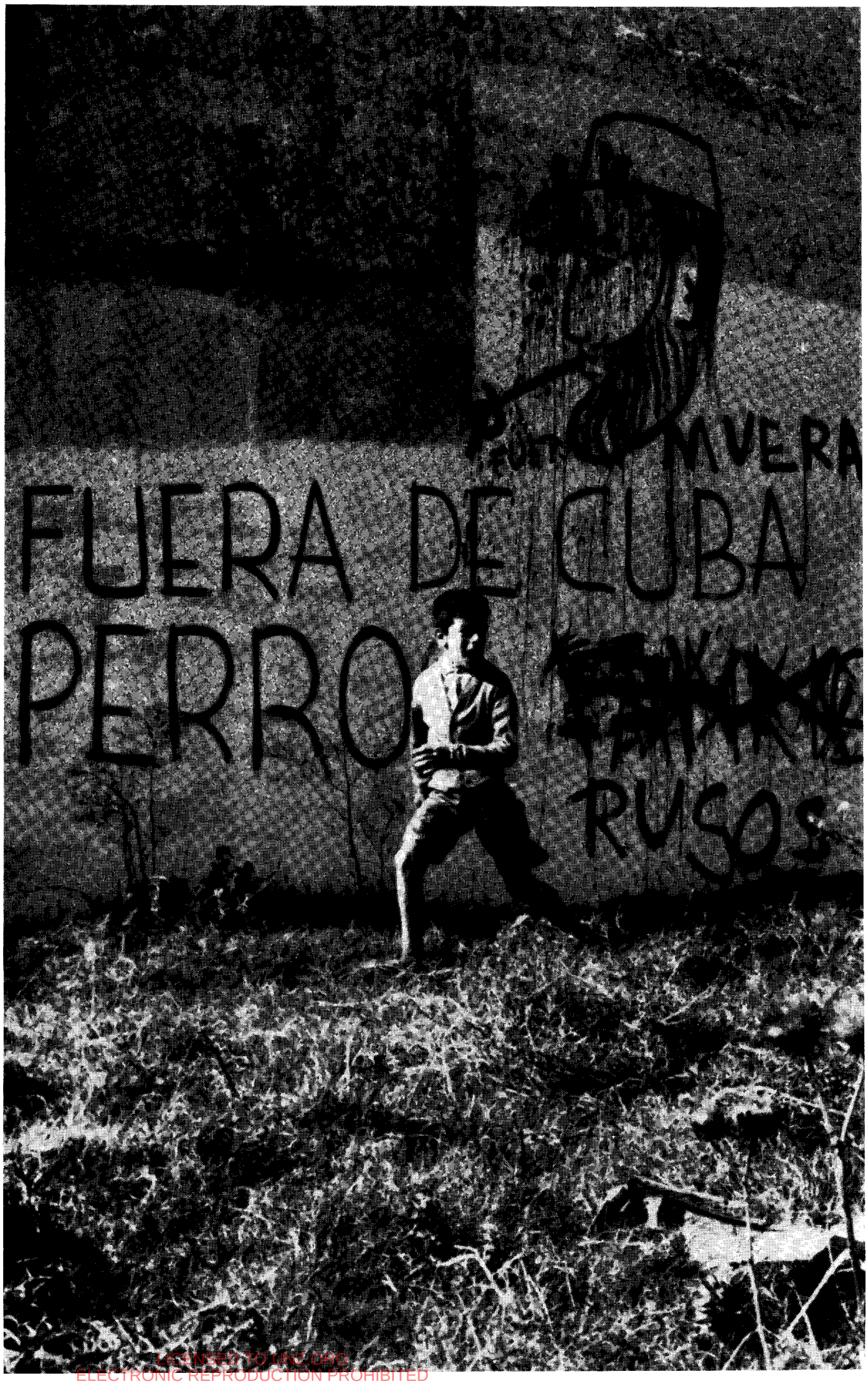
If we make this clear in advance, we are far less likely to have to use our power in this way. Latin Americans (like everybody else) are bandwagon jumpers. Much of Castro's former popularity in Latin America derived from the notion that his bandwagon was going places. Khrushchev's big backdown in October helped to dispel that notion. But it is still important to make it abundantly obvious that Castro's bandwagon is going nowhere. The fact that we have the military power to prevent Castro's bandwagon from going anywhere is a second good reason for ruling out an invasion of Cuba under present circumstances.

A third good reason is that the example of Castro's own regime makes it more practical than ever before for American power to be used in order to promote the kind of Latin-American governments described by Simón Bolívar. Bolívar's rule was, "Do not adopt the best system of government, but the one most likely to succeed."

A carbon copy of our own system of government is not at all likely to succeed. In countries where assassination is considered a standard political instrument, where the mass of the people cannot read or write, where the opposition regards incitement to rebellion as its proper function, a certain executive ruthlessness is essential.

The Mexican government, for example, is a peculiar, bland dictatorship in which individual freedom is permitted, but the mass of the people have no real voice. Betancourt's government in Venezuela is building a powerful internal police system and practices press censorship—necessarily so, where the opposition expresses its displeasure with "Cuban *dinamitas*." The "system of government most likely to succeed" in such countries stops short of full libertarian democracy. But it also stops short of both Duvalier's torture chamber and Castro's wall. Except in Cuba and Haiti, the young men in the countries I visited can "speak what I want to speak." They cherish that new-found right.

It may seem corny to say so, but the freedom to "speak what I want to speak" remains our greatest asset in the struggle with Communism. The Latin-American students of today are the rulers of tomorrow and nothing has so successfully "alienated the intellectual" as Castro's wall—but not in the sense Lenin meant. That is why it may indeed turn out that "Fidel Castro is one of the best things the Lord has ever done for us." THE END



Anti-Yankee sign is now anti-Russian.

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EDITORIALS

Who's embarrassed by Cuba?

Sometimes we wish President Kennedy would pay more attention to his own words. On the eve of the Cuba missile crisis he told a select group of editors that no part of the world—not China, not Berlin, not Africa—would be so important in the next decade as Latin America. Long before that he acknowledged the menace of Communism in Latin America when he initiated the still-faltering Alliance for Progress and led the Organization of American States in a so far unsuccessful effort to isolate Castro's Cuba. A few weeks ago he reiterated his conviction that Latin America is "the most critical area in the world today."

We agree. But the President's words are beginning to sound hollow. As Stewart Alsop points out on page 75, "Communism's drive to conquer Latin America is . . . carefully planned, well financed and deadly serious. . . . Even minus the missiles, the Communist establishment in Cuba . . . represents the most serious military threat to this hemisphere since the Monroe Doctrine was promulgated." Yet the Kennedy Administration has done little to dislodge it except hope that, by some magic, all Russian forces will be withdrawn from Cuba. If, as the President says, Latin America is seriously threatened, then the presence of a well-armed Communist base of operations in Cuba is a cancer which we cannot tolerate. Mr. Kennedy himself once told Mr. Khrushchev that such a Communist foothold in this hemisphere was "non-negotiable." Apparently he forgot the words or lost his resolution.

Those U.S. leaders who have spoken out to remind him have been rebuffed with charges of making political hay out of a perilous international situation. Under Secretary of State George Ball dismissed what we believe to be soundly based criticism as "hectoring." Most recently we were treated to an almost incredible caution against boldness by the President's United Nations ambassador, Adlai Stevenson. Discussing what we believe to be the alarming presence of Soviet troops in Cuba, Stevenson said he "would not be surprised" if Khrushchev withdrew them, "*unless we make it too embarrassing for him to back down again*" (our italics).

Somehow, we are less worried about embarrassing Mr. Khrushchev than we are about losing Latin America. The Soviet troops, a few of whom may by now have been withdrawn voluntarily, certainly are not a direct threat to the United States. But their presence in Cuba clearly forestalls—as did the presence of Soviet soldiers in Hungary—any possibility of a successful revolt against Communist tyranny there. As long as Cuba remains an armed Communist state, it will continue to serve as the Soviets' advance base for their program of conquest in Latin America. The Soviet troops must all go. We must, by every means available to us as a leader among free nations, keep alive the hope of a future anti-Communist revolution in Cuba.

Clearly, the present situation is intolerable. President Kennedy must stop merely hoping that Khrushchev will withdraw his forces. He must demand it and be prepared, as we believe the American people are prepared, to apply force if necessary to back up the demand. We don't care if it does embarrass Mr. Khrushchev.

Let's solve the "Rickover problem."

Along with such tangled matters as foreign aid, the United Nations and farm surplus, there arises every now and then the thorny governmental problem of what to do about Vice Admiral H. G. Rickover. For more than a decade the Navy, motivated by a curious kind of death wish, has been trying to jettison this man who has made such magnificent contributions to our national defense. These contributions, of course, include the nuclear-powered submarines (and hence the Polaris missile system), destroyers, an aircraft carrier and assorted other atom-propelled vessels.

Now, unbelievably, we face the "problem" again. Rickover is 63 years old and must retire next year from active service. Behind the scenes the iron-brained admirals were saying, "Thank Heaven." At least they *were* saying that until someone discovered that through a technicality in the retirement laws, Rickover can be retained on active duty, year by year, at the pleasure of the Secretary of the Navy. Now a pressure group wants to force the Navy to retain Rickover on this yearly basis.

We think this is unwise. In the long run it will serve only to revive the "Rickover issue" every year. Why subject so great a man—and mind—to such a humiliating and uncertain annual experience? As we remarked on thes pages in 1958, have we not "snubbed, rebuked and insulted" him enough? Apart from other considerations, this nation desperately needs to encourage science and scientists. What encouragement can we give our children when they see us brutally stomping on this outstanding leader of science?

There is a simple solution to the Rickover problem. At any hour of the day the President of the United States can permanently appoint him to the same job, as a civilian, with the same power and authority (together with the responsibility) that he now enjoys. In this way he can go on serving his country to the utmost, without an annual interruption. We urge the White House to review this suggestion without delay.

Responsibility in South Carolina

South Carolina's peaceful integration of Harvey Gantt at Clemson College is, we believe, worthy of the highest praise. It was possible only because responsible men in South Carolina—political leaders, officials at Clemson and the business community—had the vision to realize that resistance could only lead to violence, humiliation and loss of economic opportunity. Instead of raising false hopes that the inevitable somehow could be avoided or the course of history altered—as Orval Faubus and Ross Barnett had done before them—they faced up to reality. "When South Carolina's turn came to face the inevitable facts of racial change," says author George McMillan, "its usually responsible people, its 'power structure,' took the initiative and handled the crisis with dignity—dignity for the Negro as well as the white man." The business community deserves a large measure of the credit for the way it rallied behind the state's leaders.

The result was a day without incident at Clemson. "It was one of those moments when the paraphernalia of coverage overwhelms the event. It was excitement without substance," George McMillan writes. We congratulate South Carolina's political leaders, the officials at Clemson and the business community for making it that way.

A poor political choice

President Kennedy's appointment of Franklin Roosevelt Jr. as Under Secretary of Commerce is a political payoff for a man who doesn't deserve the job. Mr. Roosevelt performed questionable service for Mr. Kennedy in the crucial West Virginia primary in 1960. He unjustly insinuated that Mr. Kennedy's opponent, Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota, was a draft-dodger. Mr. Roosevelt later apologized to Senator Humphrey, but the damage was already done.

There is nothing in Mr. Roosevelt's record to warrant his present appointment. As a congressman, from 1949 to 1954, he did nothing of note involving the Department of Commerce. In 1954 he sought the post of attorney general of New York and was soundly defeated in the election. Later he distinguished himself by serving as legal counsel in the United States for the infamous Trujillo dictatorship of the Dominican Republic.

At present Mr. Roosevelt is owner of a foreign-automobile agency in Washington, hardly a stepping-stone to the Commerce Department post.

After the appointment was announced, Secretary of Commerce Luther Hodges tried valiantly to justify the selection. He said he considered Mr. Roosevelt qualified by "character, personality and ability to get along with people." We are still waiting to hear one good reason why Mr. Roosevelt should be Under Secretary of Commerce.

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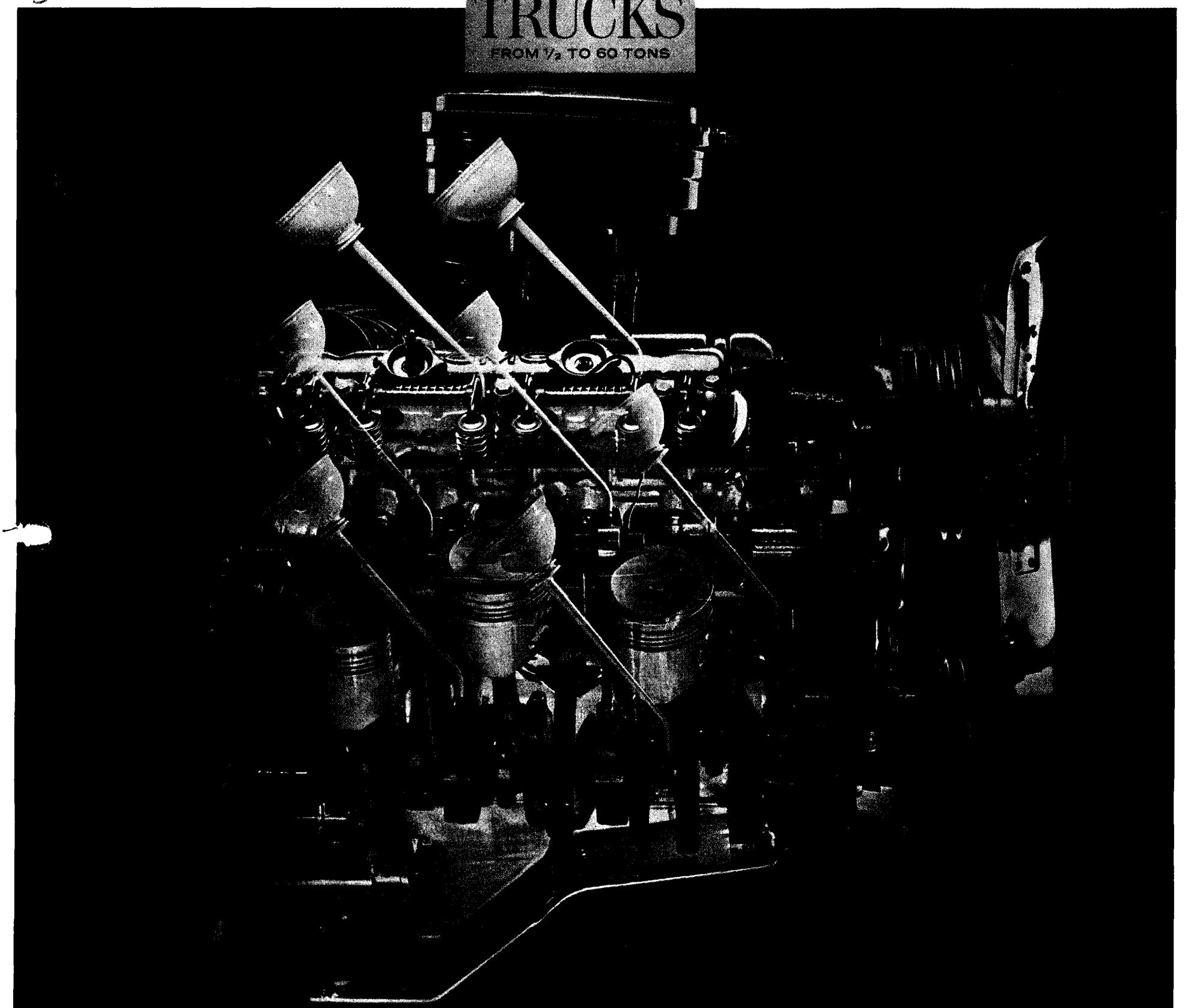

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